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NUMBER ONE

ANNALS

—or—

Jackson
County
Iowa

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Maquoketa, Iowa.

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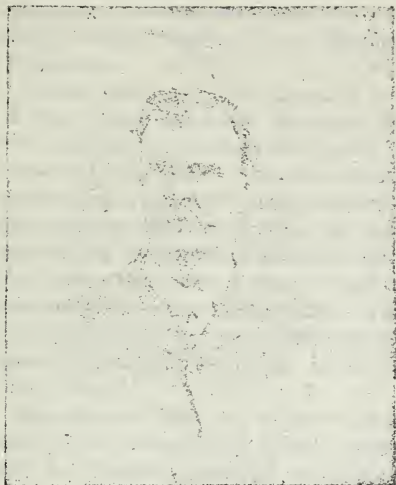
GRAVE OF COL. THOMAS COX

Section 15, Maquoketa Township

COMMITTEE OF OLD SETTLERS' SOCIETY.

Jas. W. Ellis, W. C. Gregory and Harry Reid Standing on site of grave.

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J. W. ELLIS.

Secretary and Curator of the Jackson County
Historical Society.

Recollections of Early Days.

Personal recollections of early days by
J. W. Ellis, written for the Jackson
County Historical Society.

My father, Jesse Ellis, though not one of the early pioneers, came to this county in time to carve out a home from an almost unbroken forest. He was born in Kentucky, near Frankfort, Feb. 2, 1810. His father, Joseph Ellis, came to Kentucky about the year 1800 from Pulaski county, Va, where he was born Jan. 12, 1768. He was married to Frankie Wood, who was born in the same place Dec. 23, 1774. My father's grandfather, whose name was also Joseph, was born in 1730. My father grew up on the Kentucky farm and when about 16 years old was employed as an over seer by his brother-in-law, Eli Rogers, who owned several slaves. Af-

ter he reached the age of 20 years he made several trips to New Orleans, and later he became possessed of the secret chart of the famous Swift silver mine in the Kentucky mountains.

He spent nearly two years in the mountains trying to find the mine. Swift and two other men while hunting in the wildest, roughest part of the mountains, discovered a rich vein of silver ore, they kept the discovery a secret, and procuring tools took out a considerable quantity of the ore and smelted it, as the mine was far from any settlement they could not carry away very much of their balling, but buried it in the ground, making a chart describing the location and land marks and blazing trees, one of the men sickened and died and it was believed that Swift and the other man fell out over the secret treasure and in a finish fight Swift was victor, at least he alone came to a settlement with a portion of the silver bullion, which he converted into cash with which he bought supplies and made other trips, but finally after a severe illness he went entirely blind. It was said to be a pathetic sight to see the blind man trying to direct men to the treasure of which he alone knew the secret by the aid of the chart. His search was a failure, and broken in health and spirits he did not survive long. After his death, my father became the owner of the chart and searched nearly two years in the mountains for the hidden treasure. He found the blazed trees described in the chart and found the gulch in which the mine was located, but could not find the opening to the cavern and he always believed that a landslide had covered the entrance to the cavern and obliterated the most important signs on the chart. After enduring innumerable hardships, sleeping on the ground in the open air and living entirely on such game as they could secure with their rifles, deer and wild turkey, being quite plump

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tiful in the mountains at that time, the search was abandoned. Father often entertained visitors with stories of his adventures while searching for the Swift silver mine in the Kentucky mountains.

James Anderson, who formerly lived in Maquoketa and was a frequent visitor at our home, became very much interested in the silver mine and hidden treasure, and after several interviews on that subject father gave him the chart and all the information that he could, and that was the last I ever heard of Swifts treasure until about 1895, when I saw an article in the Cincinnati Enquirer claiming that the old mine had been found.

Grandfather Ellis and members of his family that were still at home, including my father, removed to Putman county, Indiana, about the year 1833. Grandfather secured a tract of land with a land warrant received for revolutionary services.

Jesse Ellis married Ailsea Jeffers in Hendricks county, Indiana, in 1837, she was also a native of Kentucky. I still have a government patent to a piece of land which father purchased in 1837 and on which he lived until the 26th of Sept. 1852, when he started overland for Iowa.

I was but four years old at that time but remember many instances of the journey, one that made a lasting impression on my mind was that of meeting a circus at the crossing of some river in Illinois. There were two or more elephants and some camels and the large animals were fording the stream, the elephants seemed to enjoy very much sucking up the water in their trunks and deluging the other animals as well as their own bodies with it.

After leaving the state of Indiana my father had a great deal of trouble with his wagon which was built on the wide track and would not fit in the ruts of the western wagons.

Our first stop in Iowa was at the home of Thomas Flathers, a relative of ours who lived four and one-half miles south of Maquoketa. Mr. Flathers knew that father had considerable money and tried to get him to enter some of the rich land in that locality, which was still held by the government and could have been had at \$1.25 per acre. But father had always lived in a timbered country and would not believe that a man could live in a prairie country 5 or 6 miles from timber and be able to get up enough fuel to keep from freezing to death.

He next visited his brother William, who had secured a piece of land about one mile west of Fulton, with his land warrant received for service in the war of 1812. He had fought with Jackson at New Orleans. He came to Iowa several years prior to our coming and had the pick of the country, but had settled on about as poor a tract as could well be found. Needless to say my father did not like the land in that neighborhood. He visited with Willis, William and Edward Flathers and Jos Anderson, all relatives, and all living within a few miles of each other, within the forks of the Maquoketa rivers and finally purchased 160 acres of land in section 11, South Fork township, on which he remained until his death, in 1889. In 1852 there was a double log cabin and a large frame barn on the land which was well watered, having two spring branches with numerous springs, and with the exception of 10 or 12 acres of cleared land it was covered with the finest body of timber I ever saw.

I will make an assertion here that will seem incredible to my readers, but it is actually true, there were as many families in this part of South Fork township in 1852 as there are today, excluding Hurstville. But there are very few representatives of the original families left. Levi Boggs, a veteran of the war of 1812, lived in a cabin on the

north side of the creek on our land, but soon bought a piece of land in the neighborhood and moved onto it. Daniel Frazier, coming from Ohio about that time, moved into the cabin vacated by Rolfe, but soon afterwards bought the Willis Flathers place, in section 10, and moved to it, and Walter Watrous, fresh from the Scioto bottoms, moved into the cabin. Thomas Frazier was our nearest neighbor, owning the quarter section west of our land, but at that time had not returned from the California gold-fields, where he went in company with D. C. Clary in 1850, but returned soon after our arrival and had a goodly share of the yellow metal, some of it as I remember was octagonal \$50 pieces.

There was at that time three cabins, all occupied, on the Frazier land, one by the Frazier family, one by Frazier's brother-in-law, Henry Haumel, and the other by the Sherwood family. Two of these cabins were old buildings.

In 1852, a daughter of Sherwoods married a Dr. Martin, who for some years lived in Maquoketa, and I think that Charlie Martin, the carpenter, is their son. They had buried two small children on our land, the stones marking their graves, stood for many years, but have long since disappeared.

There was quite a French settlement on land adjoining ours in 1852. A man by the name of Bywaters lived in a log cabin which I believe is standing yet on A. Hurst's land near his farm house. Peter Jerman, another Frenchman, whose wife was a Flathers, and a relative of ours, had been killed in a well that had caved in on him on the land now owned by A. J. York. Another Frenchman by the name of Daniels, lived in a cabin on land adjoining the Jerman land, and still another Frenchman named Fredrick, lived about 80 rods north of Daniels and taught school in what is now known as the Hurstville district, in 1853. Josiah Eaton lived then near where the John Davis house

now stands, being the nearest to the schoolhouse. The school was known as the Eaton school. Nathaniel Woods lived on the place that Groff lived on when he killed his neighbor, Davis, in 1839, now known as the Fitch farm. A brother of Jason Pangborn lived on land now owned by A. Hurst, north of Hurstville, near the river. Isaac Hight lived on the farm now owned by Asa Struble. Joseph Jackson Woods lived for several years on the farm he sold to Asa Davis at about the beginning of the war. A family by the name of Beck lived on the land now owned by Baumgartner, adjoining the Davis land and John Woods lived in 1852 in the same house that his son, C. L. Woods, lives in now. The old place on the Iron Hill road four miles west of Maquoketa, now owned by Williams, was owned in 1852 by a Dr. McKenzie, and I think he sold to William Sears. A half mile south of us stood a cabin, which was old when we came here. It was called the Woods place and after it rotted down, garden vegetables would grow up in the cleared space and the spot was known for many years as the Woods garden. James Armstrong, whose wife was a cousin of mine, lived near where George Coleman now lives.

Lowell was quite a thriving village in those early days, among the families living there was a Mr. Wolfe, a native Kentuckian, and I think my father admired him on that account as much as anything else. The land in Lowell was considered so valuable that the lots were made very small, only 25 feet front. In addition to the grist-mill, saw mill and woolen mills, there was an imposing mansion on the highest point of land, with three cottages on the north and three on the south, and east of the brick house there stood a shop in which it was said Ben Sears was building a wonderful wagon, that, when completed, would run by steam on any kind of roads and would revolutionize the mode

of travel and do away largely with the demand for horses. I often tried to get a view of this wonderful wagon, but never succeeded.

The early promise of greatness for Lowell was a delusion and her glory long since departed. One of the greatest draw backs in the early days was the often impassible roads. The roads were generally a single track through the great forest, and it was many years before the trees were cut to let the sun in to dry them. Another difficulty was the bridges. The rain fall was heavier than of late years and it seemed that no matter how high we made the bridges the water would get high enough to take them out. There was a wooden bridge over the river in Maquoketa part of the time, and it was out a good part of the time. When the bridge was out and the river low enough we would ford it. But in the spring there was much of the time the road through the river bottoms would be under water so we could not reach the bridge.

I remember that for a time there was a toll bridge kept by a Mr. Parker, and I probably remember it because Mr. Parker had a parrot that helped him to watch the bridge. The bird would call Parker, Parker, every time it saw anyone approaching the bridge.

The schools in the early days were kept up by subscription, that is, the head of a family would pay an agreed amount to the teacher and furnish a share of the fuel and board the teacher a share of the term, although some of the teachers I went to school to had families and lived in the neighborhood. The first teacher I went to school to regularly was Jacob Whistler. I think that he taught about three years, the next was John Orr, and after him A. U. Parmer. I went for a time to Rhoda Jones, but my mind was on the teacher much more than on the studies.

The great forests between the forks of the Maquoketa was full of game in the

early fifties and there was deer and wild turkeys here until about 1870 (and the river was full of fine fish. I will describe one fishing excursion which was permitted to attend when a small boy. My father and big brother, Thomas and Benton Frazier, Theo. Eaton and I think Henry Rammel went fishing to the mouth of what is now called the Hurstville branch. They took axes with them and arriving at the river began cutting down willows and trimming off the fine brush, this brush they made into a long rope of about 50 or 60 feet and about 3 feet thick and bound together with bark, with long bark ropes tied to each end. When completed this crude sein was rolled into the water and while some of the men pulled it through the water with the ropes of bark, others walked behind and held the sein down. This was hard to handle but was a complete success. Every haul made brot a lot of nice fish, and in one haul they had two large pickerel in the catch, fully three feet long. One of them went out over the top of the sein like a bird, but one of the men secured the other with a spear. When they had caught all the fish they wanted, they divided them in as many piles as there were sharers in the party. My father was then blindfolded and with his back turned to the piles of fish he was asked who should have the pile designated by one of the men by putting his hand on the fish, father would call out the name, and the last pile went to father.

J. W. ELLIS.

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In the early fifties the farms in the forks of the Maquoketa were very small and but few of the settlers raised grain sufficient for their needs. Many of them would exchange fence posts and rails with the prairie farmers for grain and hay. Flour was more of a luxury than a necessity those days. Corn bread was the staple article. At least once each week my father would bring in a sack of corn in the ear, in the evening the wash tub would be placed on the floor in front of the fire place and we would all gather around and help shell a grist of corn. The next morning father would throw the sack of corn on one of the horses and put one of the boys on top of the sack and start him to mill. Sometimes we would go to Lowell and sometimes to Pinhook or McCloys. Arriving at the mill, the miller would help the boy down and take charge of the corn, and the boy would try to catch a mess of fish while waiting for the grist, when the corn was ground the miller loaded it on to the horse, toss the boy on top and started him home.

Pork was raised very cheaply in those days, the woods were full of mast on which hogs would thrive. Each settler had his private mark for his hogs, they would put that mark on the hogs in the spring and turned them out into the woods and they thrived very well, until fall unless as sometimes happened they strayed across the river, when they would be gobbled up and sold as estrays, then it would cost all they were worth to redeem them. We had considerable trouble on account of a family living in Lowell, who we believed took pains to drive our stock across the bridge where they would be pounced upon and put in in the pound and sold for expenses.

One of our neighbors had a flock of sheep running out and they strayed too far away and were shut up in Lowell. The owner heard that the sheep had been shut up and a ransom demanded for them, but instead of trying to raise

the ransom he shouldered his shot gun and went for his sheep, and he got them by simply opening the fence and turning them out, and gave the man to understand that if he interfered with his stock again he would have to be picked up in pieces and carried home in a basket and that old fellow's stock was never molested in that way again.

Every body kept sheep then and most of the settlers made their own clothing. The first suit the writer had, other than home spun, was a soldier uniform. My mother and sisters spun the yarn and wove the cloth for the clothing of all members of the family.

In our immediate locality the settlers depended upon what they could grow in their little cleared patches, and upon their timber. But farther west almost every settler was either a cooper or run a cooper shop. Flour at that time was put into barrels, of which there were many thousands made in the forks each year for many years. Whiskey barrels, pork barrels and lard tierces were also manufactured very largely and sold for the most part in Galena. This industry furnished employment to hundreds of men for many years. The coopers and wagon makers had the first choice of the fine timber that once grew in the forks; the railroads had the next whack at it, and the lime manufacturers have about consumed what was left. There is but little remaining of the great forest that was such an attraction to emigrants in the early forties and fifties.

Those who settled in the forks had one advantage over their neighbors on the prairie side, they could manufacture all the sweets they cared for without any expense aside from their labor. Nearly every settler had his sugar bush and made enough maple sugar in the spring time to last until the next season. The woods were full of bees and the settlers could have all the honey they wanted by cutting a bee tree and taking out the honey.

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From the time that I arrived in the country in 1852, there was not much deprivation and hardships to encounter. We always had plenty of corn for bread, an abundance of pork, potatoes, maple sugar and syrup, and honey, and when we wanted them wild plumbs, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries were a never failing crop and the woods were full of them.

Our immediate neighborhood was always peaceable and quiet. We had spelling school, singing school and debating societies, but no great tragedy ever occurred in our midst, although Montgomery killed Brown within less than two miles of our place, and it was but 6 or 7 miles to the scene of the killing of Ingles by Alex. Grifford, which was the immediate cause of the forming of a Vigilance committee at Iron Hills, of which I am collecting material from survivors for a more complete write up than has ever been given to the public.

In looking backward and trying to recall the names of friends and associates of other days we almost feel that we are out of place, that we have out-lived all of our acquaintances of early days. Of my father's family of eleven, there is only sister Mary and myself remaining in the state. Of the Eaton family, consisting of eleven members, there is not one left in this part of the country. Of the Joseph Anderson family, which I think had also eleven members before the war, there are three of the children still living in the county. The Praziers all left the neighborhood many years ago. Of Nathaniel Woods and his large family who lived in our school district in 1852, Mrs. John Johnson of Andrew, now only remains. Thomas Thompson, another neighbor with a large family, found an early grave in the south land. The wife and oldest daughter were carried off with a malignant fever and the youngest children were scattered and lost track of. C. L. Woods still owns the farm his father acquired in 1850 and

my sister and myself still own a part of the land our father purchased in 1852. All other lands in the locality have changed hands, some of it many times since the early fifties. If there is any one living that can tell us, we would like to know who removed and what became of the old mill frame that stood on the branch near the Eaton school house when the writer was a very small boy. It had been built by Joe Henri in a very early day, but was never completed. Mr. Henri thought he owned the land when he undertook to build the mill, but learning before it was completed that his title was not good, he abandoned the work and the old frame stood without roof or siding for many years. My recollection is, that it was pulled down about the beginning of the war, and converted into another building.

J. W. ELLIS.

Some of the Old Mills

EDITOR OF THE RECORD: I read with pleasure James Ellis' article on early history, in last week's Record. I think a great deal more should be published while yet possible to collect as I find it already hard to do with a positive certainty as to facts, we will contribute this "mite" which we have been at some pains to gather and hope it will be found true.

In 1844, David Sears, a pioneer of Maquoketa, built a water saw mill on the South Fork of the Maquoketa river on land in section 13, South Fork Twp. This mill cut lumber from the Maquoketa timber, for use by the early settlers. Lumber yard and pine stock was nearly, if not quite unknown in eastern Iowa during the first few years of settlement, and the native lumber was a great factor in the development of the country. Oak generally being used for framing and shingles, while black walnut was much used for siding and finishing lumber. I can recall

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old houses yet standing, built fifty years ago or more with enough black walnut lumber in them to bring a goodly sum today, 1905, if it was in proper form for market. This old David Sears' mill, after running several years, burned and was rebuilt by Wm. Sears, son of David, in 1856. The Searses seemed to have been natural mill men for I find in 1864 Benjamin Sears built a saw mill on the south fork of the Maquoketa also on section 13 and about one-half mile above where his father David built one in 1841. This later Sears' mill was in operation about eleven years.

In much earlier day, 1857, according to record, Joseph Henry built a saw mill on Miller Prairie creek, in section 36, South Fork Twp., perhaps a half mile (according to tradition) up stream from where Joseph McCloy built in 1841, the first grist mill that bolted flour in Jackson county. This early saw mill built by Henry, for some reason or other proved a failure, according to recorded Jackson county history, doing but little, if any sawing, which was a serious drawback for the few earliest settlers in the Maquoketa country, for I do not find there was any other saw mill in Jackson county except the one built by Bell and Sublette at Bellevue in the year 1836. I find records differ as to the Bell-Sublette mill, giving two dates, 1836 and 1838. Dr. Little acquired title to this early mill, or else built on or near this mill site and after several years time moved it east of Maquoketa on Mul creek and perhaps a quarter of a mile or thereabouts down stream from where Joseph Willey built a stone mill, which was afterwards purchased, and operated for a number of years by Seneca Williams, situated on the S. W. quarter of section 20, Maquoketa Twp. his stone grist mill in 1867.

In the early forties the influx of emigrants into Jackson county was quite

large and it seems those early day saw mills were extremely necessary to the country for they appear to have followed in rapid succession. The next saw mill built on the south fork of the Maquoketa above where Ben Sears' mill was built in 1854, was built in about 1845 by Jesse Wilson. Two men by name of Simpson and Fairbrother, or at least Fairbrother, had an interest in it. This mill done a great business for some time, running day and night. Later, I understand, it passed into the hands of Poff and Nickerson, who added a flouring mill and woolen factory. These mills were the Pin Hook mills. Some years ago they burned down and never was rebuilt. Three miles west of Pin Hook, on the river and on, or near the S. E. quarter of section 17, South Fork Twp., John Ball built a saw mill in or about 1855. This mill was in operation for nearly a score of years. It was at this old mill dam where the writer and other young settlers of his age, on the pleasant summer boyhood days, when the outer world and all the opposite sex was shut out from view by the bluffs and woods, used to be clothed in garments cut so low in the neck they made tracks in the sand. About one mile and a quarter up the stream on the N. W. quarter of sec 18, South Fork Twp., Crowell Wilson previous to this, built another water saw mill in or about 1852. This mill was short lived for soon after it was built a flood on the river took out the dam and undermined the mill so it toppled into the stream. The logs in the yard was rafted down to the Pin Hook mill. We trace on the Maquoketa river, west of the line of Main street, Maquoketa, within a distance of 51 miles west as the chain goes, five saw mills, two flouring mills and two woolen mills including the Lowell mills erected in the early forties by Sears, Donahue and Wright. All these mills and the mills here mentioned in this account were

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water mills and have gone the way of the pioneers. Their wheels have been stilled by the changed conditions, most of them are totally obliterated and all the dams are only a trace, except the Pin Hook dam, kept in place to afford a good field for Maquoket's ice supply. If this history isn't correct it is as near to it as it has been possible for me to learn, owing to the silence of record and the uncertain memory of old man.

A Few Settlers of Other Days.

Although I fail to have much of the personal history of all the following parties, I wish to record them as among the early settlers of my part of Jackson county, that time may not soon obliterate the memory of them as among those who helped to lay the foundation of Jackson county's present and future weal.

In 1854, Thomas Harvey, with his family, came by ox team to Jackson county, Iowa, from Waukeegan, Ill., and settled in South Grove, Monmouth Twp., where the balance of his life was spent pursuing the avocation of a farmer. His family of children were eight: Elizabeth, Charles, Mabelle, Mary Ann, Julia, James, Richard and Ida. James of this family was accidentally killed over thirty years ago while hunting, by having his gun discharged while getting through a fence.

Robert Swan, who I believe married Elizabeth Harvey, emigrated from near Waukeegan, Ill., to Jackson county, in 1855. He and his young wife came by wagon, driving a yoke of cattle and leading three cows behind. They settled about two miles southeast of Mill Rock, in South Grove, Monmouth Twp., where they followed farming for a livelihood. Their children were: Battie, now the wife of Will Doran of Maquoket; Emmie, wife of Wilson Temple of Nashville; Ida, wife of Wm. Noble of South Grove; William T., who I believe died young, and Wheeler, a farmer liv-

ing two miles south of Nashville.

Another early settler in South Grove, who I believe settled just over the line in Clinton county but afterward became a resident of Jackson county, was James Illingsworth. In about 1848 he came from England to Illinois and in 1853 moved to this part of Iowa. He was a fine old man, positive and original, but never could get out of the habit of calling England, Hengland. If he was to tell you to go to h— you would have thought it was some newly discovered country called 'ell. He raised a fine family consisting of Mary Jane, who was Hiram Burnap's first wife while she lived; George, now of Nebraska; Anna and Louisa, who died single; James; Thresa, who married Clarence Burnap of Kansas, and Caroline.

Perhaps I will be excused if I refer to our own family of which we know more. We were not pioneers, not coming here until the spring of 1856, still one who came here 49 years ago is not a tenderfoot. My father, Hiram Seely, was born in Warren county, N. Y., and with his father, Wm. Seely, and family, emigrated to Crawford county, western Pennsylvania, when it was a comparative forest wilderness. There father married Julia A. Bagley, daughter of John Bagley, who when sixteen years of age came to that yet wild country with a yoke of cattle and with only another young man about his age as a companion. There grandfather Bagley began clearing a farm and went sixty miles to Pittsburgh for his few indispensable necessities. Two years before father was married he came west to Illinois in 1845, I suppose he left a greater attraction behind him than he found in the swamps of central Illinois, for he soon returned, married and began to hew a farm out of the beeches and maples of Pennsylvania of which he soon tired, and in 1846, he with his family came to Jackson county. His first stay was with Lyman Bates, who was a relative and had come to

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Jackson county, from Warren county, N. Y., in 1838, with J. E. Goodenow. Father bought a piece of land near a Mr. DeGrush, father of Fred. His land was unbroken, with no buildings on it. The summer of '56 he worked land owned by Mr. DeGrush, and moved a shack about 14 feet square onto his own land and put up some western outbuildings, a straw stable and a slab granary, in which he stored the grain he raised that year. We moved into our 14x14 palace that fall and one night we took in, fed and slept twelve men, women and children, who were traveling. It made the old shack look like a box of sardines. The coming winter was the winter of '56 '57, said to have been the coldest in the history of Iowa. That winter father hauled his firewood some 12 miles, from near Burts caves, with a yoke of oxen, it took him from before daylight until after night-fall to make a trip and cut his load. In February a spak from the stove pipe—chimneys were mostly stove pipes those days—fired our stable and granary and all father's grain and feed went up in smoke. I was too young to know just how father felt about it, but we suppose something like I did in 1882 when in our first year in Sac county, 400 acres of my crops went off in a hail storm. Father sold his land there in section 28 Maquoketa township, and bought again near Andrew, and the next year, 1857, while living at the latter place, father saw Barger, who shot his wife at Bellevue in 1854, hung by a mob May 28, 1857, and on the same old oak tree where Alce Grifford was hanged April 11 of the same year for killing John Ingles of Farmers Creek township, March 27, 1857.

In either of these two affairs father had no part, but as the law at that time moved about as swift and not quite as certain as the glazer, it would have been nothing against him if he had, some of the best men in this county played quite a part in the removal of those two men.

What is called "the ramble lust" was alwas to some extent in the blood of a Seeley, and after about a year at Andrew the old clearings in Pennsylvania began to look to father like the garden of Eden, so we "pulled stakes" and went back, but after a few months among the stumps and nigger-heads it destroyed the limelight that he thought the Pittsburgh and Erie canal was the center of, and the fall of 1859 found us in Maquoketa, where we wintered, and in the spring of '60 bought and moved onto land at Buckhorn. The most of our lives since has been spent in this section.

FARMER BUCKHORN.

Pioneer Life in Iowa.

Having been solicited by the editor of the Record and also by my old friend, Jim Ellis, I will try to contribute somewhat to the history of Iowa and especially as to what I know of the early events of Jackson county. To do this intelligently, I must go back to my starting point.

On the 15th of October, 1850 I started from Pittsburgh Pa. for what was called the far west at that time.

There were but few railroads east of Pittsburgh and none west of it.

My route of travel lay down the Ohio river and up the Mississippi. I engaged passage on the noble steamer S.B. Hungarian which plied regular between the starting point and St. Louis and after a tedious voyage of 16 days I reached St. Louis where I stopped over two days waiting for an up river steamer destined for Dubuque Iowa, and after another run of 4 days I was landed at the latter place, somewhat fatigued on account of the long and tedious trip, at 6 o'clock A. M. November 6th, and after looking the small but thriving town of Dubuque over a little while there arrived another steamer with some emigrants that also started from

Pittsburg and among them was a family, with which I was somewhat acquainted, whose destination was to the same point I aimed for, 15 miles south of Dubuque where lived an old neighbor by the name of Daniel Court, who had braved the wilds of Iowa several years before. The family above referred to, consisted of John Kemere and wife and about 6 children, aged from about 12 years and down, and two young men somewhat related, Oliver and Daniel B. said by name, and myself. Mr. Kemere hired a team to haul his family and a part of his household goods to the place of destination.

Our party left Dubuque at 1 o'clock P.M. we had 15 miles before us and the roads were somewhat heavy on account of recent rains, our progress was necessarily slow. The first ten miles was not very difficult, but now it began to be dark and the country began to be very sparsely settled and it was raining, our road lay through an open prairie with no fences or house in sight. But we managed to keep the road through the dark on account of the grass on either side, after perusing our way of 2 or 3 miles by the aid of our grass fence at the sides, we came to a large piece of breaking, through which the road passed. And here is where our difficulties began. It was raining hard and we lost the track on the breaking, which brought our party to a stand still and after holding a council, it was decided to leave the wagon together with the family and driver to stand still till we, that were loose footed, could make a reconnaissance and find an outlet. Accordingly two of us started to travel around through the dark for at least an hour without any success, unless it was that we found ourselves lost on an open prairie. By this time we had no idea how far we were from the wagon, or in what direction the breaking was from us, here our predicament was worse

than ever. We helloed at the top of our voices, to see if we could get a response from the wagon, but it would not go. We traveled a while in what we thought might be in the direction of the wagon party, but it proved to be in the opposite direction. We stopped again to hello a number of times, one time we got an answer just in hearing distance, it was from a belated boy returning from his work to his home.

The boy was coming toward us and as soon as he was in easy speaking distance he inquired what the trouble was, so we told him we were lost and wanted to find a road that would lead to Daniel Court's place and the boy answered, come over to the road and go 5 miles south and you will get there.

We told the boy to stay till we got there, and then he began to explain the route more definite. But we interrupted him by telling him that we had also lost a wagon somewhere with a family of children and others which we first wanted to find before we were ready to proceed, telling the boy it was on a large piece of breaking where we lost the road. The boy told us there was only one piece of breaking in the neighborhood and that was 2 miles north and we must follow this road to a certain crossing and then turn to the right. But we were in no mood to make further experiments. So we offered the boy a dollar to pilot us to our wagon and act as guide for the remainder of our journey, this the boy eagerly accepted and in due time we made our landing at 10 o'clock P.M.

Here we met with a most cordial reception Mr. Court appeared at his best, and his noble wife, was soon engaged in preparing a hearty supper for which our whole party was more than ready.

It was now 11 o'clock and it began to me to be a wonder how this now large family could be lodged for the remainder of the night. But this problem was soon solved. Presently Jana

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than Alshouse stepped in, whose residence was $\frac{1}{4}$ mile distance, and Lebues Alshouse, a brother who lived nearby also came, for the sole purpose of taking in a part of the newly arrived emigrants. The Alshouse boys, as we then called them, were formerly from Wilkinburg, a suburb of Pittsburg Pa.

So after we were distributed to our several lodgings we felt perfectly at home, and it was now 1 o'clock A.M. and so ended my first days experience in Iowa.

All the above named parties, of whom I will have more to say in the future, lived in the immediate vicinity of the present Zwingle on the line that separates Dubuque from Jackson County.

FIFTY FIVE YEARS IN IOWA.

Recollections of Early Days.

Recollections of early days, written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.

I think it was in the summer of 1857 that my father met with a great loss. I had previously mentioned that there was a large frame barn on our land, part of it was used for a horse stable, part for a granary and corn crib, and in the largest part was what we called a tramping floor, a large room with a double floor where we thrashed out the wheat and oats with horses. My father would lay two courses of sheaves in a circle around the room with the heads overlapping, then a couple of us boys would mount a horse and trot around and around this circle leading another horse, my father continually turning the sheaves until the grain was all tramped out, after which the straw would be thrown off and the grain run through a fanning mill. On one occasion after we had been cleaning up the wheat and had left considerable chaff on the floor, my little 4-year-old brother saw some mice hiding in the chaff and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to burn them out. My father and all the big boys

were away from home at the time and mother was very busy and not paying much attention to the little tots, so that Johnny managed to get some coals from the fireplace and proceeded to burn out the mice, with the result that the barn and contents, consisting of 400 bushels of corn, 12 tons of hay, some oats and two sets of harness went with the mice.

That fall there was an early frost which caught all the corn, and that winter and the next spring and summer, corn suitable for bread sold for \$1.00 per bushel.

The German barn, as it was called, was a land mark that will be remembered by many who are yet living, it stood in 1852, only partially built, near where Andy York's house now stands. Peter Jermm had started to build the barn, which he laid out with generous plans, but before it was completed he undertook to dig a well, the ground at the spot chosen for the well was sandy and caved in and killed him, so that neither well nor barn were ever completed. I well remember a hole in the side of the barn next to where the road ran through his place, that it was said old Peter cut out to shoot through when parties came to steal his grain, as he anticipated they would do. There was a tradition that he had money buried somewhere on the land, I have never heard that Andy York found the buried treasure, but he certainly has managed to extract considerable wealth from the old farm.

The modes of conveyance in the early days here were heavy linchpin wagons drawn by horses or oxen, or riding horseback. I am quite confident there was not a carriage or buggy in the forks of the Maquoketa in 1852 and am not sure that there was a frame house. The first vehicle that I can remember that could be called a carriage was a two seated wagon purchased by John Woods, Esq. I think about 1850, and it was in great demand at all funerals in our neighborhood for years. Nelson Lane also got a carriage in the fifties, and the two

were all that I had any knowledge of prior to the war. It was a great thing in those days to own a carriage.

The fiddle was the principal and almost the only musical instrument in the country in the early days. I remember very well the first piano I ever saw. In the winter of 1856 or '57 Uncle Joe Anderson was hauling wood to Dr. Allen, and was invited to bring his family down to hear Miss Kate Allen play the piano. I was invited by some of the children to go along and Uncle Joe took a sled load of us down to the Doctor's house, which stood north of where the Stephens bank now stands, and Miss Allen entertained us nicely, it was the first time that any of the party had ever seen or heard a piano and it was a great event with us, I know I felt somewhat stuckup over my brothers and sisters as I had heard and seen a piano and they had not.

For some years after coming to Iowa my mother cooked over a fire-place, but finally father took a couple of loads of dressed hogs to Lyons and brought home a new box stoye with a whole lot of bright tinware, and we had something to brag about at school.

There was one character in our community in the early days, around whom my memory clings with feelings of deep veneration and fond affection, I refer to Dr. Charles L. Usher, a pioneer of the early forties and a good samaritan to the early settlers in every sense of the word. The doctor was a welcome guest in every cabin and never failed to respond to a call for help in sickness, day or night. He was a graduate of an Ohio medical college, and his greatest ambition in life, as he often told the writer, was to do all the good he could to his fellow men. His services were in great demand, but poorly paid for, and he was compelled to dig, dry and grind up and prepare the herbs that he used in his remedies. Many times the writer has helped him to dig and collect burdock, Indian cup, squaw

cabbage, golden seal and many other herbs used by him. The doctor hated dogs and often remarked, that no family was too poor to afford several dogs. He was also bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. He lived to attain a great age, honored and respected, but died poor for the reason that he was a poor collector, had he kept an account of his services and looked after the collection of his fees as some modern doctors do, he might have been a wealthy man.

One of the early day preachers that I remember quite well was Rev. Mullholl, who occasionally held service in our school house and prayer meetings in the houses of the settlers. On one of his visits to our neighborhood he accosted Joel Woods and said, "My boy do you know Jesus Christ?" Joel said, "No sir, don't think he lives in the timber, I think he must live on the prairie." Joel has never heard the last of his answer to the preacher.

One little adventure that befell me in the early days will help to illustrate some of the difficulties we met with. Father sent me to town on horse back for the mail and some groceries, it had been raining hard but cleared up before I left home, it commenced raining again just as I got into town and never let up for one moment until after dark, and it was awful dark. As soon as it stopped raining I mounted the horse, one that we had owned only a short time and was blind in one eye, and started for home. I got along nicely until I crossed the old wooden bridge and struck the timber, which at that time grew right down to the end of the bridge, when I entered the forest it was like entering a dark room and I could not see my hand when held before my eyes, and the only way I could tell when the horse was in the road was by the sound of his feet splashing in the water, the instant he stepped out of the road the sound of his feet was muffled by the leaves and grass

so I managed to keep in the road until I got within a half mile of home when the rain began pouring down again and my old horse got out of the road and in my efforts to get him back he stumbled over a the trunk of a fallen tree and became hopelessly anchored with his front legs on one side of the tree and his hind legs on the other, I could feel the log under my feet but could not go backwards or forwards. As a last resort I concluded to try my lung power, I could rival a Commanch Indian in yelling those days. I gave a couple of whoops and was overjoyed to hear an answering shout and soon saw a couple of faint lights gleaming through the trees, which came nearer, guided by the responsive shouting, and in a short time my father and older brother arrived on the scene, with torches made from dry maple slivers, and immediately relieved me from my embarrassing position.

I roamed through the forest a great deal when I was a boy, but was never lost or turned around as the saying is. Father taught his boys to handle and shoot a gun and allowed us to go hunting as soon as we were able to carry one. One of my favorite places to hunt was the sand ridge where the village of Hurstville now stands. When I was a boy it was covered with second growth white oak, a specie of tree that retains the foliage all winter, hence was an ideal place for hunting pheasants on a moonlight night. I was a little timorous about approaching the east end of the ridge, where the Indian burying ground was located, when on a night excursion alone. In the days before the war there was a lake and a pond north of the saw mill and east of where Senator Hurst's house now stands, that actually teemed with fish of the best and gamiest varieties, bass, pike, pickerel and sun-fish, and I can close my eyes and see the old willow and elm trees, on whose roots I could stand and yank out the fish to my hearts content. There

were two other ponds, in what is now Nisson's corn field, where fishing was good and where I have enjoyed sport shooting wild ducks.

Deer and wild turkeys were quite plentiful in the forks prior to the war, but I never had the satisfaction of killing one in my boyhood days, but some of our neighbors killed a good many, and a cousin of the writer, William Ellis, would quite frequently bring in the carcass of a deer to our place and leave it until he could come for it with a horse. The nearest I ever came to killing a deer when a boy at home, was when I was about 10 years old. I went into the woods with a small rifle one morn after a light snow fall, and soon struck a fresh deer track and followed it through the thickets where it had been browsing finally coming to a maple tree that had been blown down when full of leaves, I was thinking what a nice place for a deer that would be and while walking around the top, up jumped a big buck and looked me square in the face, I yelled like an Indian and the deer started off with 10 and 20 foot jumps, and I never thought of my gun until the deer was pretty well out of range. My folks had a great deal of fun at my expense when I told them of my adventure.

Recollections of Early Days.

Theodore Fischer, Sr., was a pioneer of Tete-des-Morts township, Jackson county, Iowa, and was a veteran of two wars. He was born in Westphalia, Jan. 21, 1821, and came to America in 1841, landing at New Orleans then came to St. Louis and for a time worked on steamboats on the Mississippi river. In 1843 he went to Galena and worked there and at Mineral Point. He made several trips to New Orleans. When the Mexican war broke out he enlisted in Waldemar Fischer's Company B, Missouri Light Artillery and was mas-

tered into the U. S. Service the 21st day of June 1846, and participated in the following battles: Palo-Alto, Resaca De-la-Palma, Buena-Vista, Vera Cruz, Chapultepec, Sierra-Gordo, Tobasco, Las-Pascual and Monterey. When the war was over he went back to St. Louis and was married. His wife dying with cholera after giving birth to a girl baby. He afterwards married Caroline Menke, and came to Jackson county, and settled in Tete-des-Morts township, where he remained until his death June 15, 1894. In 1864, his township being short on its quota of soldiers; he was drafted into U. S. Service and served under Sherman until the end of the war. He held two honorable discharges from the U. S. army for service rendered in two different wars. While living in St. Louis after his return from the Mexican war, he made an over-land trip, with oxen, across the plains and mountains to Santa Fee, New Mexico Ter. Mr. Fischer was an honorable, upright man respected by all who knew him. His children are: Anna, wife of Peter Kalmes, St. Donatus; Antoine, in Dubuque; August, Bennetsville; Theodore, Jr., Maquoketa; John, St. Donatus; Caroline, wife of Math Evens, Springbrook; Henry on the old homestead in Tete des Morts township, which his father acquired with a land warrant received for services in the Mexican war. Theodore, Jr., has a medal formerly owned by his father, commemorating the battles that he was in, in the Mexican war.

Pioneer Life in Iowa.

By Levi Wagoner.

After having renewed my acquaintance with my former neighbors, most of whom had preceded me and were settled in and around Zwingie, some in Dubuque county and some in Jackson county, I began to look around for a location for myself. But being born and raised in a country of tall timber, I

found nothing in Dubuque county that was suitable or that suited my purpose. I therefore decided to strike out for other regions.

It was now about the first of January 1851, and I was in Dubuque for several days acquainting myself with the ways and means for obtaining government lands. I found that public lands might be preempted and settled upon in 5 years time, thus giving the settler the use of the land and paying for it at the end of 5 years at \$1.25 per acre. And I also found that fully one half the land had been settled in that way, and that quite a large share of it was entered through land warrants obtained by soldiers of the late Mexican war. I also found that many of the preempted claims had lapsed, the time of final payment having expired, and were therefore open to entry to whoever might come along and dispossess the would be owners, and thus deprive him not only of his land but his improvements as well. Such practices were not common, but they did occur far oftener than one might think could be possible in a country where civilization claims a foothold. The disposition of some men, (if I may so call them) to take advantage of the circumstances of their fellowmen and deprive them of the results of labor and hopes, was found to be a loathsome disease that must be treated with severe remedies. And these remedies, which were iron clad, could be found in every house, especially where men held lapsed claims, (the rifle and the shot gun).

If the reader will now follow me on a trip to Clayton county, I will relate my first experience where rifle and revolver were brought to the front. I was a guest of the Waples House, Dubuque, where I found a large number of land seekers from the eastern states and among them I found two men that were in accord with me. They too wanted timber land, one of them was my brother-in-law, Wm. Woods, the other, J. D.

Moody, of New York state. I was scarcely 21 years of age. Moody and Keons were by several years my senior. Mr. Moody being somewhat of an expert and of the daring kind naturally became our Moses. But before we started we prepared ourselves with maps, which showed the vacant lands of Clay county. We also applied to one, H. W. Sanford, a land speculator, who owned several hundred acres in that county that he held for sale, on which he gave us prices and also letters to parties who would show us the lands.

It was Monday morning when our party started northward from Dubuque on foot through a newly fallen snow about six inches deep. Our road lay through a very sparsely settled part of the country. It was therefore necessary to enquire ahead where dinner could be obtained, and was told there was a small settlement 15 miles ahead where was a blacksmith shop hard by the road where we could be accommodated. It was about 12 o'clock when we arrived at the blacksmith shop, which consisted of a shed facing the south about 10x12 constructed of poles set in the ground interwoven with a tall specie of weeds that were plentiful in that country along streams, the nearby house was similarly constructed and also very small in size. We found the blacksmith, a good fellow with a large family of about six children ages about 14 and down. They were just eating their dinner, which consisted of parched corn, of which they seemed to have an abundant supply, which was prepared in a large pan by the smith using his forge to make the necessary heat. We did not order dinner that day, but got directions from the smith to last us to the next station, which was called the Floyd settlement, 15 miles distant.

We left the blacksmith shop about 1 o'clock p. m., and arrived at the Floyd settlement about 8 o'clock, here we found a hotel with good accommoda-

tions. Here was a small village consisting of hotel, church, store and school house, about 8 or 10 private houses. Altogether it was a sort of homely place and was situated on the thoroughfare that led to McGregor landing on the Mississippi river.

We left the hotel in the morning in quest of one of the parties Mr. Sanford had referred us, who we found about 8 miles north. Here we spent the remainder of the day in looking at lands belonging to the said Sanford, with one, Owen Rooney, as our guide, who also entertained us the following night. Mr. Rooney was rather above the average in intelligence and knew how to make shifts, being one of the first settlers, and lived in a first class cabin, built out of round logs, about 16x20 feet with a large fire-place in one end. It was all in one room. Besides the other things in the room there were about 400 bushels of shelled corn in sacks, which was stacked along two of the walls up to the ceiling, or rather where the ceiling should have been. This stockade served an excellent purpose to shut out the cold, which at this time would easily reach zero. His house stood in a group of bur-oak trees, which at a distance resembled apple trees. Mr. Rooney, our host, together with our party, after our days work, of looking over Mr. Sanford's land, was through with, we returned to the cabin for grub and lodging. Here close to the house on one of the trees, was three-quarters of a very fine looking beef, hung up among the limbs about five feet from the ground, froze solid. And a part of this was soon brought in to be used for the evening meal. Mr. Rooney, armed with an ax, climbed the tree and vigorously plied his ax and made chips of considerable size which flew in every direction until enough was down for both supper and breakfast. A frontier feast was soon ready to which our whole party did ample justice. But I now began to wonder what of the

night. From all appearances, there was hardly sleeping room enough for the family, but here our host found no difficulty at all, he began to pull down enough of the sacked corn to make a good foundation for a bed, before a huge fire-place well supplied with wood for the night, on this we passed the night very comfortably having our overcoats and a pair of buffalo robes to complete the outfit. Next morning we again started out to see more of Mr. Sanford's land which lay about two miles east. Mr. Rooney again accompanied us as guide.

When we came to the land which lay along side of a public highway, we stopped while Mr. Rooney pointed out the land that we were looking after. About 80 rods to the right we saw a house, and presently we saw a man start from the house on the run, with a gun in his hand, coming towards us, shouting at the top of his voice, not to cross that road as he would shoot the first man that set foot on his claim, as soon as he came to the edge of his claim and not over a rod from where our party stood, Mr. Rooney asked him why he wanted to shoot, to which he replied. You have brought these men to jump my claim, but Mr. Rooney protested and gave him the lie. At this he became still more boisterous and began to raise his rifle, keeping his eye on Mr. Rooney. At this juncture our little Moses and Mr. Coous stepped to the front, revolvers in hand and Mr. Moody said to the mad man, put down your gun and hear me a minute, you big fool, you might shoot down one of our party, but you must be a bigger fool than I think you are if you can't see that you would be the next man to drop. This little speech seemed to bring the man to his senses. And now Rooney again came to the front and addressed the man thus. Mr. Varner, (for that was the man's name), you can't help but see that you now easily become our prisoner, now therefore lay down your gun, and I will show you a letter

from Mr. Sanford of Dubuque, describing the lands which these gentlemen are now looking after, and you will easily see that these men are not after your lapsed claim at all. He then handed him the letter and after reading its contents he said yes that it was all right, and I will now join your party and assist you as I am pretty well acquainted with Mr. Sanford's lands. And so ended our sight seeing in Clay county. The writer had one more such experience in Jones county later on, which terminated very nearly in the same way. There was nobody shot. Our York State Moody being still with us. Here our whole party entered some government lands. And here we parted company with Mr. Moody, who returned to his eastern home. I have not seen or heard of him since. The reader will in my next communication find me among my old friends in and around Zwingle.

Some of Jackson County's Earliest Temples of Learning.

It has been our desire to write an article on the first school houses in the several Jackson county townships, and have written several letters asking for information. As after many days we have received only one answer, we have concluded that the people are not able to learn the history of their own section, or are indifferent as to whether it is made a matter of record for the benefit of those in the future, who would know something of the early days of this country. Such matter grows more valuable as time passes.

From the fiftieth anniversary souvenir of the Sentinel, we learn that the first school house in Maquoketa township, was built on the east side of what is now Main street, Maquoketa, on land belonging to J. E. Goodenow. It was half dug-out and half log with a sod roof. A man named Richard Steen taught the first term of school in that primitive affair in 1811. From this beginning has

grown several district schools in the township, and the splendid high school building and the three fine ward school buildings in the city of Maquoketa.

From a letter received from Mr. John Applegate, postmaster and general merchant, of Fulton, we learn that the first school taught in Farmers Creek township was in a private house one mile west of the present town of Fulton, and that the first school house built was on the n. w. of the n. e. of section 23. Mr. Applegate did not state in what year it was built or of what material. It was probably in the early forties and of the log cabin variety, as most of the first buildings were in Jackson county when first settled.

The first school house in Monmouth township was built in 1841. It was built just south of the presents limits of Baldwin, a few rods west of the bank of Bear Creek, not far from where Joshua Beers, who came here in 1836, lived. In early days this was called the "Shake Rag" school house. It was constructed of logs and in it was held the first election Monmouth township held.

As near as I can possibly find out the first school taught in what is now South Fork township, was taught by the wife of Daniel Finton in their log dwelling house, that then stood on what was later known as the T. K. Nickerson place, and near the three large cottonwood trees that now stand on the south side of the Maquoketa and Anamosa road and west of where Glahn now lives.

The first school house built in the township was built at Buckhorn in about 1843, and stood some twenty rods east of Pumpkin Run, on the rocky hill, south of the road ten rods and about as many feet west of the section quarter line.

I know more about that old school house than any of the rest, for there I put in two or three terms having our young ideas leart to shoot. We learned more about shooting with a sling at the

end of the old log blacksmith shop and shooting the rapids in Pumpkin Run. This school house was built of logs from the Maquoketa timber and chinked with clay. When it was first built it was warmed in winter by a fire place in the east end. Along the west end and along the north side were slab benches and board desks. The schollars sat in a row around the side of the building and figured out two and two makes four, and that a popgun makes everybody jump. The first teacher I went to school to in this house was Miss Amanda Summers, now Mrs. Henry Little. That was in 1890, I think. She taught a good school, considering the number of devils she had to contend with. A woman could keep better order in those days than a man, if she had the nerve to quell the big girls, for there was some little gallantry among the big boys, but a man teacher had to have his track well sanded. We had one man teacher by the name of Ramsey, who seemed to lack the required amount of grit, had probably been brought up on butter-milk. The big boys would put him out of the house and hold the fort and he had to give up the school. The board hired Harvey Gillman to finish the term. "Gee Whiz," lightning struck there. I remember it hit me. The first day Harvey taught he was several feet from where I sat and had his back to me, seemingly lost in an exercise. I raised up and leaned over the desk to drop a paper wat down an urchan's back, when something lit onto my back and my heels hit the ceiling. It was all done and over with so quick that I never knew how it happened and don't now. But I can give evidence that though there were a good many big boys and some of them twenty years old, they never tried many monkey tricks on Harvey Gillman. He always seemed to me to be a bundle of nerves, a bag of sand and a streak of lightning done up in a sack full of eye holes. Yours truly,

FARMER BUCKHORN.

William Ellis was born in Slate creek settlement, Pulaski county, Virginia, Sept. 8, 1794, and went with his father and family to Franklin county, Kentucky, about 1800. During the second war with England, he with his brother, John, enlisted in a regiment of Kentucky rifles and fought with Jackson at New Orleans. Soon after that decisive victory for the American troops, news reached this country that a new treaty of peace between the two nations had been concluded and the American Volunteers were disbanded and made their way home as best they could.

The Kentuckians went up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers by boat, leaving the latter river at the nearest point to their homes and traveling on foot the balance of the journey. The Ellis brothers were with quite a company of Kentuckians, who went from the same locality, and when their party left the boat John Ellis who had been ailing for some time, was unable from weakness to travel but slowly, and the other members being anxious to get home again pushed on and left William and John, promising to send help to them. Their progress was very slow as John was getting weaker all the time and William feared that he would never get him home alive. One day while John's fever was high and William thought him delirious, he stopped and gazed for a long time in the direction in which they were traveling, finally a smile lit up his face and turning to William he said, I won't have to walk much farther, I see old Bally coming. William strained his eyes in following the gaze of his brother but could see nothing and thought that John's mind was wandering, but John rallied his feelings and pushed onward and in a few hours met some of their people and sure enough they had brought old Bally, a horse that William had left at home, and John was able to reach home alive, but only lived a short time.

William got married and went to Put-

man county, Indiana, and in the early forties removed to Iowa and settled on a piece of land west of Fulton, Jackson county, Iowa, in section 28, Farmers Creek township, where he followed his trade of gun maker for many years at his home near the bluffs on the north fork of the Maquoketa. There was an abundance of game in the locality and Uncle Billy, as he was called, spent a great deal of his time with his pack of hounds in the forest hunting deer, wildcat and other game. I remember hearing him say that he had kill 62 wild-cats. He was famous as a gun maker and his silver mounted rifles with birds eye maple stocks a ways commanded a good price. There were few men of his time that could shoot with truer aim than Uncle Billy.

I was thrilled when a boy by hearinging him tell of the hot reception that was given Lord Packeuham's veterans at New Orleans on the 8th day of January, 1814, by the Kentucky Rifles, in which himself and brother, John, took an active part, witnessing as I often have the wonderful marksmanship of Uncle William and my own father, and realizing that it was probably a fair sample of what all the Kentuckians could do, I could form a pretty good idea of the carnage among the red coats when they charged the works behind which stood the stalwart Kentuckians with their deadly rifles, awaiting as ordered, until they could see the whites of the eyes of the enemy before firing. Men who could pick the eye out of a squirrel from the top of the tallest tree, could hardly miss a target such as a Britisher would make at close quarters.

Uncle William lived on his little farm working at his trade part of the time, farming a little, and hunting game and bees for pastime as well as profit until 1858, when he was stricken with paralysis, and was confined to his bed I think for eight years before death released him from his sufferings. He left a large

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family of grown up children, all of whom I think, but one, have passed away, but there are quite a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren living in this locality.

Business Men of Maquoketa in 1857

In writing of early days and recalling men and incidents of the past, I have thought it might be of interest to the remaining pioneers of Maquoketa and vicinity to be reminded of those who were prominent in business and the professions in Maquoketa 48 or 50 years ago. In 1857 the principal business blocks were the Union and Excelsior Blocks. At that time Maquoketa was quite a business center, and had great expectations thru the contemplated railroad and navigable river running through the town.

Joseph McCloy and Fred S. Dunham were engaged in general merchandise business, on the northwest corner of Platt and Main Sts.

D. W. Graves was an attorney, office third story Union block.

Shollenberger & Gebert, or later Shattuck, Gebert & Co., were in general merchandise at No. 4 Union block.

Dimmitt & McGregor, wholesale and retail dealers in groceries, etc., special reference to Stimson's flour No. 5 Excelsior block.

W. S. Belden had a drug stock in No. 3, Union block, and Dr. J. H. Allen was associated with him.

S. F. Brown and D. H. Chase were architects and builders at that time. Chase had a shop on West Platt street.

J. Hollister, M. D., had an office in the Excelsior block.

D. A. Fletcher was an attorney and counselor at law, could be found in No. 3, Excelsior block, third story, afterward associated with Chas. Rich.

Dr. George Murray was a practicing physician, office at his residence on West Platt St.

Dr. G. S. Martin, Botanic physician and surgeon, office in residence three doors north of brick church.

W. P. Montgomery was an attorney at law and fire insurance agent, office up stairs in Union block.

J. Berry, attorney and land agent, office over Mitchell's store.

J. W. Jenkins, attorney, also over Mitchell's store.

S. D. & T. Lyman run a general store on the east side of North Main street.

E. Baldwin & Co., had a hardware store at No. 2, Union block.

A. Fellows had a drug and book store at No. 2, Excelsior block.

Matthews & Reeve had a general store, including hardware, and sold hardwood building lumber for Sartwell & Son.

Jonas Clark had a bank on the southeast corner of Main and Platt streets.

S. Parker sold piano-fortes and melodions.

John Elfrick made boots and shoes, on West Platt street.

J. P. Eddie was a hustling real estate man.

Thomas Wright & Co. had a woolen mill on North Main street.

F. Bricker was a tailor with office at his residence, near the woolen factory.

Catlin & Co., had a hardware store at No. 4, Excelsior block.

Taubman & Mole, merchant tailors, were on South Main street.

Thomas & Shed conducted the New York Store at No. 1, Excelsior block.

The Decker House was conducted by G. Brainard, late of New York.

K. B. Clancy had a grocery and provision store opposite the Decker House.

M. Murphy was making ambrotypes at his Daguerrean gallery for 50 cents.

H. C. Jewell was making melanotypes, ambrotypes and ambrographs.

P. Mitchell was conducting the Pioneer store, selling almost everything, on the northeast corner of Main and Platt streets.

J. A. Bryan was selling watches, clocks, etc., at No. 3, Excelsior block.

Dr. George Stanley was the first Homopathist to come to our town, his office was on South Main street.

Drs. George and Mrs. S. J. Moyers, Hygie Therapeutic physicians and surgeons, had their office in their residence on Prospect street.

Farr & Brown were in the grocery business on West Platt street.

R. S. Williams was a brick and stone mason.

Edward Sterling had pine lumber and shingles to sell or trade for country produce.

The Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska railroad was running trains to Ames Creek, 17 miles west of Clinton, made the trip every day from Clinton to Ames Creek and return, one hour and forty minutes each way.

In 1857, petitions were circulated for a vote by the county to take the county seat from Bellevue to Fulton, and a court house was actually built in Fulton, and that flourishing town was beat out of the county seat by treachery. It

was claimed that Fulton was the most central town in the county, was high and dry, that the north fork of the Maquoketa river passed within one-quarter mile of its plat. That it was three-quarters of a mile from the finest body of timber in Iowa, that around it was the most densely populated and fertile land in the county. That while the town was only a year and a half old, it had a population of 200 inhabitants, and that in an average distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles there were ten mills in operation. The Fulton people also claimed that within three-fourths of a mile were a number of good stone quarries, and buildings could be built 20 per cent cheaper here than any place else in the county. They said good durable water could be got by digging from 10 to 20 feet, and that the houses were all frame and of more respectable dimensions than could be found elsewhere in a town of its age. That there was a flouring mill, a Methodist church, and a potter shop in contemplation, that they had a common school house, two stores, two wagon shops, two blacksmith shops, one tin shop, one grocery and one steam turning lathe and was about to have a public house.

Governor J. W. Grimes, General Ralph P. Lowe and Henry O'Connor were stumping the state for Lowe for Governor. John McGregor of Maquoketa was nominated by the democrats for District Senator for Jackson and Jones counties, and Bradley of Andrew and Millsap of Otter Creek for representatives. Capt. Marsh of Van Buren township and Geo. McDowell of Lamotte were after the republican nomination for the office of representative.

There were other business and professional men in Maquoketa in 1857, besides those named above. Charles M. Dunbar was a young lawyer and Dr. P. H. Griffin was a popular physician. But I believe I have named fully as many business and professional men as there

are in our town today. I am not sure whether Dr. Holt was here in 1857, but know that he was in 1859. Probably some of the readers will recall others who were engaged in business here in 1859.

Of those prominent in business here in 1857, Col. J. W. Jenkins and Captains Gebbert and Belden, and Major J. H. Allen gained fame in the great civil war. Henry Jewell was a member of Co. B, 26th Iowa, and I think died in the service.

Zwingle In 1846.

Having been on a ramble of three week's duration, most of the time outside of Jackson county, I now return to my first love where I spent my first night in Iowa. Here I am right among my old friends, of childhood and youth. Here for a distance of five or six miles, north and south, and as many east and west, lived the first settlers who came here from Pennsylvania, from the neighborhood of Adamsburg, Wilkinsburg and Pittsburg. If I am somewhat tedious in my narrative, I trust the reader will bear with me, for this is to me a sacred spot.

Daniel Court was the first settler at the present Zwingle in 1846. Albert Court, his brother, came two or three years later, also settling near Zwingle, these two being the first in, gave it the name of the Court neighborhood and made it a sort of nucleus around which to gather. Dan Court being a man of push, soon hewed out for himself a comfortable home and was among the most prominent citizens, and was twice elected representative of Dubuque county in the state legislature. His family consisted of four children, three girls and one son. The eldest, Elizabeth, was married to Rev. F. Bowman in 1855, both of whom are still living. The second daughter, Emeline, married W. G. Simpson about the year 1856, and are

both now living, and next, Sarah, married Abe Erwin, this couple are also living. The son, Albert, was married to Kate Foster, the youngest, Mary M., was married to John Bowman, brother of Rev. F. B. But in looking the field over now I find scarcely any of the original house holders remaining and for the most part it is the third generation that now occupy the stage of the old stock of settlers. The Rev. F. Bowman is perhaps the oldest now living. It was in the spring of 1855 that he preached my fathers funeral, as also that of my father-in-law, Philip Sauer, whose death occurred three weeks before that of my father on May 5, 1855.

It is worthy of note that the same Rev. F. Bowman of 50 years ago was already installed pastor of the German Reformed church at Zwingle and is today still at his post, doing the work of a pastor for over 50 years to the same congregation. This is without doubt the longest continuous pastorate that the writer has any knowledge of in this section.

James Simpson, Jr., came in 1852 and settled three miles west of Zwingle, his father, with his family, came in 1834. His son, Washington, had preceded his father three years, coming in 1851. The remainder of Sr James Simpson's family consisted of Wm. C., who afterwards married Miss Emeline Court about 1856, Hiram, I think enlisted among the first in about 1861 or '62 and contracted disease while he was in the army and died soon after returning home. But I can not be sure of the correctness of this statement. Of the Simpson boys only two are now living, Rush, who recently had a farm near Buckhorn, and who also recently made the writer a short visit. I had not seen him for over 30 years. The girls in the Simpson family were: Amanda, who married one, Job Miller, both have been dead a good many years; Mary Ann, married Geo. Scholian, and she is also dead; two more girls, Harriette and Martha, the youngest, I have

lost track of, but I think that they are also dead.

The Ashouse family, to which I have already referred in a former article, consisted of Johnathan, the eldest, who I think came in the spring of 1849 or '50, together with his family and sister, Miss Dianua, who afterward became the wife of the late Whashington Simpson in 1857. She is still living and for the last 20 years has been a resident of Maquoketa. I am indebted to her for much of the above information. Lebus Ashouse, who served from first to last in the Mexican war, came home at the end of that war to his fathers place, who kept a hotel for a number of years in Willkiesburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pa., and on account of the genial disposition of the landlord, Joe Alshouse already an old man, made his hotel a favorite place for travelers and teamsters to stop at. His house was always crowded with guests.

It was on one such occasion that I formed my first acquaintance with the recently returned soldier. The hotel, as usual, was crowded with guests, and Lebus, the soldier, early became the central figure and was soon called on for a speech, but he felt disposed to decline the honor and after a unanimous second call from the audience, he consented to give a few reminiscences of his two years experience in Mexico, among which were vivid descriptions of the bombardment and capture of Monterey and Vera Cruze, but he was much to modest on that occasion to say that he was the first man that got inside when the walls were scaled at Chaupultoepec. After the war the government issued land warrants to the returned soldiers, which gave the holder free choice of any government land in Uncle Sam's domain. And now armed with such warrant, he came to Iowa in 1848 or '49 and located his warrant near Zwingle on the Jackson county side of the line, and here began life as a bachelor for two years

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more or less. In 1850 his sister, Dianna, came from the east and kept house for her brother, Leb, for a year or more. Later on he made a visit to the land of his nativity but soon returned bringing with him a wife of his own. Soon afterwards he sold his now improved farm to Washington Simpson, who also became the husband of the aforesaid Dianna Alshouse in 1857. And Lebeus, the soldier, with his family, removed to Illinois a year or two previous to the war of the rebellion. And now the great war was on and Mr. Alshouse, true to the government call, again enlisted at Macomb, Ill., as a private and was soon promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Mr. Alshouse was a man of more than ordinary courage and intelligence. But it fell to his lot through the vicissitudes of war to find his way to Libby prison where he died toward the close of the war. It is now but natural that we should inquire of the whereabouts of the family of so brave a soldier. These we now find well staked down in North Dakota. His son, a chipoff the old block, a prominent citizen and a member of the state legislature for two consecutive terms

I will now name as many of the old settlers as I can recall to memory, who settled in the vicinity of Zwingle prior to 1855: Daniel Court, Albert Court, Jacob Buckman, Johnathan Alshouse, Lebeus Alshouse, John Kemerer, Dan Kemerer, Chris Denliuger, Dr. J. Biglow, Mr. Kenedy, Phillip Miller, Tob Miller, John McClarg, Jacob Koons, David Koons, Matthias Scholian, John L. Sauer, Geo. Sauer, Michal Beck, Sr., James Simpson Sr., James Simpson Jr., Wm. C. Simpson and Washington Simpson. The remainder of the Simpson family all being minors, I will not give their names here. This settlement all before 1855 was composed almost exclusively of former Pennsylvanians and nearly all from the same neighborhood. But I must here add the names of Oliver

Bossard and Dan Bossard. These were the pioneers who settled in Dubuque and Jackson counties around the present Zwingle, prior to 1855. But their offspring are so numerous that I will not attempt to follow them but will leave the account to some future historian.

Zwingle, being the first place I visited after coming to Iowa in 1850 where I felt at home among my old friends, was not my abiding home, I was still foot loose. And in search of land suitable for a home which according to my idea at that time, must be timber land, which I found in the eastern part of Jones and the western part of Jackson counties, some of it east and some of it west of of Canton.

From here I will begin my next letter
L. W.

P. S. Of the above named early settlers, there are only three that are now known to be living, to-wit: Wm. C. Simpson, Mrs. Dianna Simpson and the Rev. F. Bowman.

A History of the Walker Family.

A short history of the Walker family, who came to Iowa 50 years ago. The head of the family was Truman N. A. Walker. He was born in Massachusetts, January 11, 1803, and while a boy emigrated with his parents to the state of New York. In 1824 he took as wife, Miss Eliza Lyon of Oppenheim, New York. She was a sister of the wife of Rev. C. E. Brown, who came as a missionary to the forks of the Maquoketa in 1841, and also a sister of Mrs. J. O. Degrush, a pioneer of Jackson county.

In June 1853 Truman Walker came to Jackson county, Iowa, with his family except two sons, who had preceded him here. The first year after his arrival he spent in Maquoketa. In 1854 he moved onto a piece of land in sections 29 and 32, South Fork township, where he continually resided until his

death January 23, 1884, thirteen years after the death of his wife, who died the 28th day of December, 1871. Mr. Walker was a thorough man, a good carpenter and joiner and a first-class farmer. Mr. Walker was a master mason and a member of Helion Lodge No. 36, that was chartered at Maquoketa in May of 1851.

He came from New York to Chicago by way of the great lakes and from Chicago to Jackson county, by few horse team. The first four years after coming here he lived in a log house until he built the house now occupied by his son, E. N. Walker. In his family were the following nine children all of whom came to Iowa: Nelson H., Julia A., Charlotte L., Geo. B., Benjamin L., Frances E., Stephen D., Mary J. and Eben N. Walker.

Nelson H. Walker, son of Truman N., came from Utica, N. Y., to Jackson county in 1848, five years before his father did. He brought with him a stock of dry goods and opened up a store in Maquoketa. He only lived one year after coming here, dying December 18, 1849. He was a member of the Baptist church.

Benjamin E., another son of Truman Walker was born Feb. 5, 1836, and came with his parents to Iowa in 1853, residing near Buckhorn until 1869, when he emigrated to Nebraska and entered government land, living there until 1880, when he and his family went to Denver, Colorado, where he has been employed in the car factories of the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad as a painter.

Stephen D. Also came here with his parents, being born in New York, Dec. 8, 1844, and has lived in Jackson county until the present time, 1905. He has followed the carpenters trade the most of his life though farming for a few years. He married Miss Ada Atherton, a daughter of Schuyler Atherton of near Buckhorn, a musician in the Civil war and had a son, Loyal, who was also a

musician in Co. M, Iowa National Guard, that was enlisted for the Spanish American war. Loyal died at Jacksonville, Florida, of typhoid fever.

Eben N. was born in the state of New York, Nov. 7, 1850, and was brought to Jackson county when three years old, where he has since lived, with the exception of a short period when he was in the state of Nebraska. He married Miss Eva Hall, sister of Charles Hall of Maquoketa, Lyman Hall of Buckhorn, and Byron Hall of Onslow. Her father was a civil war veteran... Eben N. Walker owns, and lives on the old homestead of his father, and like his father before him, is an A No. 1 farmer, and an all around good fellow.

George B. Walker, was born in York State, March 8th 1832. He came to Jackson County Iowa, previous to his father Truman Walker, but for some reason was not satisfied here, and in 1853 on the same day his father's family got here, he left Iowa for the Pacific coast, by way of New York City and the ocean route crossing the Isthmus of Panama the year following. He followed mining, and won quite a large fortune, but loosing much of it by being too good to his friends. He served in the Washington legislature and had the honor of naming Idaho. We quote will a little of his obituary, printed in the Seattle Intelligencer, after his death at Seattle, May 29, 1879. "He was born at Russia Corners, Herkimer county, N. Y. He was one of the best mining experts in the country and was known by all the pioneers of nearly all the great mining camps in the west. Among his personal friends was the United States Senator Leeland Stanford of California. The State of Idaho was named by Mr. Walker at a consultation in 1861 with W. H. Wallace, Salucius Garfield and Judge Leander, whose names are intimately connected with the early history of the Pacific Northwest. The name was suggested to Mr. Walker by the steamer

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Idaho, that plies on the Puget Sound."

Though George Walker's life in the west was mostly spent in "the far west," he visited Jackson county several times, and was married to a daughter of Wm. Vosburg, who settled here in 1837, and was Captain of Co. F, 31st I N. Inf., that went from Maquoketa in 1862.

Of the four Walker girls, three married early settlers of this county. Charlotte married Charles Dunbar, an attorney at law of Maquoketa and quite a prominent mason and Master of Helion Lodge for five years, honored thus from 1861 to 1864 and also again in 1866.

Frances married Isaac Northrop, quite an early settler and a farmer here, and some time after his death married a Mr. Niles of Anamosa, who was a man very much liked by those who knew him.

Mary J. Walker married DeWitt French of near Buckhorn, who some 35 years ago went to Nebraska and from there to the Pacific coast, where he perfected and had patented a device for excavating irrigation and flume ditches, and also dredging channels. It is now in practical operation and in a fair way of bringing a large return to the patentee and to the firm backing the venture, by manufacturing and putting the excavator on the market. On account of being an invalid a part of her life, Julia A. Walker never married.

Perhaps a little incident in connection with this narrative is not amiss. When the Walkers came to Jackson county, wolves were quite numerous. One day one of the little Walker girls, Frances, or as she is best known, Fauny, then a young child, visited at a neighbors and played with the neighbors children until dark before starting home, some half a mile distant. When part way home she became aware of some animal following her as she could hear the patter of feet behind her. She didn't know whether it was a dog or what it was, but hurried home as fast as she could walk, too brave to run and too fearful

to stop to investigate, which was perhaps lucky for her. As she reached home her father was out waiting for her and remarked, "My lady, do you know there is a wolf following you?"

FARMER BUCKHORN.

Recollections of Early Days.

Recollections of early days, written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.

My letter last week on "Business men of Maquoketa in 1857," has been the subject of considerable criticism from various old settlers.

1st: Mr. J. W. Gates, claims that the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska R. R. was running trains to Wheatland in the winter of 1856 and 7. To show that I had good grounds for my statement, that the road was only completed 17 miles west of the river, I copy a paid advertisement of the road which appeared in No. 29 of Vol. 2 of the Weekly Maquoketa Excelsior, date of Sept 29 1857.

Under a fairly good cut of the quaint looking trains of fifty years ago was the following:

Chicago Iowa and Nebraska R. R. open to Ames Creek, 17 miles west of the Mississippi river. On and after Monday, Apr 27th and until further notice passenger trains will run as follows: Leave Clinton at 9 o'clock a.m., arrive at Ames Creek 10:40 a. m. Leave Ames creek, at 4 p. m., arrive at Clinton 5:40, p. m.

Passengers taking the 9 a. m. train connect direct with stages for DeWitt, Maquoketa, Davenport, Tipton and Toronto.

Passengers wishing to go to De Witt on business, can have three hours at De Witt and return the same day.

All baggage destined for Clinton or the road will be received at Fulton, and delivered free of charge. Freight trains run daily. M. Smith, Engineer and superintendent. Clinton, Apr 27 1857.

Others say there were other business men in Maquoketa in 1857. Well, that is why I wrote the article. We want to know who was in business, and will appreciate the information. J. W.

Around Canton in 1850

In my last letter I promised to make Canton my next point to start from. It was in the winter of 1850 that I found this place. It was a small village of perhaps 150 inhabitants. There was here an excellent water power with a flouring mill, a saw mill and a woolen factory, together with other machinery for cutting plastering lath and also turning lathes, in fact anything in the line of wooden supplies could be obtained here. Canton had the only grist mill in a circuit of 20 miles, and saw mills were also very few and far between. Canton also had two fairly good country stores. The proprietor of all these industries was J. J. Tomilson, formerly a Virginian, who also owned about 700 acres of timber land and nearly all the town lots. Canton thus equipped became the center of trade for many miles around. It was then a brisk village and did more business in a day than it now does in two months. The proprietor was a man of great energy and with all, a genial disposition, easily approached and a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

Mr. E. M. Franks, formerly of Ohio, was also here and in the mercantile business, and a trader in live stock, having at this time 300 steers and cows in one feed lot, together with three or four hundred shoats as gleaners.

Canton was already about 20 years old and was among the first settlements west of the Mississippi, and at that time I thought it was destined to be one of the best inland points in the state. Being surrounded by a dense body of timber and as good water power as could be found anywhere in the state, I felt that I had found the right spot at last.

Among the residents were some that the reader will doubtless remember. John Reynor, an Englishman, who had recently come over to operate the woolen mills. Dr T. Gracy, who also was county surveyor, and his two deputies, C. Vincent and J. Woods. Garvis

Smith, a merchant, J. Brenamau, a justice and notary, Dr. Johnson, then a practicing physician, who on one occasion was returning from a visit to a patient fell from his buggy into a mud hole, while under the influence, but he succeeded in gaining his seat after some struggle. His clothing now in a sad plight, on his arrival at his home he found a man waiting with a forthwith call seven miles away. He now faced about to immediately obey the call, but here his wife interferred and said doctor you can't go in such a plight, come in and change your clothes, but he refused and said he had not the time. His wife still protesting the doctor now turned to the messenger and said, did they send for my clothes or for me, to which he replied, for you, all right here I go. There was also at this time an old gentleman stopping at the only hotel in the village, Fulton by name, always well dressed and plenty funds to pay his way, he had already been here over a year. Some of the citizens once asked him when he had imbibed a bit too freely, why he did not seek a more desirable place to spend the evening of his life, to which he replied, I am all right here, I am under a salary. I am hired to stay here by parties in York state, who are defendants in a suit pending in court. I am the only important witness and I must stay here until I am found out by the plaintiff in the case, and then I must hide again.

Having now completed my recent land purchase I decided to return to my home in Pennsylvania till such time when the remainder of my father's family could be got ready to emigrate. It was now mid winter, and their being no railroads farther west than Pittsburgh, Pa., I must needs go by steamer down the Mississippi River and up the Ohio, but the upper river being now ice-bound, I must make my way to St. Louis overland. I now started for Bellevue where I had some unsettled business to attend

to. On may way night overtook me about 15 miles west of that town where I found a lone settler, who had evidently been a very early settler from the appearance of his buildings and other surroundings, and here I staid over night. The man was apparently fully 65 years of age and had a family of five or six children, all of them far up, past their teens. The old man told me that his former home was in old Virginia, which he had left more than 40 years ago, and that he had stopped a few years in Indiana and later on in Illinois, and now in Jackson county, Iowa. On my arrival the old man sent one of the boys to the post office to see if there was any mail, the distance to Lamotte, where the post office was kept, was five miles, during the evening the man gave me an interesting history of his life up to the then present time. About 9 o'clock the boy returned bringing a letter postmarked Virginia, the whole family now gathered around all anxiety, the old man now turned to me and said, stranger can you read writing, which I answered in the affirmative, he then handed me the letter to read, but I told him it might contain something not suitable for a stranger to hear. He said, none of my folks can read and we must depend on others. I then read the letter, which was from a brother, and was throughout very religious and emotional in tone. I had not read half the letter till the old man was on his feet clapping his hands and shouting, Glory to God, in this his wife also joined, after quiet was resumed, I finished the reading, when another outburst occurred, in true old Virginia style. My entertainment by the family throughout was of the hospitable kind for which the southern people are famous.

In all my experience before and since, I never met with a family so thoroughly illiterate and so thoroughly christain and emotional and I began to study the cause. Good mammy wit was not wanting with any member of the family. The

letter of the evening was well composed and showed the emotional christain thruout and carried with it the spirit of southern hospitality and sociability. And the kind treatment, simple and unpretentious as it was, and the emotional out burst of the evening before, and the hearty benediction at my starting out in the morning showed plainly that good people with fertil brain can have their origin in the mountains of Virginia. Altogether it had the effect to command respect instead of amusement and contempt, and I was constrained to bow the head in reverence.

But I must now hasten to Bellevue and from there to St. Louis and secure a passage to Pittsburgh. On this trip nothing occurred and 12 days afterward I found myself once more among my father's family and among my old neighbors and friends.

My next letter will begin with my second departure for the far west as it was then called.

LEVI WAGONER.

Recollections of Early Days by A. J. Phillips.

My father, William Phillips, came to the Territory of Iowa in 1837, and settled near the Maquoketa River north of the city and made the farm, now known as the Sears farm. At that time this part of Iowa was almost a tractless wilderness, there was not a road of any kind where the city now is located, except an Indian trail which came from Denham's grove crossed Mill Creek where McCloy's mill since stood.

There were three other families who came to Iowa in company with my father. John Clark, who settled on the 160 acres which is now the southeast part of the city; Isaac Mitchell and family, who settled on the 160 acres since known as the William Current farm, where William Current, Jr., the present editor of the Maquoketa Record was born; the

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third family was John Barnett. Mr. Barnett did not stop here very long, he went south and settled near Burlington. John Clark sold his land to Mr. Marshall, who also owned at that time the mill which afterwards became the property of Joseph McCloy.

When we came here in 1837, there were a good many Winnebago Indians here, living near the forks of the Maquoketa River. The year before we came here a good many of them died with the small pox, some of them were buried on the sand ridge east of Hurstville. They died off so rapidly that they quit burying and laid their dead on the ground with their head at the base of a large tree, wrapped in their blankets and such other clothing as they wore, also their guns, bows and arrows, hatchets and whatever they happened to own was laid by their side. The women were laid out with their clothing wrapped tightly around them, decked with long strings of beads, ear jewels, bracelets and such things as they used to ornament with, camp kettles and knives by their side, and a small pen built around to protect them from wild animals.

Some of the early settlers robbed the dead of their guns, jewelry, camp kettles, etc., and carried off some of the bones for relics. I used to go and visit the bleaching bones some years after the flesh had all gone.

Daniel Livermore came from Ohio I think in 1845, he drove a good team of bay horses. When a call for volunteers was made for cavalry soldiers for the war with Mexico, he sold his team to Erastus Gordon and Alonzo Livermore some other young men volunteered for the war, but they were sent up to the north of Iowa, on Turkey River, to protect the settlements from the Indians, who were hostile at the time.

Mr. William Current came with some other men on foot from Canada in 1839. They were unsafe in Canada as they were friendly to the rebellion. Quite a

number came here about that time from Canada and became good citizens, took up land, broke up the wild prairie sod, endured the hardships of pioneer life, reared families of honor and have gone to their reward, of such I love to cherish their memory. Surely at times when I think of the early days and the few who were at that time neighbors, although living twenty miles apart, friends, yes, such only as death can part. I can only find at the present time, who came here before 1850, now living: Anson Wilson, Royal Goodenow, Mrs J. E. Goodenow, Miles Eaton, Geo. and Benjamin Sears, and James R. Wright.

My father entered the first land in Maquoketa township on Nov. 1, 1838. the land was not surveyed by the government until 1838. My father was one of the commissioners who organized Jackson county, and was one of the grand jurors of the first court held at Bellevue.

I neglected to mention Charlie and Frank Burleson, they were here before 1840. I was so young when we came to Iowa that I did not take very much to the scenes of manhood. I enjoyed hunting and fishing, there was an abundance of game in that line. As I grew up I learned to handle a spear with such skill that a large fish was nearly always my game if I had a clear chance to throw my spear, often a distance of 30 feet. Wild deer and turkey used to come into our cornfield, the turkeys after corn and the deer after green fall wheat.

My father built the first saw mill in this part of the county on Mill Creek, two miles northeast of the city, it was of short life, after he had spent one thousand dollars, he sold it to Elijah Eaton, who soon abandoned it as unprofitable because the soil was so loose that a dam would not hold the mill pond.

A. J. PHILLIPS.

Jacques Charpiot.

The following interesting sketch of one of Jackson county's pioneers was clipped from a letter written by J. W. Ellis, for the Clinton Advertiser in July 1897. Mr. Ellis, who was well acquainted with Jacques Charpiot, says that as an explorer, scout and guide, as well as his adventurous life on the plains and in the mountains would entitle him to rank with Kit Carson. Since this letter was written, both Jacques and Barbara have crossed the dark river and joined their kindred on the other shore.

"We had a pleasant visit one day last week with our old friend Jacques Charpiot, of the Tete des Morts Valley. Jacques is a quaint charmer and has had a wonderfully eventful career. He was born in France in 1839; desiring to come to America when about 14 years old and being refused a passport, he had some friends nail him up in a cracker box and carry him aboard an American bound vessel, whereby he escaped the vigilant eye of the inspector, and was enabled to join his friends in Philadelphia. At the breaking out of the civil war he was living in St. Louis and enlisted in the first Missouri, and served through the war. In 1866 he fitted out 12 teams with a yoke of cattle to each wagon and went to freighting across the plains to Denver and other points, accumulating a vast amount of wealth.

At one time he was engaged in the mercantile business in Denver and operated a mine, working a large force of men for three years. At one time a fire in Central City cleaned him out. He handled hundreds of thousands of dollars and spent money as lavish as a prince. After spending tens of thousands of dollars on his mines, they proved nothing better than a sink hole to him. On one occasion he sold a mine to an eastern broker for \$100,000. The papers were made out and the broker came on to Denver with the funds to pay for it, arriving on the stage in the evening, and notified Jacques to meet him at his hotel the next morning. During the night

the man died. A son came on from the east for the body of his father. On being told of the business of his father in Denver he said that he had not lost a mine, and didn't want to find one, so took the \$100,000 back with him.

On one occasion while freighting, he passed a ranch where a butcher lived and saw thousands of hides drying in the sun. He hunted up the butcher and asked what he intended to do with them. The butcher didn't know. "What will you take for them?" asked the Frenchman. "What will you give?" Charpiot offered fifty dollars and was told to take them. He had the hides stacked on his wagons and bound them with poles like hay, and started east with them. When he got to Omaha, a passing empty vessel took the hides to St. Louis for a nominal sum, and the astute Frenchman cleaned up over \$4,000. On his return trip, which he was accustomed to make empty, after several years of varying fortunes, sometimes almost a millionaire, and at other times freighting with oxen, he found himself in 1872 with very little of his great fortune left, except the farm he had bought in Prairie Springs township before the war.

Being brave and resolute and fond of adventure, he was easily persuaded to join a U. S. Geological survey party, in 1872, and was in the employ of the government in that capacity for several years. His tales of adventure are more entertaining than Cooper's novels. He led the surveying party into the cliff dwellers country in the southwest corner of Colorado, and thinks that he was the first white man that ever gazed on the ruins of this prehistoric people; while exploring the roughest portion of the mountainous country of Colorado, they were attacked by a party of renegade Utes, who surrounded them on the side of the mountain and kept them corralled in a place where they could not obtain water for several days; they had

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to lay concealed through the day, as any movement in their camp would bring a volley of bullets from the concealed foe. One morning after the party had been three days without water, Charpiot put a piece of loaf sugar in his mouth and ground it up and blew it out as dry as powder, remarking that they had stayed long enough in that place. He told his companions that in another day they would all die without water and they must fight their way out; that if any of them fell the others should pay no attention to them but keep right on.

I will take the lead, if I fall keep on in the way I was going. He led the lead mule and kept the bell ringing to attract the fire of the Indians to himself, and although severely wounded in the head, he emerged from the trap, with the party entire, but with the loss of seven mules killed; they were 500 miles from a settlement or camp and had but 15 pounds of flour. This, when they got to water, they mixed up and baked on hot stones. A thin cake, half the size of a man's hand, was the ration for one day. They made the journey of 500 miles in 10 days, living on such small birds and game as they could shoot with their pistols. After they reached Denver Charpiot received a present from the government in recognition of his services, which he was very proud of, it being a silver mounted pistol with the following inscription: "Presented to Jacques Charpiot for bravery and fidelity in the battle with the Renegade Utes, Aug. 15 and 16, 1875." After that expedition Charpiot left the survey and started a restaurant in Denver. He was prospering, when a fire cleaned him out, and he returned to his Iowa home to spend his remaining days in peace, far from the exciting scenes through which he had passed.

The old hero has all the comforts of life, a good productive farm, a thrifty orchard and good buildings. The cellar of their stone mansion is hewn out

of solid rock, from which Mrs. Charpiot brought forth last year's apples, which were as sound on the 28th day of July as in the previous October. Mrs. Charpiot is a worthy partner for her adventurous husband. Although 64 years of age, her luxuriant hair is black as a raven, and she has a fine figure. She bears a striking resemblance to the Empress Josephine, first wife of the great Napoleon.

Discovery of the Counterfeiters.

Fifty years ago Iowa had no herd laws and cattle, hogs and horses were allowed to run at large and often strayed two or three miles from home. On one occasion Orren Sinkey and James Cooley had some cattle in the woods that they had not seen for a month, so the two men started out to search for the cattle, which they expected to find down on the south fork of the Maquoketa River. They followed Pine Creek about 2½ miles where the bluffs on either side rise from 75 to 100 feet. But here they concluded to change their course and looked for a place where they might scale the bluffs to get onto the table land. After doing this they discovered a thin column of smoke rising out of a crevice of the ledge of rocks, and here they were puzzled to know from whence it came.

They now began a search to see where access might be had to the smouldering fire. And after a close search they found a dim path that led by a circuitous route among the rocks to a cave entirely hidden from view, either from above or below, this they entered and found dying embers that still gave forth a little smoke. They also found some fragments of metal lying around that resembled silver, and they also found a number of imperfect coins sticking in crevices in the sides of the cave. But they saw no man and no mint. They gathered some of the imperfect coins and made their escape, believing that the

cave dwellers might be concealed in the brush somewhere nearby, and that that was not a healthy place to look for cattle, so they got away as soon as they could. But they told everybody what they had found.

At that time Nesboa Alden lived at Emeline, who came from Ohio several years before. He was somewhat out spoken and frequently said that there was a nest of counterfeiters in the big woods and that they must be ferreted out and dealt with according to law. It was soon after that Mr. Alden was doing some work in his timber that he had a hole shot through his hat, but did no damage more than cutting a little whip of hair. He quickly looked around to see from whence the shot came, and saw a man running in the opposite direction with a gun in his hand. Mr. Alden immediately reported to his neighbors and this circumstance and the finding of the cave is what gave rise to the vigilance committee that formed two days after. And what followed I will relate in my next letter.

Vigilance Committee of 1853

There are doubtless many yet living in Jackson county who remember that there lived a Mr. Barger in the neighborhood of the mouth of Little's creek 1853 or '54, who, on account of some family trouble separated from his wife, and that his wife found refuge with some of her friends in the town of Bellevue.

After some time the said Barger found out her whereabouts, so he followed her up and laid in wait for her behind a board fence, the cracks being close enough so that a man could hide behind it without being seen. Here he whittled a hole sufficiently large to let the muzzle of his rifle through and here he watched until she made her appearance in the yard early in the morning, and then he shot her dead.

I cannot now tell how long after

the murder until the said Barger was arrested. But he was hunted down and brought to preliminary trial and committed to jail and in due time was tried in the district court, but on account of some irregularities in the proceedings he was again committed. And these imperfect trials continued from time to time until nearly 3 years had elapsed.

At his last trial in Jackson county he took a change of venue to Clinton county and the prisoner was removed to DeWitt jail for safe keeping, until court would again convene. By this time the whole community was thoroughly aroused at the thought that one of the most cold blooded murderers was now in a fair way of escaping the penalty of the law, and while the excitement was still high, still another foul murder was committed near East Iron Hill.

- In the neighborhood lived a man whose name I cannot now recall, but he had formerly lived in York State and had settled some where east of Iron Hill a year or two before. This man, it was said, had a charge hanging over him of some crime he had committed in York State and had fled to his present hiding place to evade a trial in court. There was also a neighbor of his found his way sometime afterwards to Jackson county and settled in the same locality named Ingle or Engle, who soon found out that his former old neighbor was not known here by the same name that he was known by in the east. It was also said that Mr. Engle would become an important witness against the criminal in case he was apprehended. And it now became necessary to get Mr. Engle out of the way, or get away himself. And here Mr. Criminal formed a plan. There being a young man in the neighborhood who lacked considerable of being sound of mind, Grifford by name, who the criminal hired, for \$100, to decoy Mr. Engle into the woods under the pretext of hunting squirrels, and as soon as the opportunity was good, he shot him in

the back of the head. The two men were seen going towards the timber together, both armed with rifles, but no one suspected foul play. After a while Grifford returned alone, but when Mr. Engle did not put in his appearance on time, some of the interested parties began questioning Grifford as to Engles whereabouts, and as he gave very unsatisfactory answers, it at once aroused suspicion. Soon searchers were in the wood and found Engle shot, the ball entering the back part of the head. Grifford was soon after arrested and at a preliminary trial confessed substantially to the above stated facts and was committed to jail to await a trial in the district court. This circumstance added to the already high temperature of the people of Jackson county and the talk of lynching became general. Before anything definite was decided on, there was still another horror in store for the people.

There lived a man on the corner of the present Emeline, named Nesbet Alden, who had moved in from Ohio several years before. He was in good circumstances and was supposed to have considerable money and owned about 300 acres of land. One day he was in his woods pasture doing some work, and hearing the crack of a rifle and at the same time feeling a slight smart under the hair of his head, he quickly turned in the direction from which the report of the rifle came. To his horror he saw a man running his best with rifle in hand. He now took off his hat to examine his scalp, but found no blood, he then examined his hat and found two bullet holes where the ball had passed in and out. By this time he was thoroughly alarmed and immediately began a hasty retreat homeward and reported to his neighbors what had happened. This news spread like wild fire, and at Iron Hill the citizens had already taken steps to form themselves into a vigilance committee. This organization

was quickly completed, and consisted of nearly the whole community. In the meantime the aforesaid criminal of York State had disappeared and this created no small stir among the recently formed committee. But the criminal had gone and nobody knew when or where. I don't know now, whether he was ever heard from afterward.

The committee adopted a constitution and by-laws, they provided that the assassin, the thief and the counterfeiter would be dealt with alike.

One Jacob Landis was elected their president and leader. This placed the right man in the right place for business. I had but little acquaintance about Iron Hills and therefore cannot here give the names except the two Landis boys, with these two I had some acquaintance. In the mean time a similar committee was forming at Emeline where the excitement was now at a boiling point.

I will here say that the committees at either of the points, were composed by a large majority of the best class of the citizens. All members were required by the constitution to subscribe an oath, before being admitted to membership, that they had not at any time previous, been in any way connected with counterfeiting gangs, thieving, or any other unlawful pursuits. This oath was so stiff that it was impossible for a bogus to get in without perjury. At Emeline on the appointed day for organization there assembled at least 75 of the citizens with some minors in the crowd, but no minors could be admitted. The constitution was then read and adopted with a rush by a rising vote and was now ready for signatures. The first man to subscribe was the Rev. Eldad Cooly, followed by Rev. A. McDonald, Nesbet Alden, Loyd Alden, Clark Cooly, Jehiel Craven, Decatur Craven, O. Sinky, Shep Craven, James Cooly, Harvey McDonald etc., till over 50 names were obtained.

It was now necessary that permanent

officers be chosen, which resulted as follows: Rev. Eldad Cooey, president, J. Craven, secretary and Rev. A. McDonald, treasurer. This completed the organization and the committee was now ready for business, and every member of said committee was placed under obligation to respond to the call of the chairman forthwith, whenever his services were required to pursue and run down any miscreant who violated the laws to the detriment of the public weal, and the offender when so arrested was made subject to a fair and impartial trial. His guilt or innocence was determined by a vote of the committee. But it must here be admitted that this committee was itself an unlawful combine. But was brought into existence to do what the administrators of the law had hitherto failed to do.

There were now two committees in existence, but entirely independent of each other.

Now let the reader follow me to Iron Hills to enquire of the senior committee as to their plans for the future. But we find them not here. We are told they are gone, they left this morning in a body with Jacob Landis in the lead. We next hear of their arrival in the town of Andrew and hastily surrounding the jail they demanded of the keeper a certain prisoner, Grifford by name. Being informed by the jailor that the prisoner was in his custody and that he must hold him until the district court convened. The leader of the committee informed the jailor that the court had been in session, and the prisoner had already convicted himself of murder in the first degree and our committee is here to execute the penalty. The jailor still protested, whereupon the leader sent a deputation to bring out the prisoner. This order was quickly obeyed and Grifford soon found himself surrounded by the committee, whose ranks had been increased during their march to 70 or more. Mr. Landis now gave the prisoner an oppor-

tunity to make a statement, and here Grifford made a full confession, substantially in line with the first statement at his preliminary hearing. After this the executioners placed the noose over his head and led him to a nearby tree having a large projecting limb about 15 feet from the ground, over which the rope was thrown. The leader now placed his men in line along the rope, which was of sufficient length to give all who felt so disposed a free chance to pull. And then came the order from the leader, all ready, now pull, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Grifford was seen in the air. And here the curtain must drop.

But the committee had still another performance on the program. After a short council the committee resumed their line of march, this time they were heading in the direction of DeWitt, their number increasing as they marched. After their arrival at the then county seat of Clinton county, the committee surrounded the jail as at Andrew, and demanded of the jailer the prisoner Barger. Against this demand the jailer vigorously protested. The protest was soon overcome. The sledge and the crowbar were brought to the front and the deputies soon gained an entrance and the prisoner was brought forth and placed on a wagon, surrounded by a strong guard. The leader now commanded the committee to fall into line and face about in the direction of Andrew, where business required their presence.

The committee now set off at a good pace, being reinforced as they journeyed until they arrived at their destination. Here they lost no time but quickly put the noose over the prisoner's head and proceeded as they did in the Grifford case. I was not an eye witness to the above stated facts, but got my information from Ambrose Robins, who accompanied the expedition and who was an eye-witness from beginning to end. I got the

statements from Mr. Robinsons own lips shortly after the occurrence and hav every reason to believe them correct

I have no disposition to make comments either good or bad, but leave the reader to judge for himself. But one thing I will do, I will endeavor to show the people of Iowa and elsewhere, that this committee was not composed of the rous and toughs of the community in which it was formed, but of the very best material at command. To say that there were no toughs in the community would be denying the truth. Too many for the public weal. And it was to get rid of them that these committees were formed. But this is not the interpretation that was placed on the so called mob. One might go in almost any direction outside of Jackson county and some inside and hear the committee denounced as cut throats and thieves, and the farther, the more odious was the brand, and in fact the brand is not entirely obliterated yet.

It is not very many years that the writer stayed over night in a hotel in Dubuque where a goodly number of guests, among them a man from Des Moines and another from the neighborhood of Andrew, both of them strangers to me, and I did not learn their names, but they entered into conversation and talked in a sort of a routine way for a while. The Andrew man finally said something that brought Jackson county to view and here the Des Moines man quickly replied, yes, yes, I have heard of that place, that is one of the dark places of earth. There is where the Bellevue war was inaugurated and is the place, where years after, a set of cut-throats hung two men on one tree. Yes, Jackson county must be a tough place. But here the Andrew man spoke and said, I live about midway between Bellevue and the place where the vigilance committee, or cut-throats as you call them, had their headquarters, I have

a better opinion of them than you seem to have. It was that committee that rid our county of the toughs that you think composed the committee. They have done us a great deal of good, and they were a dread and terror to evil doers as long as the organization was in existence. In fact it so cleaned out the counterfeiters, horse thieves and would be murderers, that the committee broke up for want of business.

I might follow this narrative down to more recent date, but will conclude by saying that the committee at Emeline were never called out for want of occasion. In this part of the country the marked suspect, all suddenly disappeared and nobody knew from whence they came or where they went and have never been heard from since so far as the writer knows.

Let me here relate one more incident. It was a few days after the Emeline committee had organized, and the hanging of Rogers and Grifford still fresh on the minds of the people far and near (for the news spread like wild-fire) and it was at a store in the town of Monmouth, that a goodly number of customers were collected, some on business and some loafing. Among them was a man from the vicinity of Millrock, who was a suspect, in fact he was known to deal in counterfeit money, and was also believed to harbor and assist horse thieves.

And while the Barger and Grifford cases were under discussion, some approving and some denouncing, the aforesaid suspect, whose name I have forgotten, piped in and said: Yes, I heard of the cut throats at Iron Hills, and I also heard that a similar gang had been organized at Emeline, and that it is dangerous for a stranger to go that way. Here Rev. Eldad Cooley, who was also in the store up to now unobserved by the suspect, came to the front and squared himself as he was wont when he preached, and said to the man, "You have now said enough, we are not all

cut throats. Of the last committee you spoke, I have the honor of being its chairman, and I can assure you that for all well behaved and well disposed people there is no danger whatever, they may go and come as they please. Yes, I have heard of you before, and for you it would be dangerous, very dangerous. Our constitution provides for and makes every member a detective. And it would be well for everybody to acquaint themselves with some of the other provisions. The sole purpose of our committee is to rid the community of evil-doers, and we will not be contented until every murderer, counterfeiter and horse thief has been disposed of."

This little speech brought down the house, and the proprietor immediately ordered three cheers for Uncle Eldad, as he was familiarly called. The cheers were given with a vengeance, and the suspect was already leaving in the direction of Millrock, and soon afterward disappeared without telling anybody where he was going. Some say that he with others were, after a long while located in California

LEVI WAGONER

I. Cooley of Maquoketa, a pioneer of Jackson county, who came to Iowa in 1841, brought to the Ellisionian Institute recently a flax hackle that is more than 100 years old, and a tar bucket that his father brought to Iowa. It was Mr. I. Cooley that discovered the counterfeiters' cave on Pine Run in Brandon township, in 1856 or '57. Mr. Cooley recalls the tradition of the strange disappearance of a man who lived at the four corners, now known as Emeline, in 1840. A man by the name of Taylor lived at the corners and a man whose name he cannot now recall, came there and took up a claim, which is known as the Ewing Gilmore place, and boarded with the Taylor family while making preparations to build a cabin on his claim. He got out logs for his cabin and invit-

ed the neighbors to come on a certain day to help him raise his house. The neighbors came at the appointed time, but the man did not show up and was never seen in the locality again. The neighbors believed that he was murdered by the people with whom he boarded, for the money he was supposed to have.

Anson H. Wilson, the last of the old pioneers who came to Mapuoketa Valley as a man in the thirties, sent me the following names of old friends and neighbors of his who were born in 1816. —J. W. Ellis.

William Cundill who died the 28th of March was born in 1816, also the following: A. H. Wilson, Eleaser Mann, Lewis Wood, Daniel Stephens, Lyman Bates, R. Perham, S. D. Lyman, S. L. Eddy, Wm. Vusburg, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. N. Hatfield, and Mrs. H. Mallard. Of the thirteen named, but three are left, viz., A. H. Wilson Lewis wood, and Daniel Stephens.

Life of Col. Joseph J. Woods.

MR. EDITOR: By the favor of Mr. Oscar E Woods of Oswego, Kansas, I have obtained the loan of a manuscript sketch of the life of Col. Joseph Jackson Woods, who went from Maquoketa in 1861, as Colonel of the 12th. Iowa Infantry. It contains many incidents of the military career of that distinguished officer in his service in the regular army after graduation from West Point that have never been published, and, in behalf of the Jackson County Historical Society, I would therefore ask you to give it place in your columns.

HARVEY REID.

Col. Joseph Jackson Woods was born January 11, 1823, on a farm in Brown county, Ohio. His ancestors came from Ireland but were not of the Irish race. Some of them were in Londonderry during the famous siege of that place in 1689. His grandfather, Jas. Woods, came to America in 1773 and settled in Pennsylvania, where the father of the

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subject of this sketch, Samuel Woods, was born in the same year, 1773. Jas. Woods was engaged during a part of the Revolution in furnishing supplies to the army.

The mother of Joseph J. Woods was born in Ireland in 1785, and came to America at the age of 6 or 7 years; her maiden name was Ritchey. Joseph was the youngest son that arrived at mature age of a numerous family; his father being at the time of his birth fifty years old and having been in his prime, a man of more than average ability among the farming class to which he belonged, but while Joseph was yet young his father became a physical, financial and mental wreck, so that at the age of 10 years, Joseph was thrown upon the world to succeed by his own resources.

He went with an older brother, John, just then married, to Rush county, Ind., where they settled in a dense forest. He remained in Indiana two years and then returned to Ohio and lived with relatives until he was fourteen years old when he was apprenticed to Joseph Parish (late private secretary to President Grant, to sign land patents) in Felicity, Clermont county, Ohio, to learn the saddler's trade.

In his early boyhood, while at school, which was but a small part of the time, he learned rapidly being in advance of other children of his age. He never attended the public school after his thirteenth year.

He served five years apprenticeship with Mr. Parish, working for his board and clothing, and became very proficient in the trade. Working in the winter season until 9 o'clock p. m. five nights of the week he had but little time for mental culture, but, fortunately, his cousin, Dr. Allen Woods, about this time married a Miss Whipple of Vermont, a lady of fine culture, who, becoming interested in young Woods proposed to become his private tutor. Under this arrangement, by improving every spare mo-

ment, he completed a course of arithmetic, English grammar, geography and obtained a fair knowledge of history from books kindly loaned from the library of Dr. J. M. Woods. At the expiration of his apprenticeship the Rev. Mr. Irvine, Presbyterian minister and graduate of Ohio State University informed young Woods that as he was about to review his Latin and Greek studies, he would willingly take a pupil and give instructions in those branches free of charge, as a more thorough method of making his review. Under this arrangement young Woods pursued his studies seven months, working mornings and evenings in the saddler's shop to pay his board.

The first Methodist college established in America was located at Augusta, Ky., seven miles from Felicity, Ohio. It was under the joint patronage of the Ohio and Kentucky conference of the M. E. church, each conference being entitled to keep at the college a certain number of students free of tuition, these to be selected by the presiding elders of the various districts from worthy young men of limited means.

The Rev. W. N. Roper, Presiding Elder of the Dist., gave young Woods the appointment and he entered the Freshman Class in that institution the same year. Although free tuition was provided he found it difficult to provide for board, clothing and books, therefore, by advice of Dr. Woods he applied for an appointment to U. S. Military Academy at West Point to take the place of U. S. Grant who would graduate the following June. His principal recommendations were from Hon. Alonza Knowles, the leading Democratic politician at Felicity, O., and Jesse R. Grant, Whig, then of Bethel, O. There were several competitors for the appointment and Dr. Doan, Member of Congress, declined to make a selection but sent the papers to the War Department where the appointment was given to Woods and he entered the Academy in June, 1843.

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Seventy-five were appointed to this class; thirty-eight graduated in it in 1847, Woods standing No. 3 in his class. During the last year at West Point he was Assistant Professor as well as student. July 1, 1847 he received his appointment as 2nd Lieut., in 1st., Regt. U. S. Artillery. (A)

The war with Mexico was at its height and he was ordered to New York Harbor to drill and organize recruits for the war, where he remained until Oct. 10th., when out of these recruits Co's. L and M, 1st Art. were organized and Lieut. Woods was ordered to proceed with said companies to Vera Cruz, Mexico, and there join his company, C., to which he had been assigned, in Northern Mexico.

The command sailed from New York, Oct. 10, on the ship "Empire". The weather was boisterous and after four days of invisible sun the ship ran upon a coral reef—entirely covered by water—breaking a large hole in the vessel, when she settled down and broke in two. They were by Captain's reckoning, fifty miles from shore, but, upon its partially clearing off, they perceived a small uninhabited island called Fowl Key about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile distant and daylight brought to view Abaco, the largest of the Bahama group, at a distance of about five miles. Wreckers came to the assistance of the ship and about 10 o'clock a. m., they landed the soldiers on Fowl Key where they remained one week. Vessels were then procured to take a part of the command to Charleston, S. C. The balance with Lieut. Woods was taken to Nassau, New Providence, since famous as the rendezvous for Rebel cruisers. Remaining here 8 days he then, in company with Lieut. Morris, sailed for Charleston where they remained at Ft. Moultrie until Dec. 25, 1847, when they again sailed for Vera Cruz in ship "Republic" sent out from New York for that purpose. (B)

On Jan. 1, 1848, as they were entering

the port of Vera Cruz, a terrible "Norther" struck the vessel carrying them out to sea. They finally landed Jan. 5th and found that a majority of the regiment to which the command was assigned was on garrison duty in the city, but Co. C., to which Lieut. Woods had been assigned was in northern Mexico. Woods was therefore transferred to Co. M., and assigned to duty with the regiment at Vera Cruz. In May he had yellow fever and was very sick. About August 1, 1848, peace having been declared, Vera Cruz was evacuated and our troops immediately embarked for New York, companies L and M taking passage upon the screw propeller Massachusetts.

In Oct. 1848, Woods was promoted to 1st. Lieut., and Nov. 10, 1848, embarked on board the Massachusetts with companies L and M for Oregon to quell disturbances recently arisen there, in which Dr. Whitman and a number of missionaries had been murdered. (C)

The expedition was under the command of Brevet Major Hatheway, and Lieut. Woods was its quarter-master and commissary. These were the first U. S. troops ever in Oregon. On the passage about Jan. 1st., the ship put in to port at Rio Janeiro, Brazil and remained several days giving the officers an opportunity of inspecting the city. Imperial gardens, where all tropical fruits were growing, the founderies and other places of interest. Lieut. Woods was taken through the convent of the Monks of St. Bernardine and was present at the Imperial Chapel when the Emperor and Empress partook of Midnight Mass the going out of year 1848.

Sailing from Rio Janeiro they passed near the Falkland Islands and entered the Strait of Magellan, with Patagonia on the right and Terra Del Fuego on the left, and were one week in the straits sailing only by daylight and such distances as would insure good harbors by night. There were two convict settle-

ments on the strait and some Indians. The officers enjoyed frequent rambles on shore. At Valparaiso, Chili, they were shown specimens of gold recently taken from newly discovered gold mines in California.

The next point made was the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived in 52 days and remained 8 days. They were constantly feted by the king as theirs was the first steamer ever seen by him. The officers gave the king and queen an excursion on board the steamer accompanied by the royal retinue. The expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia river May 9, 1849—six months out of New York and having sailed 22,000 miles—they proceeded up the river ninety miles to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Co., situated on the north bank of the Columbia river—what is now Washington Terr. Here Co. L., to which Woods now belonged, landed and Co. M., was ordered to Puget Sound.

In the spring of 1850, Lieut. Woods with Co. L. was removed to Astoria near the mouth of the river and from this point Lieut. Woods with two white men and two Indians attempted to find a practicable wagon road from Astoria to the plains across the coast range of mountains. They found the task more difficult than was anticipated and the party came near starving to death, living for some time on such provisions as they could find in the woods upon the mountains.

At another time Lieut Woods went in a row-boat with the collector of the post of Astoria and a detail of men in the evening to seize a ship for violating the revenue laws. They ran alongside the ship as she lay at anchor near the mouth of the river. The collector tried to climb the ladder hanging over the side but failed, when Lieut. Woods and one man mounted the ladders and reached the deck when the ropes were cut by the ships crew, the ladder fell into the col-

lectors boat and he pulled for shore leaving the Lieut. on board but calling back to him that he would come for him in the morning.

The ship hoisted anchor and immediately put to sea. The collector procured a pilot boat armed with a cannon and gave chase, but after a few hours pursuit and firing a few shots, the pilot boat gave up the chase. After a tedious run the ship put into a recently discovered bay in the northern part of California, called Humboldt Bay, where several vessels were loading with timber for San Francisco. On one of these the Lieutenant secured passage to San Francisco and from there he secured passage to Astoria where he arrived after an involuntary absence of six weeks.

In April 1851, Lieut. Woods was ordered with a detachment of men to the Dalles of the Columbia, east of the Cascade Range, where in the heart of the Indian country he commanded a small post for eighteen months, the only military post at the time and he the only commissioned officer between the Cascade mountains and Fort Barramie.

In September 1852, he returned to Ft. Vancouver, which had now become a large post and headquarters for the 4th U. S. Infantry, and at which place was then stationed several men since famous in history, among them U. S. Grant.

In February 1853, Lieut. Woods received orders to report to the superintendent of the recruiting service at New York City. He sailed Feb. 10th, and reached his destination via San Francisco and Panama.

In June 1853, he received leave of absence and visited Iowa and bought land in Clinton and Jackson counties. Oct. 15, 1853 he resigned his commission and removed to his lands in Iowa and in September 1855, married Miss Kezia Haight in Jones county, Iowa. He engaged in farming in Jackson county, Iowa, until the Rebellion broke out.

when he tendered his services to the Governor of Iowa and was commissioned Colonel of the 12th Iowa Inf. Vol., Oct. 28, 1861, and ordered to take immediate charge of the regiment then organizing at Camp Union, Dubuque, Iowa.

The regiment was mustered into the U. S. service by Capt. Washington 13th U. S. Inf., Nov. 25, 1861, and on the 28th of the same month broke camp at Dubuque and proceeded by rail to St. Louis, Mo., where they arrived on the 30th and went immediately into camp of instruction at Benton Barracks. In January 1862, the regiment was armed with Enfield rifles and fully equipped for the field.

January 27, 1862, Col. Woods received orders to report his regiment to Gen. Grant at Cairo, Ill., where they arrived Jan. 29, and were immediately embarked on board steamer for Smithland, Ky., at mouth of Cumberland river, where the regiment established their first camp in the field Jan. 31, 1862. On the morning of Feb. 5, orders were received to embark on board steamer and join expedition fitting out for Tennessee River.

Arriving at Paducah the regiment was assigned to Cook's Brigade and to C. F. Smith's Division and on the morning of Feb. 6, landed four miles below Ft. Henry, and took up a line of march to gain a position in the rear of the fort, but while floundering through the muddy swamps and almost impassible streams, the gunboats made the attack, drove the enemy from the works and captured the fort, most of the garrison escaping before the infantry reached their position in the rear.

Feb. 12, the command marched to Ft. Donelson and were formed in line of battle, Feb. 13, on the extreme left, when they participated in the battles of the 13th, 14th and 15th and followed the 2nd Iowa Inf., in their charge upon the works.

Col. Woods in his official report says: "About 2 o'clock p. m. of the 15th, the

12th Iowa, 50th Ill., and Birge's sharp shooters were ordered to make a feint attack to draw the enemy's fire. The men went cheerfully to the work and kept up a warm fire on the enemy while Col. Lanman's Brigade on our left advanced on the enemy and got possession of his outer works and hoisted thereon the American flag, when we were ordered to his support and moved rapidly by the left flank, charged over the fallen timber, while a galling fire of grape from the enemy was pouring in upon us.

On reaching the breastworks some confusion was caused by the retreat of a portion of Col. Lanman's Brigade, who, having exhausted their ammunition, were compelled to fall back. By some exertion our men were rallied and opened a warm fire on the enemy which they returned from a battery on our right and musketry in our front. In this cross fire we fought the enemy two hours, advancing upon them to a deep ravine inside the works.

Col. Cook, who was commanding the brigade, in his report makes mention of Col. Woods as deserving commendation for his gallant and efficient service.

At nightfall the regiment was withdrawn to the outer works of the enemy, where they remained through the night. Early on the morning of the 16th we were formed in line to renew the battle, when a white flag appearing the surrender was announced and the regiment marched into the fort. With the exception of the 2nd Iowa Inf., no troops were entitled to more credit for the capture of this stronghold than the 12th Iowa Inf., and it being their first engagement their steadiness and coolness was largely due to these qualities so prominent and marked in their commanding officer. The regiment was given quarters in log barracks occupied by rebels before the surrender, and remained in this camp until March 12, 1862.

While at Ft. Donelson the regiment was visited by Samuel J. Kirkwood,

Governor of Iowa, and upon his return to Iowa he wrote to Col. Woods as follows:

Des Moines, Iowa, Mar. 22, 1862.

Dear Colonel Woods: Please apologize to your officers and men for not calling upon them again before I left Donelson. When at General Hurlburt's headquarters the steamboat Consetoga came down and the officer in command politely offered a passage in his boat, which he said would leave in forty minutes, so we had only time to get our troops on board. Please explain this and express my regret that I could not have spent some time with you.

The Iowa troops made themselves and our state a glorious name. The 2nd Iowa had the best chance for the honors of Donelson but the 7th, 12th and 14th did nobly. Dr. Hughs, Surgeon General of Iowa, has a brother in the Brigade with your regiment. He says that he has just received a letter from his brother, who writes that the 12th Iowa is a splendid regiment and fought gallantly at Donelson. Please write me when convenient. Let me advise you to care for your health. I was much pleased to see on my visit to your camp that you were having it cleaned up nicely. Yours was the only regiment that was doing this. With many wishes for your health and success, I am yours truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD

Resolutions as follows were adopted by the legislature of Iowa:

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Iowa. First, That in the name of the whole people of the state, we thank the Iowa troops for their undaunted bravery and gallant conduct in the recent fight at Ft. Donelson in which the Post of Honor they nobly sustained their own brilliant fame and won fresh and unfading laurels for the state. Second, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Colonel of each of the Iowa regiments engaged

in the battle of Ft. Donelson.

RUSH CLARK,

Speaker House of Representatives.

JOHN R. NEEDHAM,

President of the Senate

Approved Feb 19, 1862.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

State of Iowa, ss.

I, Elijah Sells, Secretary of State, hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy from the original enrolled resolution on file in my office. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the great seal of the State of Iowa. Done at Des Moines this 20th day of February, 1862.

ELIJAH SELLS.

To COL. J. J. WOODS.

March 12, 1862, the command was reorganized and the 2nd, 7th, 12th and 14th Iowa Inf., designated as the 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. Tuttle of the 2nd Iowa, and assigned to 2nd Division, commanded by Gen. C. F. Smith.

Leaving Ft. Donelson the Division marched to Metal Landing on Tennessee River and embarked on steamer for Pittsburgh Landing, where they established camp March 21, 1862, on the extreme right of Union line, near the river below the landing.

Early on the morning of April 6, Col. Woods formed his regiment on the parade ground and soon after, under the direction of Brigade commander, moved to a position assigned to him in line of battle, occupying the left center of Tuttle's Brigade, forming the extreme left of W. H. L. Wallace's Division, 14th Iowa, next the left of 12th Iowa, formed the extreme left of its Division and rested on the main road from the landing to Corinth.

The 12th Iowa was formed just behind the brow of a slight ridge, an open field in front of its right, a thick undergrowth in front of its left; in this position the troops were reviewed by General Grant, about 10 o'clock a. m., and were directed by him to hold the position at all hazards.

ards, and in this exposed position, across the Corinth road, the left Brigade of W. H. L. Wallace's Division, and right of Prentiss' Division did sustain itself, not once being moved from its position, although repeatedly charged by the enemy, until about 5:30 o'clock p. m. The persistent, desperate fighting done by these troops at this key of the position, delayed the whole Rebel army and saved the Federal army from being driven into the Tennessee River. All the prominent Confederate officers mention the fighting at this place. Gen. Ruggles commanding a Division of Bragg's army says, "I ordered my staff officers to bring forward all the field guns that could be collected from the left, which resulted in the concentration of ten batteries and one section as follows: (enumerates them), concentrating their fire enfilading Prentiss' Division on right flank, at this moment the 2nd Brigade and the Crescent regiment pressed forward and cut off a considerable number of the enemy consisting of Prentiss' Division, who were surrendered to the Crescent regiment."

Gen. L. Polk, commanding army corps says: "About 5 o'clock p. m., my line attacked the enemy's troops—the last that were left on the field.—The attack was made in front and flank. The resistance was sharp and proved to be the commands Generals Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace. The latter was killed by the troops of General Bragg, who was pressing him at same time on his right."

Col. Head, 17th La. Vols., says, "Between one and two o'clock on Sunday we had carried all the enemy's camps except Prentiss'. At this point the enemy made a determined stand and for two hours success at that point seemed doubtful. I was ordered by Gen. Ruggles to immediately bring up all the artillery and concentrate it upon this point. Assisted by this artillery fire the infantry succeeded in carrying the po-

sition and capturing General Prentiss and about 2,000 men."

General Gibbons, commanding Brigade, admits that his Brigade was repulsed four different times and because he felt sensitive over the matter of official reports, asked a court of inquiry. Several other officers admit their repulse and the complete demoralization of their forces at this point and so great was the slaughter of the enemy that they gave to that point of the line immediately in front of the 12th, 14th and 8th Iowa the title or name of "Hornet's Nest."

At about 5:30 o'clock p. m., Gen. Wallace having been mortally wounded, Gen. Tuttle succeeded to the command of th - Div. McClernard's (?) division on our right and Hurlbuts on the left having fallen back to a new position near the river, Tuttle gave orders for his division to fall back and the order was communicated to all the regiments except the 12th and 14th Iowa and they were safely conducted to the rear, but the aid sent to these regiments was killed before reaching them, Gen. Tuttle claims, and they were left fighting the enemy in front until the enemy rushing around their flank—left exposed by withdrawal of balance of division—formed in the rear. Having just repulsed a desperate charge in front, the regiment was startled by the order given by Col. Woods with no more excitement than when on parade, "Twelfth Iowa; about face; commence firing" when they beheld a full and perfect line of grey formed in their rear. Delivering a few volleys into the face of this new enemy which broke their ranks, a charge was ordered.

Col. Woods at the head of the regiment succeeded in cutting his way through the first line of the enemy and arrived in camp of 8th Iowa, near Gen. Hurlburt's headquarters where they encountered another line of the enemy drawn up in order across the line of re-

treat. Here, hemmed in by a perfect wall of fire, Col. Woods was twice wounded in quick succession and dismounted.

Command of regiment then devolved upon Capt. Edgerton, who, finding it impossible to cut his way out, surrendered the remnant of the regiment prisoners of war. At the same time there was surrendered the 14th Iowa of Wallace's Division, and the 8th Iowa and 58th Illinois of Prentiss' division; in all about 2 000. Gen. Prentiss, present at the time and taken prisoner with the rest, speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Col. Woods and his regiment in the field and says that to the persistent fighting of these four regiments, holding their grounds against such fearful odds is due the failure of Beauregard to drive our forces into the Tennessee River.

Gen. Tuttle in his official report says: "On the morning of the 6th I proceeded with my brigade, consisting of the 2nd, 7th, 12th and 14th Iowa Inf., under direction of W. H. L. Wallace and formed line on extreme left of his division. We had been in line but a few moments when the enemy made his appearance and attacked my left wing, 12th and 14th Iowa, who gallantly stood their ground and compelled the assailants to retire in confusion. They again formed under cover of a battery and renewed the attack upon my whole line but were repulsed as before. A third and fourth time they dashed upon us but were each time baffled and completely routed. We held our position about six hours, when it became evident that the forces on each side of us had given away, so as to give the enemy an opportunity of turning both of our flanks. At this critical moment Gen. Wallace gave orders for my brigade to retire which was done in good order. The 2nd and 7th retired through a severe fire from both flanks, while the 12th and 14th, who were delayed by their endeavor to save a bat-

tery, were completely surrounded and were compelled to surrender. Col. Woods of the 12th Iowa particularly distinguished himself, was twice wounded and when the enemy was driven back on Monday he was captured."

Col. Woods lay upon the field wounded and was assaulted by some Texas troops with evident design of taking his life. But just at that moment he was recognized by Gen. Hardee, with whom he had been acquainted at West Point, who gave him a special guard and a permit to Woods' orderly to remain with him. Soon after the surrender our gunboats commenced throwing shells into that vicinity driving all the rebel troops from the field. None of the wounded were removed or cared for but lay upon the field exposed to our shells and a severe rain storm all night. When our forces advanced Monday morning, Col. Woods was recaptured, wounds dressed and a few days after he was sent north where he was detailed on recruiting service and remained on duty within the state of Iowa until about Jan. 1, 1863. The men of his regiment who were captured at Shilo, having been exchanged, he was ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, to reorganize his regiment and soon after he was sent to Rolla, Mo., where he remained a short time and then returned to St. Louis.

April 9, 1863, he embarked his regiment on board steamer under orders to join forces operating near Vicksburgh, Mississippi.

He reported to Gen. Grant at Duckport, La., April 14, and was at once assigned to command of 3d brigade composed of the 8th, 12th and 35th Iowa Inf., 3d division, 15th army corps. Heavy details were made from the brigade daily for guard and also for work upon the canal.

May 1st, Col. Mathias of the 5th Iowa was assigned to command and Col. Woods returned to command his regiment and May 2, 1863, left Duckport,

La., with his regiment and marched via Richmond, La., to Grand Gulf, thence to Jackson, Miss., where the 12th Iowa was engaged on the 14th in the battle of Jackson, Miss., on extreme right of the line. Cos. B and C on the skirmish line were among the first troops inside the Rebel works and took possession of a Rebel camp with all its equipage complete and dinner ready to be eaten.

The regiment remained in Jackson one and one-half days, employed first day in destroying railroad running north and the forenoon of the 16th in destroying Rebel camps and other property. At 12 o'clock orders were received to reinforce the other corps of the army near Champion Hill as speedily as possible.

Leaving Jackson the regiment marched with scarcely a halt to near Champion Hill where they arrived about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th and after a rest of two or three hours marched north to a position on extreme right of Grant's line and at night crossed Black river at Bridgeport. On the 18th the 15th corps with 1st division in advance took the road to Walnut Hills, pressing this corps between the Rebels in Vicksburgh and those at Yazoo river until the head of the column reached the Mississippi above Vicksburgh and the left rested on Jackson road. On the 19th the 3d brigade was sent to Yazoo river and took possession of the forts then and opened communication with our fleet and after dismantling the fort, the brigade returned to position in line in resting Vicksburgh and participated as reserve in the assaults made upon the works on the 19th and 22nd of May.

About June 1, Col. Woods was again assigned to command of brigade, which had gained an advance position in the line of approaches, and furnished daily heavy details for guard and for work in the trenches. Nearly every night the whole brigade was called into line by some alarm on the picket post.

June 22, the brigade was relieved

from its place in front line and with the remainder of the 15th corps sent to Black river to guard rear from an attack by Johnson, very heavy guard and patrol duty was kept up then until July 4th. Vicksburgh surrendered and Sherman moved immediately upon Johnson forcing a crossing of Black river the same day and pushing Johnson back until he reached Jackson, Miss., which had been again strongly fortified. Sherman invested the place July 10, and commenced a regular siege.

On July 15, Gen. Tuttle reported sick and Col. Woods was assigned to command of division and next day moved his division to the right and relieved Gen. Osterhans' division from its place on the advance line.

On the 17th the Rebels evacuated Jackson and burned the bridge over Pearl river, planting torpedoes in the approaches to the bridge and ferry. On the 19th the 3d brigade, 3d division, 15th corps with some other troops, including cavalry and artillery, pursued the enemy to Brandon, Miss., driving the enemy through the town and capturing considerable Rebel property stored in the railroad depot and warehouses which were all destroyed and the next day the troops returned to Jackson, and a few days thereafter evacuated Jackson and fell back behind Black river and went into camp July 25, 1863. Col. Woods commanded the division until sometime in October, when General Asboth was assigned to the command and Colonel Woods returned to the command of the brigade.

Nov. 7, the division embarked for Memphis, Tenn., and the 3d brigade was assigned to duty guarding the railroad from LaGrange to Corinth, each regiment at a different post. Frequent skirmishes were had with the enemy and one severe engagement lasting nearly all day, brought on by the enemy in force attempting to destroy the railroad.

The 12th Iowa, stationed at Chewalla, re-enlisted Dec. 25, 1862. Jan. 20, 1863,

brigade was ordered to Vicksburgh and were on duty at Black river one month while Sherman's expedition was out to Meridian, Mississippi.

Upon the return of said expedition the now veterans of the brigade were sent on an expedition up the Red river, the veterans ordered home on furlough. Reaching Davenport March 22, they were furloughed 30 days at expiration of which time they returned to Davenport and embarked at once for Memphis where they arrived May 2nd and were assigned as 3d brigade, Col. Woods commanding, 1st division, Gen. J. A. Mower commanding, 16th army corps, Gen. A. J. Smith commanding. During the summer this command made two expeditions into the interior and July 13, 14 and 15, fought the battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, the 3d brigade doing most of the fighting and with their commander received great credit for their efficient service.

Sept. 1, the division embarked on steamer from Memphis and proceeded to Duoull's Bluffs, Ark., and marched thence north in pursuit of Price, who had crossed the Arkansas river and started on a trip through Missouri.

The command marched to Cape Girardeau, Mo., 336 miles in 17 days, from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis in a steamboat where they arrived Oct. 8, 1864. Gen. Mower was transferred to Gen. Sherman's command at Atlanta, and Col. Woods assigned to command of division and proceeded on steamer to Jefferson City, Mo., arriving Oct. 17, and marched in pursuit of Price to Kansas City, thence south to Harrisonville, Mo., keeping within sound of his guns but not succeeding in bringing him to battle. His command having been completely broken up the infantry was ordered back to St. Louis, Oct. 30, marching via Sedalia and Jefferson City.

At Sedalia, Mo., the troops were met by Gen. McArthur, who had been assigned to command of division, and Col. Woods returned to command of brigade

and through storms of snow and rain and fording streams filled with floating ice marched his command back to St. Louis where they arrived Nov. 13, his brigade having marched within the last 30 days 543 miles—within last 60 days 879 miles, and since June 16, 1409 miles.

At St. Louis, having served more than his full term of enlistment, Col. Woods mustered out of service. He had filled with credit many important positions while in the service, acceptably and with honor to himself and to the service.

Col. Woods had a slender stooping form, brown hair, light complexion and mild blue eyes. He was in appearance and in fact the most unassuming of military men. He spoke slowly and kindly and was accustomed to give his commands with great coolness and deliberation, never under the hottest fire varying in the least the modulation or deliberation of his orders. His, "Fall in 12th Iowa" on the 6th of April 1862, or at time of a night alarm during the siege of Vicksburgh was heard by his men above every other sound and always in the same tone as when on parade or review.

He had none of the style or austere manners of the regular army officers and while very familiar and easy of approach by his subordinates, was a good disciplinarian and the men soon learned that he possessed great worth as a commanding officer and while personally of the bravest and willing to lead his regiment to the severest contest, yet devoid of all rashness that would sacrifice his men without good reason.

His service richly merited recognition at Washington that he never received, but with him modesty blocked the wheels of promotion, and I doubt not it would be impossible to find any of his superior officers who will say that Col. Woods ever sought promotion at their hands in any way but by a faithful and earnest discharge of his duties in what ever command he was placed. His muster out was deeply regretted by

all his old comrades and especially by the men whom he had so often led and who had learned to appreciate the quiet but brave and generous Col. Woods.

Upon his return home he removed from the farm to Maquoketa, where in company with W. F. McCarron, he purchased the "Maquoketa Excelsior," of which he became the editor.

In the fall of 1867 he sold his interest in said paper and moved upon his farm in Clinton county, Iowa, but the next year returned to Maquoketa, and McCarron having failed to make payments on the paper and being involved in other losses where Woods was his security and had to pay the loss, Woods again took control of the paper and published it until May 1869, when he removed to Kansas.

In 1871 he was on a board of visitors at West Point, appointed by Gen. Grant, and the same fall was one of three commissioners appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to appraise the Cherokee mutual lands in Indian Territory, west of the 96th meridian, and was also appointed the same fall Receiver of Humboldt land district, but declined the appointment.

The same fall he was elected to the Kansas legislature, which convened in January 1872. In March he was appointed one of the regents of the State University. He was a member of the Kansas legislature in 1875, and chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

NOTES BY HARVEY REID.

A very appreciative tribute to the character of Col. Woods from one who served in his regiment comes in a recent letter from John S. Ray, of Napanee, Nebraska. Mr. Ray says: Col. Woods was a grand man, and had he entered into the scramble for promotion, as was the rule, he might have been a Major-General. In fact he was better fitted to command a division or corps, than a



COLONEL J. J. WOODS.

regiment. His forte was not as a dress parade officer. He had no more style than Gen. Grant, and was not much of a mixer with either officers or men, although he was respected by both. He was no respecter of rank, as between men. A private with a grievance was given as much consideration as an officer. He was as gentle as a woman, but his bravery was never questioned.

(A) As a matter of enduring interest I give a list of West Point cadets who attended that institution during the years when Col. Woods was there, and who attained rank and reputation during the Civil war. This will include all the classes from the one graduating in 1844, Col. Woods first year in the Academy, to the one graduation in 1850, which entered in 1847, the year in which he graduated. This does not mean that he became personally acquainted with all these officers, but that he would have seen them, and become more or less familiar with their personalities and characteristics. I will arrange them according to their order of merit in their respective classes, but will separate those which served in the Union army from those who cast their lots with the Confederates.

To begin with Col. Woods own class, the

CLASS OF 1847.

Joseph J. Woods, who entered from Ohio, July 1, 1843, at the age of 20 years. 5 months, graduated No. 3, being one of the five most distinguished cadets, whose names are marked with a star(*) conformably to a regulation for the government of the Military Academy, which requires that that many be reported at each annual examination to be attached to the next Army Register. Cadet Woods also served during the last year on the Academic Staff as Acting Professor of Ethics. His marks on final examinations in his respective studies were as follows: Engineering, 2; Ethics, 3; Artillery, 5; Infantry Tactics, 5; Mineralogy and Geology, 8. During previous years he attained rank in the other studies of the course as follows: Philosophy, 3; Chemistry, 9; Drawing, 23; Mathematics, 4; French, 8; English, Grammar, etc., 9. In his third year he stood sixth in his class; second year fifth (an honor man again); and in his first year sixth.

There is also kept at the Academy a conduct Roll in which the whole body of cadets (without regard to class) is graded according to "demerits" charged against them. If more than 200 demerits are charged in one year the cadet is reported to the War Department for discharge. Cadet Woods' record on this Roll stood thus: First year, No. 16 with 6 demerits; second year, No. 44 with 24; third year, No. 27 with 8; and fourth year, No. 2 with no demerits. No. 1 in 1845, was the afterwards celebrated Thomas J. Jackson.

The cadet who graduated at the head of the class of 1847, had also stood at the head every year of his service except 1844, when he was second. This was John Cleves Symmes of Ohio, son of the John Cleves Symmes, who is noted as the author of the "Symmes Nole"

theory of the earth's construction. I cannot learn that cadet Symmes survived until the Civil war period. He certainly had no important command therein.

No. 2 was John Hamilton of Indiana. He never left the regular army, having been captain in the 3d Artillery in 1861, and served in the artillery during the entire Civil war, reaching the rank of Major and Brevet Colonel.

No. 4 was Julian McAlistier, who also remained in the regular service and served in the Ordnance Department during the Civil war, becoming Chief of Ordnance for the Pacific Department.

The others who had records in the Union army that can be traced were: Gen. John S. Mason, Col. of the 4th Ohio Inf., who served in the army of Potomac, and returned to the regular army after the war, rising to the rank of Colonel. He was a nephew of Charles Mason (also a graduate of West Point), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Iowa Territory.

Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox of Michigan commander of a division in the Ninth Army Corps.

Gen. James B. Fry of Illinois, Provost Marshal General for the War Department. He had charge of the drafts ordered the last year of the war.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, once Commander of the Army of the Potomac, afterwards Commander of the Department of the Ohio.

Gen. John Gibbon, who organized the Iron Brigade of the Potomac, rose to the command of the 25th Army Corps, and became Brigadier General in the regular army after the war.

Gen. Romeyn B. Ayres, an artillery officer in the Army of the Potomac, and a division commander.

Gen. Charles F. Griffin, also a division commander in the army of the Potomac.

Gen. Egbert L. Viel, a distinguished

officer in the Engineers, and had important commands in the eastern armies.

Col. Lewis Cass Hunt, brother of Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, became Colonel of the 92d New York, and after the war was promoted to Colonel of the 14th U. S. Infantry.

In the Confederate service we find Ambrose P. Hill, who became Lieutenant General and commander of a corps in Lee's army, and Henry Heth, a division commander at Gettysburg and in other important campaigns. Heth was the foot of the class, and stood No. 198 on the Conduct Roll with 165 demerits. It is of interest, too, to note that A. E. Burnside was charged with 190 demerits or within ten of the mark of dismissal.

We will now take up the other classes with whose members cadet Woods might have associated.

CLASS OF 1844

Union army—General Alfred Pleasonton, Army of the Potomac cavalry, Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, Gen. Alexander Hays, Army Potomac brigade commander, killed at the Wilderness.

Confederate army—Gen. Simon B. Buckner. There were only 25 members of this class left at graduation out of 51 who entered in 1841. None of the five honor men gained any military distinction.

CLASS OF 1845

Union army—Generals Wm. F. (Buldy) Smith and Thos. J. Wood, Army of the Cumberland, were both honor men. Gen. Chas. P. Stone of Ball's Bluff fame, Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. John P. Hatch of New York, Gen. Delos B. Sackett, Gen. Gordon Granger, Gen. David A. Russell, killed at Winchester.

Confederate army—Generals Wm. H. C. Whiting and Louis Hebert, honor men, and Generals F. Kirby Smith, Bernard E. Bee, killed at first Bull Run, and Wm. L. Crittenden.

This class graduated 11 members.

CLASS OF 1846

Union army—Generals Geo. B. McClellan and John G. Foster, honor men, Generals Jesse L. Reno, killed at South Mountain, Darius N. Couch, Truman Seymour, Charles C. Gilbert, Samuel D. Sturgis, Geo. Stoneman, Imis N. Palmer, Alfred Gibbs, Geo. H. Gordon (2d Mass.), Delancy F. Jones and J. N. G. Whistler, cousin of the celebrated painter who died recently in London.

Confederate army—Generals Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, John Adams, Dabney H. Maury, David R. Jones, Cadmus M. Wilcox, Samuel B. Maxey and Geo. E. Pickett.

CLASS OF 1848.

The head of the class, Prof. Wm. P. Trowbridge, did not stay long in the army, but held a high position in the Coast Survey and as professor of Engineering at Columbia and Michigan. Gen. James C. Duane, also an honor man, was an Engineer officer and rose to Chief of Engineers after the war. Gen. Nathaniel Michler was a leading Topographical Engineer and map maker. Others in the Union army were Generals John Buford, N. H. McLean (Adjutant General's Department) and Hugh B. Ewing.

Confederate army—Generals Wm. E. Jones, N. Geo. Evans and Geo. H. Steuart.

CLASS OF 1849.

Union army—Generals Quincy A. Gilmore and John G. Parke, honor men, Absalom Baird, Chauncey McKeever, Rufus Saxton (Q. M.), S. B. Holabird and R. M. Johnson.

Confederate army—Generals Stephen V. Benet, honor man, John C. Moore, John Withers and Duff C. Green.

CLASS OF 1850

Union army—Generals Gouverneur K. Warren and Cuvier Grover, honor men, Adam J. Slemmer, Eugene A. Carr, W. P. Carlin, Amos Beckwith (Commissary).

Confederate army - Generals Chas. S. Winder (Commander Libby Prison), Wm. L. Cabell, Henry C. Bankhead, J. J. A. A. Mouton.

When Cadet Woods entered the Academy in 1843 Major Richard Delafield was superintendent. In 1845 he was succeeded by Capt. Henry Brewerton.

Among the instructors of the four years period whose names will be recognized by subsequent military distinction were Horatio G. Wright, John Newton, Wm. S. Rosecrans, Israel Vodges, A. P. Howe, A. P. Stewart (Confederate) R. S. Granger, Irwin McDowell, Gustavus W. Smith (Confederate), Isaac N. Quinby, G. W. Bains (Confederate), E. D. Keyes, James A. Hardie, J. J. Reynolds.

It is remarkable how few of his West Point associates Col. Woods came in contact with in his Civil war service.

None of his own class, they all served in the east, both Union and Confederate. He succeeded Grant as cadet from the same congressional district and met him in Oregon. He served temporarily under S. D. Sturgis, who was a fellow cadet and served under Rosecrans, who was an instructor, and he met in battle Buckner, and possibly D. H. Maury and John C. Moore, but I can find no more.

These West Point data are gleaned from the Official Register of the Academy from 1840 to 1850, kindly procured for me by Hon. A. F. Dawson, from Gen. A. L. Mills, present superintendent.

(B) Lieut. Lewis Owen Morris was a member of the famous New York family whose seat was at Morrisiana, now a part of New York City. His father, Lewis N. Morris, was a grandson of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A younger half-brother of the signer was Gouverneur Morris, who also became a member of the Continental Congress, U. S. minister to France and United States Senator. Lewis N. Morris was also an army officer, having graduated at West

Point in 1826. When the Mexican war broke out he was a captain of artillery and was assigned to General Zachary Taylor's command. He was killed while leading his men in the assault on Monterrey. His son, Lewis O. Morris, was commissioned Second Lieutenant of artillery March 8, 1847, and was sent to Vera Cruz as Col. Woods relates. He served in the army until the war of the rebellion. In 1861 he had obtained the rank of Captain in the 3d Artillery and was stationed in Texas. He absolutely refused to surrender his command when ordered to do so by Gen. Twiggs, but was finally allowed to return to the north. He became Colonel of the 113th New York, which was made a regiment of Heavy Artillery in the defense of Washington. At the opening of Grant's campaign in 1864, it joined the army of the Potomac, serving as Infantry. Col. Morris was given command of a brigade, and at the battle of Cold Harbor he fell, leading his men, as his father had done eighteen years before.

(C) Dr. Marcus Whitman went to Oregon in 1834 with a mission party under the auspices of the Presbyterian church. The country was then under control of the British Hudson Bay Co., who would not allow the American missionaries to locate near their settlements, but induced them to cross the Cascade mountains, where they established a mission and school on the Walla Walla river (in what is now Washington) near its junction with the Columbia.

In 1843 Dr. Whitman made his celebrated ride to the states, through the Rocky Mountains to Santa Fe, then across the plains to St. Louis, and thence to Washington, where it is said that his representations to President Taylor and Daniel Webster had much influence in shaping the treaty of 1846 by which Great Britain abandoned her claims to Oregon south of the 49th parallel. In the meantime Dr. Whitman had re-

turned to the Walla Walla with a party overland

The Hudson Bay Co., had succeeded in instilling into the Indians a distrust of Americans which, when it became known to them that England had given up their country, found savage expression in the massacre on November 29, 1847, of Marcus Whitman and thirteen missionary associates.

(D) Col. Woods' farm was the north half of northeast quarter and the south half of northwest quarter, section two in South Fork township, about a mile and a half northwest of Hurstville and about the same distance southeast of Esigate school house. It is generally known as the "Asa Davis Place," Mr. Davis having been the purchaser from Col. Woods. The house that Col. Woods first lived in was situated on the Esigate road in the northeasterly part of the farm. He built a new house in the creek bottom near the west end of the farm, which became the Davis home, and the old house has entirely disappeared.

Notices Memorial Day.

In my reminiscences of pioneer life in Iowa, I endeavored to relate circumstances in the order they came, but on this occasion I will skip a large space for the reason that Memorial Day requires notice. A day that is becoming more hallowed as time separates us from the occasion that brought the day into existence. A day that brings us together on one common level around the graves of our loved ones. A day that stands for the union. A day that stands for the reunion of families for rich and poor together. This day we meet to honor the heroes of 1861 to 1865. A day not of feasting and dancing, but a day of solemn assembly. A day to commemorate the great sacrifice our beloved ones made for our glorious union of states. A day to symbolize the immortality of the bravery and heroism of 1776, of 1812, of 1846 and of 1861, and

again of 1898. We have here a chain of brilliant achievements won by our forefathers that reaches back to and beyond our national existence.

While the brave boys in blue, who laid down their lives on the altar of our beloved country are deserving of first honor, we must not forget that a great army in the rear were also doing a great work, pointing toward the same end. It was just as necessary to provide supplies for the army at the front as it was to wield the sword. It will be remembered that in 1862, 3 and 4, wheat sold for \$2 per bushel, corn \$1, oats 75c, cotton \$2 per pound, pork at \$30 per barrel and other things in proportion.

And that this army in the rear was composed principally of Ladies. Yes, ladies of the first class. Ladies who attended church on Sundays dressed in their silks. Ladies, who on Mondays, doned their denims and peeled their gloves, and entered the service in the fields (But it must be remembered that silk in those days sold at near the same price of denims.) Ladies who supplied the army with food. Ladies who took the place of the 1,000,000 drawn from the farms and factories. I do not relate this to shock the ladies of the present day. For I have all confidence in them to believe that they would do the same thing under similar circumstances. To enumerate all the cases that came under my own observation would require far more time than I have at my disposal.

I will here just mention a single case which will give the reader an idea how great was the strain, and how great the demand for labor among the farmers, but happily the supply was equal to the demand, by taking the ladies in.

I was in Dubuque on the 4th of July 1862, and stayed over night. In the morning there came a telegram that Vicksburgh had fallen or surrendered. This news spread like wildfire, and in

less than an hour, the boom of cannon and anvils could be heard in every direction, and this continued for more than four hours. It was a day of great rejoicing for it was believed that the "backbone of the rebellion was now broken." But in those days we had no telephones neither in the cities nor in the country. News was carried by messenger and the rural districts were always late in finding out the happenings.

It was now the beginning of wheat harvest and wheat was at that time the staple crop. After gathering all the available news I started homeward; a trip of thirty miles. All along the way the farmers were busy in their fields cutting and binding their wheat. But the binding at that time was all done by hand and required from 4 to 5 hands to keep up with a self rake reaper which cut the grain similar to our present binders, minus the binder. I also found by actual count along the road that over two-thirds of the field hands were women. And almost invariably the driver of the machine was an old lady. After I had driven 18 miles I came to a large farm that was rather of the model sort, large fields of corn wheat and oats all in fine condition. In this field were seven hands, all of them ladies, except one old man who carried water. The field lay hard by the road.

The old lady that drove the machine hailed me as she turned a corner fully 25 rods from the road, (Hey Mr. hold. hold.) She now quickly threw her machine out of gear and drove to the road on a keen trot to where I was waiting. And immediately inquired of me what all this shooting and drumming meant for I hear it from every direction. I said the news came this morning that Vicksburgh is taken. At this news she exclaimed (Oh my God, my God.) By this time the lady binders had also arrived at the road from their several stations. And after the old lady was

some what composed, for she was shedding tears freely, she asked me whether there were many killed. I said no, it was a surrender. After hearing this she began shouting praises to God. I now began to be interested and ventured to ask her the cause of her sudden emotion. She replied, Oh my dear sir, All my boys are there, three of them, and may God preserve them. By this time the proprietor also arrived with a pail of water and joined in asking questions, as did also the junior members of the family. I now asked the husband and father how he managed to raise so large and fine a crop with labor so scarce, he replied, I am not able to do much, my wife and the girls did it all. LEVI WAGONER.

Orren Sinky's Horse Stolen.

It was in the summer of 1855 that Orren Sinky, of Emeline owned a very fine team of matched horses, (for Orren delighted in fine horses). That one morning he brot in his horses from the pasture, while it was yet dark, and tied them to an adjacent fence while he went to the house to get his breakfast. But upon his return he found one horse missing, and after examining the hook where he had it tied he found the little end of the halterstrap still in the hook, but was cut square off. He now easily knew what had become of his horse. And as soon as it became sufficiently light to trace the thief he set out with two other companions into the big woods, which had its beginning only 4 rods from where the horse had been tied. And here the trees were tall and the underbrush dense, but they succeeded in following the trail until Pine creek was reached. Here the horse was led into the stream and downward evidently for the purpose of causing the pursuers to loose track.

After continuing the search throught the day without success, it was now be-

lieved that the horse was concealed during the day somewhere in the big woods and that he would be taken across the river the following night. Our party now returned to eat supper and determine on plans for the night. Our party had now been swelled to seven each one armed with a rifle or other deadly weapon, and our plan was to go to smiths ford about 4 miles distant, this being the only point on the river that was fordable for several miles up or down. Here we crossed the stream and at the outcome of the ford was a narrow track cut thru the banks, on either side of the cut was thick underbrush, our party now took stations on both sides of this cut, every man with weapon in hand, except James Sinkey, I. Cosley and A. Robbins these three being the most able bodied were selected to grapple with the thief, while the other four would hold up the villian and secure the horse. It was the order that every man be settled down quiet in his lair till the splashing on the opposite side would indicate the thief on his way. It was now 10.30 p. m. when came splash splash splash, and every man quietly raised to his feet ready for the onslaught, but to our great chagrin the expected horse thief turned out to be a belated cow which we allowed to pass our picket line without molestation. But we continued in our position most of the night without hearing or seeing any thing of the thief or horse. But it was afterwards discovered that half a mile from the river was a large cave in the rocks of Pine creek where there was plenty of room to hide several horses, and that this cave had actually been used for this purpose, there were abundant marks left to indicate this fact. This cave was only a short distance from one occupied by a gang of countereifters which I described in a former communication. It was also discovered that an organized gang existed, beginning at the town of Bellevue thence west as far as Cedar Rapids, and that the stronghold

of said gang was situated in the big woods 3 miles south of the present Emeline. And these recent discoveries together with the narrow escape of Mr N. Alden from the assassians bullet which I described before, and also the tragedy at East Iron Hill, gave rise to the notorious Vigilance Committee that formed at Iron Hills and soon after at Emeline also. Suffice it here to say that these two committees did theis work thoroly and well. "And that the land had rest for many years". LEVI WAGONER,

Removal of Col. Cox's Remins.

At the last meeting of the Pioneer and Old Settlers, Society held in Maquoketa July, 1. 1904, the President W. C. Gregory; the Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Ellis, and H. Reid, were appointet as a committee to take such steps as they deemed necessary to suitably mark the grave of Col. Thomas Cox, a vetran of two wars and a prominent early pioneer of Jackson county. Born in Kentucky in 1787, and died November 9th 1844. He was burried on the farm owned by him and called Richland, on the bluffs north of the Maquoketa River about two miles south of the present site of Bridgeport. The Cox family removed to California in 1849 and in time the Colonel's loonely grave was plowed over and all trace of it dissapeared except the sturdy shellbark hickory tree, under whose branches his remains had been laid at his repprest, which has stood as a solitary sentinel for more than 60 years. On the 18th of September, 1901, the committee drove to the spot and had a photograph made of the tree which then stood in a field of rye. The committee first contemplated placing a huge glacier boulder over the grave but the present owner objected to having any kind of monument erected in his field, and the project was abandoned.

The committee then asked the trustees of the Mt. Hope Cemetry to donate a

suitable lot in the Cemetery for the remains, and the request was granted, a lot 20 feet square and in good location was donated. The committee put in a concrete base for the monument they proposed to erect, and contracted with Kirk Landis to bring in a 14,000 pound glacial boulder donated by W. F. Jones for the monument. On the 16th day of June, 1905, J. W. Ellis and W. C. Gregory of the committee accompanied by Frank McNear and three of his men, drove out to the place long known as the Hamilton Patterson farm for the purpose of securing such relics as 60 summers and winters had left of the once famous old pioneer. The hickory tree which was said to be from 6 to 8 inches in diameter in 1841 had grown to be 12 to 14 inches in diameter but the branches showed unmistakable signs of rapid decay. No mound of earth or stone remained to indicate the location of the grave, but assuming that the tree was intended to mark the head of the grave and that the body was buried with the face to the east there was little time lost. McNear indicated a point about 4 feet in a northeast direction from the body of the tree and started a trench from north to south and in three minutes had located the grave, and at 12 o'clock noon, the diggers found the black walnut boards that had been placed over the black walnut coffin that contained all that was mortal of Col. Cox. The coffin was so much decayed that it fell to pieces but it was carefully removed and the bones found intact and every one secured and placed in a casket, all the fragments of the coffin were carefully preserved and placed in the casket with the bones after which the earth was shoveled back into the grave and leveled over. The casket containing the remains was taken to the office of J. W. Ellis, there to remain until Sunday, June 18th, when it was laid in the grave prepared for it in the Mt. Hope cemetery. On the 19th of June the boulder was brot in and placed on the lot.

Almost A Linching

Written by D. A. Fletcher for the Jackson County Historical Society.

In the fall of 1858, on returning home from District Court at Bellevue, I found the citizens of Maquoketa considerably excited over the arrest of one, Charlie Harvey, for larceny. At that time William Burleson was carrying a little store at Buckhorn, and shortly before that, some one had stolen from his money drawer a quantity of small change. Harvey had been in the store without any apparent business the day before the money was missed, and being a rather worthless fellow, much given to playing poker on a small scale, he was naturally suspected of being the thief. After the theft Harvey came to Maquoketa, and while in town made several small purchases, paying in each case with five and ten cent pieces for the goods he bought. Hearing of this, Burleson had Harvey arrested, charged with grand larceny, and I was employed by Harvey to defend him on a hearing before Justice S. D. Lyman.

To begin with, public sentiment was strongly against Harvey.

He was a green, sappy looking youth, from the region south of Monmouth, and about eighteen years old. The Burlesons were influential citizens, full of talk, and they were in town with blood in their eyes. Jerry Jenkins and R. S. Hadley, the best lawyers we had at that time, were for the prosecution, and brother Harvey's chances for escape appeared very slim. But what lawyers call the *CORPUS DELICTI* was not proven. No one saw Harvey steal the money; no one could swear that the money he paid out was ever in Burleson's drawer. For the defense, I was able abundantly to prove that Harvey was in the practice of playing poker; that he confined his bets to five and ten cents; that he usually carried in his pockets for gambling purposes handfuls of dimes and half dimes. There was really no evidence to

justify holding Harvey for the larceny and the justice discharged him.

After his discharge, about ten o'clock at night, I took him to my office for the important business of settlement for my services, and while thus engaged I heard unusual noise on the street.

We both went down to find out what was going on. The street was full of excited people. The Burlesons were everywhere stirring things up. There was abundant talk of lynching Harvey. There was a rush around the old Goodenow hotel, where it was said Harvey was in hiding. Next it was said he had rushed through the hotel from the rear, and got into a room upstairs, which was a fact.

William Vosburg was city marshal, and a close friend of Burleson, and he was at the head of a crowd that proposed to go up stairs and bring the man down for the purpose of speedy justice. Charlie Dunbar was a justice of the peace and full of the dignity of that high office. He got on the stairway above Vosburg and read him the riot act. "You are a pretty fellow ain't you, Bill Vosburg, Marshal of the city of Maquoketa—sworn to preserve the peace and good order of this city—and hear you are heading a mob. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself. Justice of the Peace, I forbid you from coming up these stairs. Instead of being here, go out on the street and quell this disturbance."

Vosburg was cowed. He had never seen the dignity of the law fully exemplified before. He and his crowd retreated. In the meantime Harvey was shaking in his shoes in the room upstairs. After some conference a compromise was effected. It was agreed that Harvey was to be brought down to the street; and given a hundred feet the start, and allowed to run for his life. Vosburg and Dunbar kept the crowd back until Harvey was placed and ready. "Go" said Dunbar, and Harvey fled up

Main street like a deer with the yelling crowd in full pursuit. They didn't catch him although they chased him as far south as the academy.

The sequel of this little story remains to be told. A few weeks afterwards, Harvey was again in Burleson's store when no one but him and Burleson was in. Burleson says to Harvey, "Now Charlie, you had your trial and was fairly cleared. No one can harm you again on that matter you know. Tell me the truth, did you take that money or not? I am curious to know about it." "Yes," said Charlie "I did." Burleson lost no time in coming to town and getting another warrant. Harvey was arrested; salt peter or anything else couldn't save him. He was bound over, tried in the District Court, and sent to Ft. Madison, both for his and his country's good.

D. A. FLETCHER.

Meeting of Old Settlers.

We would like to speak fully and in detail of the success and entertainment of the Old Settlers' Picnic and entertainment yesterday, but to do so would delay us too much. We have neither time nor space.

The program was very generally carried out as arranged and some of the most noted men of the state, that helped to make early history and to transact early territorial business, were present and participated in the exercises, among them were; Wm. Salter of Burlington, pastor in Maquoketa in 1813, Col. Samuel W. Durham of Marion, member of the first Constitutional convention of 1844—being the only living survivor of Iowa Territorial officials; Hon. Charles Aldrich of Des Moines, Pioneer lawmaker and Curator Historical department of Iowa. Hon. Theodore Carstensen, member of present house. Hon. John Wilson, of Walker, Linn county, member Iowa House from Lamotte in 1866; Major S. W. Rathburn, Editor Marion Register; Jas. Young, Onslow, pioneer in the 40's.

The unveiling of the monument was the work of Mrs. Jolie Dorchester, daughter of W. A. Warren, pioneer lawyer of Bellevue.

The following persons registered as
pioneers or old settlers July 4, 1905.

Name	Born	To Ia.
Celia Hobart Kidder, N. Y.	49	52
A H Brown, New York	29	55
Mary Forbes Ellis, Wis	53	53
William Trout, Penn	41	54
Will Caudill, Iowa	55	55
A J Phillips, Ohio	32	37
A J Riggs, N Y	32	37
Mrs Jack Conery, Ohio	42	45
E F Weeman, Michigan	36	45
E Taubman, Isle of Man	32	53
Geo W Farnsworth, Ohio	34	51
Robert Ward, England	41	52
I McPeak, Ill	37	46
A Carter, England	46	58
R A Davenport, Ill	62	70
E E Colli priest, Jackson Co	62	62
J N Nims, Jackson Co	46	46
Charity Nims, " "	63	63
C H Davis, Vermont	22	44
Eliza Davenport, N Y	44	68
J. Prieaulx, this county	53	53
Mrs F Glaser, Clinton Co	42	42
J A Fairbrother, Jackson Co	47	47
Mrs L Taft, Ohio	24	45
Anna Lovelee, N Y	43	67
L S Lovelee, N Y	38	67
A Struble, Ohio	44	52
Mrs A Hutchins, Ohio,	46	52
Julia Oneill, Jackson Co	62	62
H Reid, N Y	42	63
Mrs L A Reid, Mich	47	51
J Glaser, Germany	38	56
C Blanchard, N Y	31	66
E Johnson, Iowa	73	73
G H Conery, Maquoketa	61	61
W McPeak, Jackson Co	70	70
J O Seeley, Penn	33	56
G A Hess, Germany	49	68
Mrs D Farr, Canada	21	54
H S Farr, Canada	53	54
Mrs. E. J. Gesner, Iowa	69	69
Mrs E D Taylor, N Y	18	53
Mary A Prindle, Michigan	40	55
J S Thompson, Penn	30	54
Mrs J S Thompson, Penn	37	51
Mr James Young, Va	43	58
Mrs James Young, Va	43	58

Wm Fox, N Y	07	74
Chas M Collins, Iowa	67	67
Emma A Morey, N Y	28	46
John Cook, England	41	51
Mrs John Cook, Penn	44	55
A Bertlesen, Germany	32	53
G K Miller, Penn	32	56
M J Murray, Penn	29	55
Miss Mary Shaw, Iowa	48	48
W B Swigart, Iowa	57	57
Wm Current, Iowa	45	45
W C Gregory, Wis	44	61
Wm Salter, N Y	21	43
Chas Aldrich, N Y	28	59
J W Ellis, Ind	48	52

The list of old settlers who have
died during the past year:

Mrs. Dr. J. A. Carson, Born in Birm-
ingham, Ohio, in 1846, came to Iowa in
1868, died in 1904.

Mrs. Mary H. Van Gorder, born in
Penn. came to Iowa in 1853, and died in
1894.

Mrs. F. J. DeGrush, born in Kentucky
in 1841, came to Jackson county in 1870,
died Oct., 1904.

Mrs. A. G. Fischer, born in Penn., in
1830, came to Iowa in 1854, died in 1904.

Caroline E. Bowman was born in Vir-
ginia, Nov. 9, 1834, came to Iowa in
1855 died Jan. 15 1905.

W. B. Sutherland, born in N. Y. Aug.
30, 1834, came to Iowa in 1857, died Jan.
22, 1905.

John L. Sloan, born in Ohio in 1847,
came to Maquoketa in 1856, died Jan.
24, 1905.

Mrs. Henry Lockwood, born in Warren
county, N. Y., May 6, 1828, came to
Iowa in 1854, died Jan. 31, 1905.

Wm. D. Kitts, born in Ripley county,
Ind., March 14, 1839, died March 4, 1905.
was an old settler of Jackson county
and a veteran of Civil war.

Geo. H. Kimball, born in Mass., 1840,
died March 3, 1905, old settler.

Ira A. House, born near Bridgeport,
March 20, 1808, died March 5, 1905

Milton Winterstein, born Dec. 1840,
died March 22, 1905, an old settler and
veteran Civil war.

Mrs. Mary A. Miller, born in Penn., April 29, 1827, came to Iowa in 1872, died March 16, 1905.

Wm. Cundill, Sr., born in England July 7, 1816, came to Iowa 1850, died March 28, 1905, a pioneer and enthusiastic member of the society

Joseph Zook, born Oct. 8, 1823, in Ohio, and came to Iowa in 1851, died on March 22, 1905.

D. A. Wynkoop, born in Chemung county, N. Y., in 1840, came to Iowa in 1855, died April 3, 1905.

Mary M. Coffee, born in Penn., Dec. 9, 1842, died April 17, 1905, an old settler of Jackson county.

D. C. Clary, born in Georgia, Vermont, Jan. 31, 1821, came to Iowa 1847, died May 7, 1905.

Amanda J. Shinkle, born in Ohio, Jan. 16, 1836, came to Iowa in 1838, died April 26, 1905.

Mrs. Sophia Cornell, born in Ohio April 14, 1822, came to Maquoketa in 1854, died April 37, 1905.

William Shinkle, born in this Co., August 1, 1870, died May 12, 1905.

Josie Goodenow, born near Maquoketa June 24, 1864, died in California May 20, 1905. Daughter of a pioneer.

Sarah E. Harp, born in Ohio Feb. 29, 1826, died in Maquoketa May 22, 1905, an old settler.

Sendol Sears, born in Maquoketa Nov. 3, 1855 died in New York City May 23, 1905.

John Hoot, born in Penn., Sept. 27, 1829, came to Iowa in 1852, died May 27, 1905. Pioneer.

Eunice Decker, born in N. Y. August 4, 1812, died in Delmar June 17, 1905, an early pioneer of Maquoketa valley.

Mrs. Julia Brown Dunham born in N. Y. Nov. 14, 1841 came to Maquoketa in 1848, died in Des Moines June 16, 1905, a pioneer and a noble woman.

Letters from Men Who Were Invited to be Present at the Unveiling of the Colonel Cox Monument, July 4th, 1905,
But Could not be Present.

Because Col. Thomas Cox had been a pioneer lawmaker, a member from Jackson county to both houses of the Iowa Territorial legislature, a speaker of the House and President of the Council, and a maker of early Iowa history formal invitations to be present at the unveiling of his monument were sent to the Governor, to the Lieutenant Governor as president of the Senate, to all present members of the House of Representatives of Iowa, to all surviving ex-speakers of the House, to all members of the Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers Association (those who served more than twenty-five years ago), to all surviving ex-members of the Iowa legislature from Jackson county, to all officers of the Historical Department of Iowa, to the officers of the Iowa State Historical Society, to the surviving children and grand-children of Col. Cox, and to the surviving Jackson county Territorial Pioneers, they being colleagues of Col. Cox.

Responses in person or by letter were received from a majority of these invitations. Among those received by letter were the following:

From the Governor of Iowa:

Executive office, Des Moines Iowa.

June 24th, 1905.

Mr. Harvey Reid,
Maquoketa, Iowa

My dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge your invitation to attend the exercises connected with the unveiling of a monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox, one of the pioneers of the west. It would give me great pleasure to be present upon so interesting an occasion, and to express my profound esteem for those noble

men and women who laid the foundation of this country so broad and deep that the structure we are building in later times is secure.

Unfortunately, however, I promised long ago to deliver an address at Malvern on July 4th and therefore cannot be with you.

With high regards, I am,

Yours very truly.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

From the Lieutenant Governor:

June 21, 1905.

Your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thos. Cox, Pioneer citizen Legislator of this state, July 4th, 1905 is received. I sincerely regret my inability to be present on this occasion. I desire to offer my congratulations to you and the good people of Jackson county on perpetuating the memory of the pioneers, who, by their personal bravery, patriotism, and wisdom, laid the foundation of our state so broad and deep that our constitution and laws have won the commendation of our wisest statesmen and have been copied in many of our sister states.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HERRIOTT.

From the Secretary of Agriculture, member of the Iowa House, 1868, and Speaker in 1872:

Department of Agriculture,

Office of the Secretary,

Washington, D. C.,

June 23, 1905.

I would very greatly enjoy meeting with the good people of Maquoketa, and especially the pioneers of Iowa on the Fourth of July next, but exacting official duties will prevent me from leaving the department at that time, much to my regret. I thank you cordially for the invitation to attend and witness the unveiling of the Cox monument.

Very truly yours,

JAMES WILSON, Sec.

From Hon. John A. Kasson, M. C., 1863-1867, and 1873-1877; member Iowa House 1868:

The Westport Inn,

Westport-on Lake Champlain, N. Y.,
July 1, 1905.

Your letter inviting me to the celebration of the 4th of July, when a monument is to be erected in honor of Thos. Cox was forwarded to me here from Des Moines and received yesterday. I greatly regret my inability to be with you on that occasion, being still to weak from surgical operation to venture on so long a journey. There is no duty I would undertake more cheerfully than that of honoring the men who so nobly laid the foundation of our state. Our debt to them is great and enduring. In the midst of hardships and embarrassment of which the active generation of these prosperous times has little knowledge, they marked out the lines upon which Iowa has steadily advanced to her present prosperity and distinction among the states of the Union. These lines they laid down have given us a state unsurpassed in public morality, in intelligence, in general education, and in freedom from the taint of "graft." Iowa is adapted by nature for agriculture, and has become the garden spot of the Union. She is not adapted to manufactures, and will never be degraded, let us hope, by the centers of vice and immorality that characterize great cities. I pray that our state may be contented with her agricultural life for which the pioneers paved the way; and satisfied to develop her prosperity on the lines which secure prosperity to the masses of the people without the ambition for great fortunes and speculative ventures. The time will come when such a state can save the Union from demoralization and failure by the force of her example and the quality of her leadership.

I beg to express my sympathy with your effort to preserve the memory of pioneer and patriot, Thomas Cox.

Very cordially yours,

JOHN A. KASSON.

From Ex-Governor Larrabee, State Senator 1868-1882:

Clermont, Ia., June 23 1905.

Accept thanks for the invitation to attend the unveiling of monument to Hon. Thos. Cox. We all owe much to the early settlers of this state, and I am glad indeed that your people show their appreciation of it by this monument in memory of one of them.

Yours truly,

WM. LARRABEE.

From Hon. A. R. Cotton, speaker of

Iowa House 1870: M. C., 1871-1875.

San Francisco, Cal., June 27, '05.

Remembering me with an invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling the monument to Hon. Thos. Cox, pioneer legislator in Illinois and Iowa, is highly appreciated

It would be a great pleasure to be present on that occasion to join in paying tribute to the memory of the distinguished pioneer in whose honor the monument has been erected, and to meet my long time friends who are to participate in this memorable event.

I retain a deep interest in Iowa and in anything connected with its early settlement, being something of a pioneer, having arrived at Davenport, Iowa, with my father's family, May 5, 1844, and am also a pioneer in California, crossed the plains with an ox team from DeWitt Iowa, to California in 1849, and on the journey became acquainted with many citizens of Maquoketa and vicinity.

Wishing all a happy reunion on the Fourth.

Truly yours,

AYLETT R. COTTON

From Hon. S. S. Farwell, State Senator, 1866-68; M. C. 1881-83; Major 31st Iowa.

Monticello, Iowa, June 22, 1905.

I thank you most sincerely for your invitation to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox, July 4th next.

It would afford me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I fear the state of my health will prevent my being with you. I have made arrangements to go to a hospital to undergo an operation next Saturday, and can hardly expect to be in condition to be with you in so short a time. I formerly had a great many warm friends in Maquoketa and it would be a delight to meet those who are living again. The last to pass away, I believe, is Mrs. Julia Dunham.

Thanking you again I remain.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. FARWELL.

From Hon. John Russell, speaker Iowa House 1868; Auditor of State 1871-85; oldest surviving ex-speaker.

Onslow, Iowa, July 1st, 1905.

Some time ago I received with pleasure your kind invitation to join the Jackson County Historical Society and the Maquoketa Valley Pioneer and Old Settlers Society in doing honor to the Hon. Thomas Cox. I am still in hopes of being able to attend the unveiling ceremony, but am in fear that the infirmities of age may prevent my doing so. I take this means of expressing to you my appreciation of your courtesy and also to express the fullness of my sympathy in the proposed gathering.

It is a common thing to erect monuments to the memory of heroes who have served their country on the field of battle and in the halls of our national capitol, but it is fit and proper that future generations should learn that the heroic pioneers, who by their energy and ability, enduring, rugged, and all sufficient, have hewn out of the rough and have determined the destiny of our beloved Iowa, should learn that their worth and greatness have been appreciated by their own people in their own community.

The Hon. Thos. Cox was a worthy representative of the men to whom we owe our present peace, prosperity and

happiness May the monument, erected in his honor, inspire many another citizen to give as he gave of his strength, his energy and his brain in the service of his country, his state and his community

Should the flesh prove weak, and the weight of increasing years prevent my being with you be assured the spirit joins you on that date, with hearty sympathy and wishing you every success.

Yours very truly,

JOHN RUSSELL,

From Gen. Greville M. Dodge, M. C., 1867-69; last surviving Corps Commander of the Civil war:

No. 1, Broadway, New York.

July 1, 1905.

I am in receipt of your invitation to the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox on July 4th, and regret to say that it will be impossible for me to be present. Thanking you for the invitation, I am, Yours truly,

G. M. DODGE

From Hon John Wilson, member of the Iowa House from Jackson county in 1866 Mr Wilson found him. If able to be present, but we quote from his letter his beautiful tribute to Col. Cox's unique monument

"Walker, Liun Co., Iowa

June 28, 1905

I think it very appropriate that you vary the patriotic proceedings generally indulged in on the ever memorable 4th of July with the interesting and imposing ceremony of displaying to your citizens of Jackson county a memorial stone erected to one of the county's earliest servants. It would seem that the monument is composed of one large granite boulder—a monolith carried by Nature's icy river thousands of years ago from distant mountain ranges and laid down on a spot near to where it could be raised as a characteristic monument to one of Jackson county's pioneer noblemen. It seems unnecessary for the artistic hand

of the sculptor to put many finishing touches to the stone. The rubbing, grinding, dressing, sawing, planing, having been many years ago slowly and patiently executed in Mother Nature's great geological workshop. It was left where you found it so artistically prepared for your purpose by the icy hand of one of the earliest glaciers that slowly slid over the surface of our now far famed state

"We think you are paying worthy tribute to Hon. Thomas Cox in thus raising this monument to his memory. It may not have the imposing appearance and fine finish of some monuments that are raised to add beauty to the public parks of some of our large cities, but it has the merit of serving the same purpose—that of honoring the memory of him to whom it is dedicated, and reminding future generations of the esteem in which he was held by the people who knew and recognized his worth as a man. We know not what the inscription is that you have chiseled upon this stone, but even if there should not be one, its conspicuous appearance where it is raised, will draw attention to its presence, and like the twelve stones brought up from the bed to the banks of the river Jordan by representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel, the question will be asked by succeeding generations, 'What meaneth this Stone?' Then the story of Thomas Cox will be repeated and reiterated from year to year until the far off limit of recorded time

"As long time friends of Jackson county, we take pride in thus doing honor to the memory of the Honorable Thomas Cox, a man, who as your committee says, was a pioneer of pioneers, and who in the territorial days of Jackson county did so much to give it high prestige in the legislative councils of our embryo state, and otherwise help to give it a start in the right direction. All honor to his memory.

Your friend,

JOHN WILSON "

The Ellis Museum.

While at Maquoketa attending the ceremony of unveiling the monument of Col. Thos. Cox, my old-time friend, John Wright, took me to see the Ellisian Institute.

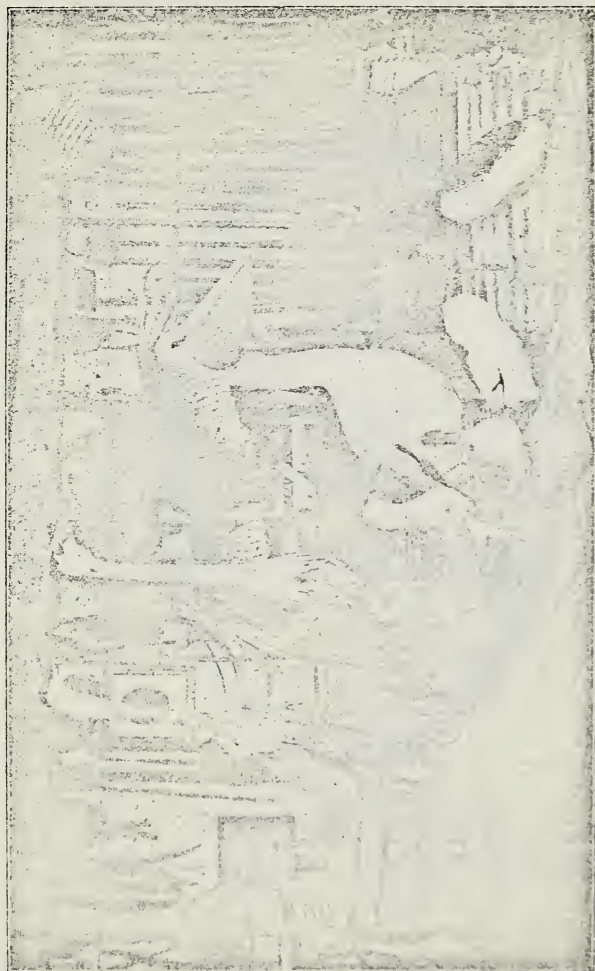
Going into the office I was introduced to Mr. J. W. Ellis. When I took his hand, I had no idea that I shook the hand of, to my mind, one of Jackson county's most industrious men. I wonder if the general public know what I mean when I say so? I am certain you will say so too if you step with him back of his office desk and examine the immense variety of exceedingly interesting articles, which by long, persistent and industrious application, he has gathered together. It no doubt came by patient labor and the expenditure of hundreds of dollars—it may be thousands of dollars. Hundreds of rare and valuable articles are exposed to view on the walls, on shelves, on tables, on the floor, many of them to near your feet for long and safe keeping. Others again stored away in boxes and drawers out of view and yet intended to be seen.

Many articles of historical interest to Jackson county that should never be allowed to go elsewhere. Others again of state and world-wide importance that should be of interest to every man or woman, boy or girl, not only in Maquoketa, but in the county. The wonder is that one man with comparatively moderate means could possibly accumulate so many objects of difficult access and all of them of rare value. To enumerate all of these things Mr. Ellis has brought together is hopeless. They are there by the thousands and almost every article has a history of which Mr. Ellis is the especial historian. It is much to be hoped that the knowledge he has of each thing will not die with him. He is, in his line, what Mr. Chas. Aldrich has been to the Historical Association of the state of Iowa, or

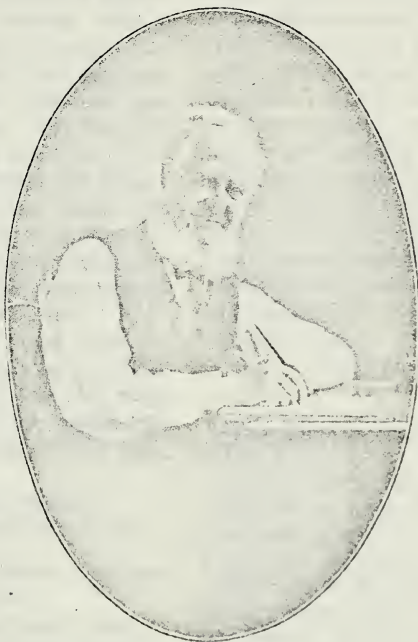
Mr. Thomas S. Parvin to the Masonic library and museum, an industrious collector of rare value and importance and often of difficult attainment.

Mr. Ellis has brought together a number of articles belonging to the few murder cases that have occurred in Jackson county. Articles belonging to Cronk and the Cronk murder are in his possession, and other articles belonging to Jackson county of more pleasant memory are shown. Guns from many countries, guns used in Indian warfare, guns used at Waterloo and through Napoleon's campaigns Old flint lock guns, our civil war guns, even guns used in ancient times in China are exposed. Samples of some of his guns, not worth one dollar for use, Mr. Ellis has been offered \$50 for, but his peculiar love for such articles prevent their sale at any price though thus temptingly approached.

He has a fine collection of mortar shells some loaded ready for their destructive use. Swords of different makes and shapes, Bolos from the Philippine Island, spears manufactured for John Brown of Ossawatim fame and many articles of warfare are there, all of instructive value. Many samples of mineral, specimens from Iowa mines and other states and countries. Shells and other sea relics in great variety. Many household articles of the early days, Indian relics and one of the finest displays of arrow heads in existence, some of them the finest that have ever been found are there. A large variety of stuffed birds and animals, a son of Mr. Ellis being a taxidermist. Quite a large show of Confederate script issued by the millions of dollars by the Confederacy to help sever the bonds that bound our country together in the early sixties. Many old coins from many old countries. Some fine samples of teeth and bones of extinct antediluvian animals, and rare geological specimens in great variety. I cease to



SECTION IN ELLISONIAN INSTITUTE
MAQUOKETA, IOWA.



JOHN WILSON
PIONEER LAW MAKER OF JACKSON COUNTY.

enumerate. You must see for yourself to have any conception of the numberless articles he has gathered for your inspection. Do call and see them. They contain lessons of much educational usefulness and will well repay you for time spent there.

Why should the people of Maquoketa and of the county too for that matter, suffer such an immense, rare and valuable museum to be stuffed and hidden away in such crowded quarters. They are worthy of a place in a building erected for their especial safety and exposure. Let the board of Supervisors of the county visit the museum and find out what they can recommend in this matter. Let the citizens of Maquoketa look after it to. It is all together too valuable to be neglected. In the mean time could not floor room be given to it in your library building. Good space might be profitably spared there for many years yet. Why not attend to it now? Unless something can be done soon to give better encouragement to Mr. Ellis in his splendid effort I fear he may find some other city who would be glad to bargain with him for its possession.

Yours,

JOHN WILSON,

FRIEND OF JACKSON COUNTY.

From Col Samuel Wallace Durham of Marion (who was present).

Marion, Iowa, July 1, 1905.

I met Col Cox at Iowa City while he was Speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives. Like him, I was of Kentucky stock, and an early Iowa pioneer and was acquainted with a good many of the Jackson county people in the early forties, and surveyed two territorial roads there. I was United States deputy surveyor, having in the capacity of a contractor from the Surveyor General, surveyed contracts in 15 different counties in the territory and state, including the district where the city of Des Moines is now situated. Sur-

veyed also a large district bordering on Lake Pepin and Chippewa river. I served as a member of the First Iowa Territorial Constitution Convention in 1844, and am the only one of that body now left.

SAMUEL W. DURHAM

From Col Cox's only surviving daughter:

Hollywood, Calif., June 27, 1905.

I am the recipient of your most esteemed letter and hasten to acknowledge it to you. You may perhaps realize the great satisfaction and pleasure it would give me to be present at the unveiling of my father's monument, July 4th, 1905. It will be the regret of my life that owing to the uncertain condition of my health I will be unable to undertake the long journey. But I wish you to understand how sincerely I appreciate all your kindness, even though I cannot see you to thank you in person.

Trusting that you will favor us with full particulars of the ceremony at a later date, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

PHOEBE COX.

From Thomas E. Nichols, grandson of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 28, 1905.

Your favor with enclosed invitations to be distributed duly received, and immediately attended to.

My uncle, S B Cox, is at present suffering from an acute attack of lumbago. He desires me to express to you his thanks for what is being done in honor of his father, and to say that he will write you as soon as he recovers.

It is unfortunate that the short notice we have had prevents any of the grandchildren, living here, from accepting your invitation. My two brothers are living in Mexico, and my two sisters in San Francisco.

For myself, I wish to thank you for your interests and efforts, and would ask that you please convey to all those assisting in the ceremonies my deep appreciation of the honor shown the mem-

ory of my grand ather. Col. Thos. Cox, and that I regret exceedingly my inability to accept the invitation to be with you. Honor shown the memory of a worthy citizen not only redounds to the credit of those showing that honor, but also serves as an example for the young of succeeding generations to so live and act as to merit the approbation of their fellow citizens.

Cordially yours,

T. E. NICHOLS.

From Jonathan R. Scott, grandson of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 28, 1905.

Mr. Nichols has handed me your letter to him of the 20th inst., together with the printed invitation to me to attend the exercises on the unveiling of a monument to my grandfather, Col. Thomas Cox, on the 4th of July, next.

I would gladly be present on the occasion if circumstances permitted it, but I am afraid that it will be impossible for me to indulge my earnest and sincere desire in regard to this matter.

I, and the other members of my family, who live in California, are under great obligations to you for your active efforts in bringing about the removal of his remains to a permanent resting place, as well as the erection of the monument to commemorate his life; and I thank you very much for what you have done.

It had long been a wish of mine to secure title to the farm on which my grandfather was buried, and of which I had heard my mother speak from my early boyhood, and I had intended going back to the place with a view of making inquiries and seeing whether something could be done to preserve the grave, but the opportunity never arrived. You, however, have done about the best thing that could be done; for, had the farm, or some land on which the grave was located, been bought and held by the family there might have been considerable inconvenience occasioned by reason of

the sale of the property for taxes in case the parties interested did not look after that matter, and with regard to keeping the grave in proper condition. All of this trouble is avoided by making the interment in a public cemetery, and it seems to me that this is the best thing under the circumstances.

My sisters, Mrs. Harriet Taney, Mrs. Emily Smith and Mrs. Rowen McEwen, will also be unable to attend, although I know that they would like very much to be there.

Again thanking you for your kindly interest and efforts, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. R. SCOTT.

From a grand daughter of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 29, 1905.

Your invitation to the unveiling of a monument to my grandfather, Colonel Thomas Cox, is at hand.

In expressing my sincerest regrets at not being able to be present, I wish to say that I feel myself under obligations to the Jackson County Historical Society, and the Maquoketa Valley Pioneers' and Old Settlers' Society, for the honors to be paid to my grandfather's memory. I am the widow of Col. I. R. Dankleberger, U. S. Army (retired) and the eldest daughter of the late Joseph Stillman Mallard and Cordelia Cox Mallard. I was born in Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa, and am proud to be a native of a state where men are of such stability that they remember the virtues of a man after he has been dead 61 years.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY M. DUNKELBERGER.

From Hon. Rodney A. Smith, member of General Assembly 1868, Vice President Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers' association. Mr. Smith was one of the party who rescued the survivors of the Spirit Lake massacre in 1857.

Okoboji, Ia., June 28, 1905.

Dear Sir: Your invitation to meet with the Jackson County Historical So-

city and Pioneers' and Old Settlers' association on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thos. Cox received and I much regret that I can not comply with it. Among other things it brings vividly to my mind a bright October morning in the Fall of 1856 when on foot and alone, friendless and almost penniless, I started from Dubuque to Cedar Rapids in search of, I hardly knew what. I imagine that in those early days many another traveled the same road in the same aimless, listless way.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that you live in a community where the people feel enough interest in their pioneer history to organize and maintain a society, having for its object, the preservation of this history and its transmission to future generations. All honor to the early pioneers of Iowa, the dangers they braved, the hardships they endured, the privations they suffered and the obstacles surmounted form a chapter in the history of our noble state, both unique and interesting, and one which may well tempt the busy throng of today to drop for the time being their ordinary vocations, be they what they may, and to call up the pleasant memories of the past, to live over again in imagination the many varying vicissitudes of the pioneer days.

But pioneering as exemplified in the early history of Iowa is a thing of the past. The covered wagon known as the "prairie schooner," drawn by three or four yoke of slow plodding oxen and followed by a drove of loose cattle more or less numerous according to the means of the owner, and bearing the family and household goods of some hardy adventurer to some favored grove, lake or stream that he has seen, or of which he has heard, there to build a home and await developments, is now only a memory.

The long tedious drives by day and the jolly campfire by night around

which gathered the sturdy boys and buxom girls of the early pioneers, are but a pleasant recollection. The old order of things has passed away and with the inauguration of the new, the American pioneer is passing down and out. For near three hundred years he has occupied a prominent place in the forefront of American history. But his days are numbered. As we look away to the west, we are forcibly reminded that there is no longer an American frontier and when the frontier shall have faded away the pioneer will only live in history.

Wishing you a most interesting occasion, a most prosperous career for your Historical Society, I remain,

Yours truly,

RODNEY A. SMITH.

Member 12th G. A. 1865.

Vice Pres. Pioneer Lawmakers Association, for 11th Cong. Dist.

(Mr. Smith has been so generous as to present to the Historical Society a copy of his excellent "History of Dickinson County, Iowa," which contains a very full account of the Spirit Lake Indian massacre, and of the unparalleled sufferings of the rescuing party from Fort Dodge and Webster City. The volume has been placed among the loanable books in the Boardman Library and will well repay perusal.)

From Mrs. A. D. Robertson:

Washta, Ia., June 27, 1905

My Dear Sir: Your invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling of the monument of Hon. Thos. Cox, is received. Permit me to thank you for this invitation, and I may assure you, I greatly appreciate the honor conferred by your kindly remembrance, but which at this time, I must decline and forego the pleasure it would give me to be present and participate in the exercises of this memorable occasion.

I shall be with you in spirit, for we can do no better than to commemorate the deeds of great men, and I wish for

you all the success in connection with the celebration, that you most ardently hoped for. I have the honor to be

Very truly yours,

MRS. ALEX D. ROBERTSON,

Daughter of John S. Briggs, granddaughter Gov. Ansel Briggs.

From Hon. John Hilsinger, State Senator from Jackson county 1864 to 1866. Judge Hilsinger's legislative service antedates any other surviving ex-member from Jackson county.

Sabula, Iowa, July 3, 1905.

Dear Sirs: I received your kind invitation to be present at a meeting of the Pioneers' and Settlers' association, and the unveiling of the monument to Col. Thos. Cox, one of the ancient law-makers from Jackson county, on July 4th, 1905. at Maquoketa, Iowa, in due time, and permit me to extend you and the other members of the invitation committee and the association, my grateful thanks for the same, and I regret very much that circumstances were such that it was impossible for me to be present, but not being sure whether I could or not, I delayed answering until now.

It is a great honor to any man to have so faithfully and ably discharged his duties as a legislator, conferred upon him by the people of Jackson county, as to merit their commendation, as proposed to be expressed on July 4th, 1905, by the erection and unveiling of a monument erected to the name and honor of Col. Thomas Cox, after so many years.

I became a resident of Jackson county in July, 1858, and was elected by the good people of Jackson county to the Iowa Senate at the general election in 1863, and I served in the Iowa Senate as Senator from Jackson county in the two sessions of 1864 and 1866, and I knew I tried to discharge the duties of that honorable position, conscientiously and to the best of my ability, if not to the entire satisfaction of the people.

I feel very grateful to the people of Jackson county for the many positions

of honor and trust they have conferred upon me, unsolicited on my part, since I have been a resident of the county, for I never was a politician in the sense of seeking office.

My chief desire so far as being a citizen of the county is to conduct myself, for the few remaining years I may be permitted to live, that when the end shall come, I will merit the confidence and good will of all the good people of the county: for I do not expect and have no desire to change my residence. Jackson county and its people are good enough for me and as good as I desire for the remainder of my life.

And again thanking you and those who are associated with you in the Pioneer association for your kind invitation, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

J. HILSINGER

From Prof. L. F. Parker, professor of History in Iowa college, author of writings on Iowa history.

Grinnell, Ia., June 26th, 1905.

My Dear Sir: Thanks for the honor conferred on me by your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thos. Cox, pioneer legislator of Illinois and Iowa. It was a happy thought that blended this exercise with the celebration of our national independence.

May the wise men who founded our states be honored evermore as partners in the foundation of our nation. Iowa is more influential in the nation than Thos. Cox ever thought it would be. The nation is influencing international policies more beneficently than George Washington ever thought would be either wise or possible. Cox and Washington built state and nation more gloriously than they knew. Heirs of their brilliant, patriotic service, we shall never forget how much we owe them.

I regret that I am unable to join you actively in the local honors which you pay to Thomas Cox and to the founders of our republic on July 4th.

Yours cordially,

L. F. PARKER.

From Hon. Martin J. Wade, ex-M. C.
Second District.

Iowa City, Ia., June 21, 1905

My Dear Sir: I would be delighted to be present at the exercises, unveiling the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox on July 4th, if it were possible, but I am engaged for a lecture at the Chautauqua at Tama on that day, so that it will not be possible for me to attend.

With highest personal regards, I am,
Very truly yours,

M. J. WADE.

From Mrs. John S. Briggs, daughter-in-law of Gov. Ausel Briggs.

Omaha, Neb., June 27, 1905

My Dear Sir: I acknowledge with gratitude the kind invitation to attend the unveiling exercises of a monument to Hon. Thomas Cox.

I have deferred answering this invitation until this date hoping to secure transportation through a personal friend of my family, but who is out of the city at present.

I have always desired to visit Maquoketa and Jackson county from the fact that it was the home of my husband's family in early days and is fraught with dear memories, of which I have heard so much through him and his father. I may assure you it would have afforded me the keenest pleasure to be present at the unveiling of a monument to so distinguished and deserving a man as the Hon. Thos. C. x, but which under these conditions I must now forego. As I read of the prominent part he took in the early history of Iowa, I am led to reflect that his was an upright and well ordered life, one that constitutes in its efficiency a most eloquent persuasion to higher and better life, and as one among you, I would be permitted to pay homage, and revere his memory. I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN S. BRIGGS,
2509 Bristol St., Station A.

From Miss Eliza Moss, daughter of Hon. James K. Moss, who succeeded Col. Cox as member of the Territorial House in 1841.

Dear Sir and Friend: It is with feel-

ings of regret that owing to a condition of ill health, it will be impossible for me to meet with you and witness the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox of pioneer fame and history. As the sole representative of my dear father, James K. Moss, and as one of the now all too few visible links directly uniting the past of the real pioneer to the every day world of the present, I feel that it would be good to meet with those, who like myself, are so closely connected with both the past and the present of Iowa and Jackson county, and with them give honor where honor is due. Though I can not be with you in person, I can sympathetically join in the honor you show to the memory of the man who stands foremost in early history of our country—Jackson.

I thank the committee, of which you are chairman, generally and yourself particularly for the remembrance manifested so kindly. Very truly,

ELIZA MOSS.

Sabula, Ia., June 27 1805.

From Hon. Samuel McNutt, State Senator 1864 to 1870, member of House 1878 and 1890.

Muscataine, Ia., June 24, 1905.

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to be present at the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Hon. Thomas Cox, pioneer legislator, (Illinois 1818, Iowa 1838) on the coming 4th of July, is received, for which please accept my thanks.

Being myself one of the "Pioneer Lawmakers" of our beloved Iowa, it would give me great pleasure, now in the 80th year of my age, to be with you on that occasion, but circumstances will prevent me from being with you. I am delighted, however, to know that the good people of Jackson county are still mindful of their distinguished dead. Hoping that you will have a pleasant day for the exercises, I remain,

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL McNUTT.

House 9-17-23 Senate 10-11-1-214—G. A.

From Hon. W. J. Moir, member General Assembly 1862 and 1864, now 81 years old

Elkora, Iowa, June 22, 1865.

Dear Sir; Your kind invitation to be present during the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument in honor of Hon. Thos. Cox, is received, accept my thanks. Monuments are erected in honor of men for heroic deeds, sometimes for acts faithfully performed and sometimes for words beautifully written.

In Washington stands a monument 555 feet skyward in honor of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countryman. In one of the principal streets in Baltimore stands a monument erected in 1865 to the memory of Thomas Wilson, for charitable acts performed. And in Oak Hill cemetery was erected a monument by W. W. Corcoran, the great philanthropist, in honor of John Howard Payne, who made his name honored by all peoples throughout the civilized world, when he penned those 14 lines, "Home sweet Home, there is no place like home." Well did he deserve that beautiful epitaph carved on his monument:

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled,

To realm beyond the azure dome,

With arms outstretched God's angels said,

Welcome to Heaven's Home sweet Home."

It is sweet to be remembered. I hope you may have a very enjoyable time on our nation's natal day.

Yours respectfully,

W. J. MOIR.

From Hon. Chester C. Cole, judge of Supreme Court 1864 to 1876.

Des Moines, Ia., June 23, 1865.

Dear Sir: I have your invitation to be present at the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument of Hon. Thos. Cox on July 4th, 1865. I thank you for your invitation and re-

gret that circumstances are such as to preclude my acceptance. I should delight to be present and thereby manifest my cordial approval of those who have contributed to the monument and to the magnifying influence of its unveiling. I had not the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Cox, but I have some knowledge of his private character and public services and think they fully justify the fullest measure of honor which can be given. I sometimes think that the people of Iowa do not fully appreciate the value of the services rendered to those of future generations, by their sagacity, fidelity and integrity. Iowa stands today more exalted than some of her sister states, because of the faithfulness and integrity of its pioneers. The Iowa pioneers as law makers were really more wise in their conduct than they themselves appreciated. In their integrity, uprightness and conduct, they exercised a potent influence, and even in the discharge of their daily duties they manifested an interest and exercised an influence more potent than they knew. The many eulogies upon Iowa as a state, and its people as citizens are indeed eulogy upon the wisdom and integrity of Iowa pioneers. They deserve honor and you do well in the erection of the monument to Thomas Cox, to whom and to whose services Iowa is largely indebted.

Very truly yours,

C. C. COLE

From Hon. P. W. Crawford present Senator from Dubuque.

My Dear Sir: Please accept my hearty thanks for your esteemed invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox at Maquoketa, July 4th. I should be greatly pleased to accept, but a prior engagement for that date will prevent. The occasion would be of especial interest to me as I have a very lively personal recollection of Col. Cox, and remember, when a boy to have seen and heard him

talk several times, once at least in my father's office in Dubuque, when he gave a very graphic description of the affair at Bellevue, April 1, 1840, when Brown and seven others were killed, and of which he was a witness and took a prominent part.

The last time I ever saw him was at my uncle's (Theophilis Crawford, first state senator from Dubuque district) in New Wein township, Dubuque county, in the summer of 1842, when he was canvassing as a candidate of the Council. He staid over night at my uncle's who was then the only voter in that (New Wein) township, now densely settled. I was greatly interested in his reminiscences of his life in Illinois, and his experiences while a member of the legislature of that state.

I well remember that he also related the circumstance connected with the execution of Jackson, the first man ever hung for murder in Jackson county. He said that Jackson, having made an agreement or understanding with Sheriff Bill Warren, that the execution should be so conducted that his neck should not be broken, was firmly persuaded that he would survive the operation and be resuscitated. He consulted Col. Cox the night before the execution as to whether it would be advisable for him to remain in the county, or had better go to Texas. Unfortunately the hanging, arranged by tying a rope to the limb of a tree and driving the wagon in which Jackson was seated from under him, was fatal, and he necessarily remained in the county. Perhaps the tree is yet standing in Andrew.

I recall that Col. Cox, at the time mentioned, did not feel very sure of his election, as he was not a nominee of his party, but was running independent. Jackson county was then a part of the Dubuque district, which extended, I think, indefinitely to the British possession on the north, and the Pacific ocean on the west, but there were few

or no voters in it north of the Turkey, or west of the Wapsipinicon. The regular democratic nominees for the Council in 1842 were Francis Gehou and Hardin Nowlin, both of Dubuque county. Stephen Hempstead, second Governor of the state, was also an independent candidate. At the election, the voters of Jackson county all voted "single shot" for Cox, and he was elected and there was a tie between Hempstead and Nowlin, and Gehou was behind. At a subsequent special election, Gehou, by the help of Jackson county was elected and both Hempstead and Nowlin were left. It was said at the time that the final outcome of the election was the result of an agreement between Gehou and Col. Cox.

Though that was 63 years ago, the circumstances are still fresh in my memory and I am confident are exactly correct as I have related them.

Col. Cox was a man of strong character and a prominent specimen of the western pioneer. I trust that the unveiling of the monument to his memory will be successful and a memorable occasion. Most truly yours,

P. W. CRAWFORD

Col. Crawford in a later letter gives other very interesting reminiscences of early times in Iowa.

Dubuque, Iowa, July 1, 1905.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 28th relating to Col. Cox and inclosing clippings from the Sentinel containing some interesting sketches of him, was duly received for which I thank you.

I return the clippings herewith according to your request. In reply to your inquiry as to my knowledge of the first four territorial legislatures, I must say that I was only a boy then, and know very little personally in regard to them. I was out of the state at college from 1844 to 1849, and knew little during that period of what was doing in Iowa except in Dubuque county.

As a boy I knew Col. Andrew Bank-

son, Hardin Nowlin and Loring Wheeler, members of the first territorial assembly, well. Bankson lived on what is still called the "Bankson Prairie" near the present p. o. of Tivoli, township 89, one west. I think he also came from Southern Illinois. He was a near neighbor (as then considered) of my Uncle Theophilis Crawford, three miles distant, and I often heard him speak of his early life and of being in the Blackhawk war. He was one of the prominent settlers of Dubuque county. The last time I ever saw him was 63 years ago, Sept. 12, 1842, when he came to my uncle's house to vote at the special election, on that date, for a member of the Council, caused by the tie between Hempstead and Nowlin at the regular August election, when Cox was elected.

I was intimately acquainted in their lifetimes, with Gov. Hempstead, Hardin Nowlin, Thomas McCrany, Thomas Rogers, James Churchman, M. M. Bainbridge, (others whose names I do not recall), members of the earliest territorial legislature from Dubuque and with Philip B. Bradley and John Foley and his son John P. from Jackson, Fredrick Andross from Clayton and George Walworth from Jones.

I also knew well in their day James Watkins and Wm. A. Warren, both sheriffs of your county, F. Scarborough, Judge D. F. Sparr, John E. Goodenow, N. Butterworth, Judge Palmer, S. Burleson, and many others of Jackson county's early settlers.

I was present when Sheriff Warren bought the rope with which to hang Jackson, at Peter Wapler's store in Dubuque. I think my father, James Crawford, was the prosecuting attorney who convicted Jackson for murder committed out on Farmers Creek, in the Millsap neighborhood. In the present day he would never be convicted, or only given a short term of imprisonment, for his act was not more than a case of manslaughter and hardly that.

But I am growing irrelevant, as we old timers are prone to do when we get started on our reminiscences. During more than forty years of his life, I was intimately acquainted with Gov. Hempstead, a member of the territorial council at, I think, the 2d session, and have accounts of his experiences while serving as a member in those early days. One circumstance, I recall, which he used to relate with much gusto. The president of the council was Gen. J. B. Brown of Sac county, an old Indian fighter, in the Creek wars, under Gen. Jackson, a big, dignified old man, who sat up in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Burlington and presided with great dignity, but at times, when business in the council was dull, was apt to go to sleep. He was accustomed to talk a good deal of his experience while with Jackson in his Indian campaigns. One day during a session of the Council, while a rather protracted debate was going on, the old General fell off into a peaceful nap. Some member from Henry county, I think, was making a lengthy speech, who had a very shrill voice, and at times would elevate it to a very high key, and then lower it so as to be hardly audible. At one period of his speech he became quite excited, and raised his voice almost to a yell, at the same time bringing his fist down on his desk with great violence. This broke in on the old president's slumbers, and he suddenly, only half awake, sprang to his feet, and shouted, "Injuns by God!"

According to Hempstead's account the whole house was instantaneously convulsed with laughter and applause, and at once adjourned.

Please excuse the uncalled for length of this letter, and believe me to remain.

Most truly yours,

P. W. CRAWFORD.



Jesse Wilson, Pioneer.

The secretary of the Old Settlers' society in making up the memorial report for the last meeting, by oversight left out the name of Jesse Wilson, one of the oldest pioneers of the county, who passed away on Monday, Nov. 28, 1904. Mr. Wilson came to the Maquoketa Valley in the spring of 1839 with his brother, Anson, William and Mark Carre t, and Ira Stinson. Mr Wilson came here in his early manhood and spent a long, useful and busy life in this locality.

Early History of Canton, Iowa.

In my reminiscences of my early experiences in Iowa which began in 1850, at which time I visited Iowa for the first time. After a stay of 4 months I returned to my native home in the east. After a relapse of 4 years I turned my face westward. This time not as at first by way of Ohio and Mississippi rivers. But straight overland by R. R. landing in Rock Island, Aug. 20, 1854. It was in 1850 that I found the country sparsely settled and I often travelled 10 or 15 miles between settlements and it was the progress made in the 4 years of my absence that I will endeavor to note. The first settlers believed that the soil and climate were peculiarly adapted to the culture of wheat which at that time easily became the staple crop, which often yielded as high as 40 bushels per acre. When I crossed the Mississippi from Ill. to Iowa I found a great contrast, Illinois being a land of corn or we might say a sea of corn, often extending apparently as far as the eye could see. But as already stated, Iowa was given principally to wheat. It was after the wheat crop was in stack that I travelled from Davenport to Canton in 1850, passing through Scott, Clinton and Jackson counties, which were at that time the most thickly settled. I found the finest crop of wheat in stack I ever had the pleasure of seeing before or since. I sometimes took the trouble to

count the stacks in yards that were near the road in one of the largest I found 20 and such could be seen in every direction as far as the eye could reach. It was between 1850 and '55 that Iowa had its greatest boom, and emigrants by the hundreds were flocking in. Land that 5 years before could have been bought at government price now readily sold for 10 and fifteen dollars per acre and prosperity could be seen on every side. The village of Springfield of 1850 had changed its name to the present Maquoketa, which now exhibited all the elements of a thriving town. In fact, this was true of all the towns through which I passed on my way from Davenport to Canton. This last town being my objective point I must give more than a passing notice, which I first visited in 1850, then but a small village had now become the center of trade that drew its supplies from a territory of more than 20 miles in circuit. J. J. Tomlinson was the proprietor who founded the town and owned nearly all the town lots and also about 800 acres of the adjoining land. A saw mill with a capacity of 24,000 feet every 24 hours was never allowed to stand idle day or night. In connection with these mills there were also turning lathes of various kinds manufacturing wood into all kinds of products the market demanded, which gave constant employment to over fifty hands.

The grist mills were equally active, with a capacity of 60 barrels of flour a day which also employed four millers, 2 for day and 2 for night. These mills also gave employment to a large number of teams in carrying the products to market which was principally in Dubuque, 30 miles distant. The woolen mills here were also doing an extensive business and afforded an excellent market for all the wool grown in the adjacent counties and were operated by John Reynor & Sons. There are still many people living who will re-

member the Reynor family. But not least of Canton was the dry goods business. There were six stores, most of which kept a general stock. Among these, that of E. M. Eranks, with an \$18,000 stock takes first place. That of Jas. Smith & Bro., \$10,000. Tomlinson & Smith, \$6,000. Dawson, Brennan and Lowe with lesser stocks aggregating in all \$39,000. And so complete was the assortment that anything in the line of farming implements and other necessities, could here be found. It also created a good market for anything the farmers had to sell. Wheat, which was at that time the staple product, was extensively handled by E. M. Eranks, who at this time was operating the flouring mills and frequently had 30,000 bushels on hand at one time. Mr. Eranks also dealt in live stock and often had in his feed yards from 200 to 400 cattle and as many hogs on feed. The cattle, however, were not of the kind that feeders now use, 2 and 3 years old, but they were principally superannuated oxen and dry cows. Young steers were altogether too valuable for work and were used for breaking teams for breaking the native sod. It required from 10 to 12 oxen to make an effective team. Mr. Franks also operated a packing house of sufficient capacity to use all the porkers that the farmers marketed at this point. The packing was all done in the winter and the stock was marketed after it was dressed. The manufacture of oak shingles throughout the adjacent timber, which extended eastward for a distance of more than 20 miles, was not the least of industries that contributed to the trade of Canton. It was not uncommon to find 500,000 shingles piled up about the stores. They were taken in exchange for goods by all the merchants at an average price of \$3.25 per 1000, and resold to the prairie farmers covering a territory of at least 300 sq. miles. Coopering was also an important business that largely contributed to the trade of Canton.

Over a territory of 12 miles in length beginning at Canton and eastward there were by actual count 160 men working at the cooper trade making pork and flour barrels, for in those days flour was altogether shipped in barrels. The village of Ozark, situated three miles north of Canton, whose proprietor, J. E. Hildreth, was doing a thriving business with his flouring mills, with a capacity of 60 barrels every 24 hours and which also ran day and night, and his saw mills, together with his general store, with \$12,000 in stock, gave this little village a business second only to that of Canton. But these were the days of Canton and Ozark's greatest prosperity and glory. The large body of fine timber now began to get thin, and the Midland branch railroad was now projected and the business speedily left Canton to points along the new railroad. E. M. Franks and J. J. Tomlinson, the leading spirits, sought new locations. Mr. Franks procured several hundred acres of fine prairie land, including the site of the present Onslow. J. J. Tomlinson organized a colony of lumberman, who he took with him to the far west, where he again engaged in the lumber business. Of the early settlers of Canton there are now so far as the knowledge of the writers goes, only four left, to-wit: J. B. Alberry, Henry Wilmon, Hiram Keister and Mrs. Cecelia Belden, now a resident of Maquoketa, as also is J. B. Alberry.

LEVI WAGONER.



The Jackson County Historical Society.

The Jackson County Historical Society was organized at a meeting called by J. W. Ellis, for that purpose at his office in Maquoketa, April 25th, 1903. There were present Osceola Goodenow, P. D. Griggs, Harvey Reid, J. M. Swigart, M. T. Fleming, D. A. Fletcher, C. C. Dudley, C. M. Dunbar and James W. Ellis.

D. A. Fletcher was made chairman, and J. W. Ellis secretary, and a committee consisting of J. W. Ellis, Harvey Reid, and O. Goodenow was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws.

The next meeting was held at D. A. Fletcher's office, on the 29th of April, at which the committee presented draft of constitution and by-laws which was adopted and the following officers were elected:

President, D. A. Fletcher;
Vice President, M. T. Fleming;
Secretary and Curator, J. W. Ellis;
Treasurer, Harvey Reid.

At the last annual election held December 12th, 1904, the following officers were elected:

President, George L. Mitchell;
Vice President, Harry Littell;
Treasurer, Harvey Reid;
Secretary and Curator, Jas. W. Ellis;
With D. A. Fletcher, W. O. Gregory, James Fairbrother and Will Cundill as members executive board.

On the 20th day of June, 1905, the society filed articles of incorporation under chapter 2, title 2, of the Code of Iowa.

The society is in a flourishing condition, has a good fat treasury and is constantly growing in membership and is rapidly acquiring a valuable collection of books, letters, papers and general historical matter.

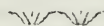


NUMBER TWO

ANNALS

—OF—

Jackson
County
Iowa



Reprinted from the Maquoketa Sentinel



Maquoketa, Iowa

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1906

ANNALS OF JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA.

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The articles herein were first set up and printed in the Jackson Sentinel newspaper, then the same type arranged in book pages and reprinted. This explains the peculiarities of make-up and sub-divisions.

Early Local History.

Interesting Meeting of Jackson County Historical Society.

PAPERS BY MRS. D. H. ANDERSON AND J. W. ELLIS.

The Jackson County Historical Society held a meeting at the library last Thursday, Jan. 25th, in the evening, to which the public where invited and which was well attended, the assembly room being crowded to its full capacity. The program prepared by the officers of the Society was well received and enthusiastically applauded.

President Mitchell addressed the audience in his usual happy vein, very ably setting forth the aims, objects and hopes of the society, and requested all who were in sympathy with the movement to enroll their names and become members of the society.

Mrs. Mary Goodenow-Anderson was next presented, who read a very interesting paper on pioneer times away back, when Maquoketa was a little frontier village. Harvey Reid in a paper showing deep research, told how Iowa City became the Territorial capital of Iowa, due to the tactics of Col. Thomas Cox, Jackson county's delegate, from which we infer that sharp political wire pulling was practiced as far back as 1838. J. W. Ellis read a sketch on the first settlement in the Forks of Maquoketa, describing the advent and locations of the Shinkle, Owens, Edwards, Pate, White and Copeland families, who came and made claims and moved into them. Dr. Charles Collins reviewed some of the bloody tragedies that were enacted in Bellevue in the early days as told by Captain Warren.

An interesting sketch of the first pioneers of Buckhorn as told by John Seeley was read by Harvey Reid in the absence of the writer.

D. A. Fletcher told of the desperate straits to which the early settlers of Maquoketa were subjected to at one time on account of a salt famine. Interesting short talks were indulged in by Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Crane and others, which created considerable amusement.

At the conclusion of the program, several new names were enrolled on the roster of the society. Curator Ellis who has devoted a large share of his time to the organization of the society, says that it is now on a safe footing with a snug sum in its treasury which will enable it to continue the publication of its annals quarterly. There are nearly 100 copies of the January Annals in the secretary's office which will be offered for sale at 25 cents each.

All contributions or communications intended for the society should be sent to the secretary, J. W. Ellis.

From Away Back.

(Written by Mrs. D. H. Anderson for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

One does not know just what to talk about at these open meetings of our society. Thoughts naturally turn back to the long ago time. Memory's well brims up and overflows with the fullness of the thought of those days. The actors who made our pioneer history are silhouetted 'gainst a luminous background. Our own life seems to have had all the dimensions—length, breadth and thickness—but the future! It seems a thread-made up of strands, some silken and shining, some somber, the blending a neutral—a gray. It should not be so. The point where life's converging vista focuses should be as a star, not shining with the brilliancy of morning or noonday light, but quite as clear and certain. Young life unhampered as was ours by restraint and ceremonious was buoyant, expensive. We were close to Nature's heart and were her children. The fashions and formalities of modern usages had not dulled our spontaniety nor caused us to enclose ourselves in shells from whence to peep thro' loopholes of vantage, or open and close as policy and propriety shall dictate.

Those first comers—our forebears—were great in fearlessness and hope. It took no small amount of grit and faith in self to turn one's back on a settled community which meant kindred friends, the protection of law, shelter and a sustenance, which, tho' sometimes meager, was sufficient for physical needs. To the woman, more especially, 'twas a case of "where ignorance is bliss"—to join hands and hearts for better or for worse, to face toward the great unknown and journey on for days and days, for weeks and weeks, then to halt with only the pregnant earth for a foothold, the great dome of the sky meeting the earth in its endless wedlock, there to lay a hearthstone, surround and cover it with rude walls and roof, and call it Home. Is it not an awesome thought? Yet it was home—and why?

A great man has written, "Wherever a true wife comes this home is ever around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow worm in the night, cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, yet home is wherever she is shed-ding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless, a woman's true place and power." She brought to the cabin the eternal feminine, gave it the touch that cannot be described yet never is mistaken, filled it with an atmosphere of inviting comfort that mere money cannot supply, and was a perpetual fountain of refreshment and renewal to the man who was, in turn, her shelter and her strength.

We have outgrown the primitive physical conditions. Are we altogether bettered? Then a letter came once in many months, postage 25 cts. It marked an epoch, set the heart thumping, was read again and again, was very precious, bro't tears and heart longings and homesickness, a slipping away, for the time, of courage and contentment. Not so now. Supply and demand are neutralized, the zest is gone. The tallow candle was a long step from the rag in grease and the first kerosene lamp! Why! I tho't the light of Heaven had burst upon us, when the chimney was slipped over the ignited wick. Now they smell and are a nuisance. The first piece of upholstered furniture, 'twas a thing apart, almost too sacred for human eyes, was swathed in antimacassers, and as for desecrating its plump fineness with a human anatomy, 'twas a thing not to be tho't of unless the minister came.

Now our homes are cluttered with draperies, carpets, luxuriant divans, stuffed with mixtures varying from curled hair to chopped up refuse and microbes by millions, on which we sit or recline, stir up and breathe in, till we pay the price of unwise indulgence and have to go travelling for our health.

"Indulgence and punishment grow on the same stem. Punishment is the fruit which unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure that conceals it."

Then we had few doctors and few deaths. We might have sometimes had a growling in our vitals but 'twas not from dyspepsia.

I wonder if all towns have had such sound beginnings. We have enlarged in many directions, our citizens have a high order of intelligence, our homes are beautiful, the most modest showing care and taste. Many small communities are divided into cliques that cause jealousies and contentions. We are singularly free from this undignified belittling state of society, the which shows narrowness and conceit. There is an intensity about all we do, a doing everything to the limit, a trait inherited from the first men who planted the first grain in this virgin western soil. While much of the fruit of this early planting is sound and sustaining, there are alas! as ever thorns and thistles and noisome weeds too. We are a people of many virtues and sad to admit of vices. The good are very, very good, and the bad are—they're horrid. Like a disease, influence never stands still. We, who stand for the old, should be caretakers for our fathers' and mothers' sakes, for conscience sake, live wholesome, temperate lives. Not only seem but be. What we are proclaims us from the housetops. Tho' we speak no word and shut ourselves behind bolts and bars, theres' a wireless telegraphy, or better said, a mental telepathy between man and man, impressions given off and taken on, strengthening or weakening a brother. Ruskin says, "There is more venom mortal inevitable in the gliding entrance of a wordless thought than in the deadliest asp of Nile." Think oh! man, Oh woman, what individual volition and responsibility mean!

The life of Marshall Field is a grand exemplification of what a high minded, conscientious character, acted upon by the exhilarating possibilities of western push and privileges, can accomplish. Mr. Yerkes died rich-rich, yet unloved, unmourned, undeserving, ostracized. Marshall Field died. He too was a money king, yet infinitely more a king among men, unostenta-

tious, honest, pure, beloved. Out of our business conditions of free competition and unlimited possibilities has grown a drunken greed for wealth. Too much liberty breeds license. Too often craft and cunning take the place of work and patience and the basic principle of our democratic government is swathed in a sepulchral robe of cloth of gold. Let us hope and believe that it is not death, only suspended animation. "Truth is mighty." The world must be growing better else creation were a failure. Finite minds cannot believe this of the infinite. Emerson says, "the world globes itself in a drop of dew." No division of matter is so small but that all created matter is represented in it. Is it wise then to underrate ourselves who are made in His image, and who are children of earthly parents who made a virtue of industry and sacrament of brotherly service. There is an unvarying ratio between privilege and responsibility. The law and the way is simple, love is the law.

There are people and places and times and things
That sing in the heart like a humming bird's wings;
While we work with our hands, honor duties each day,
All unconscious we listen to what the wings say.
"Love is living."

Oh! the sweet reaching back to the dear restful hours!
Oh! the soft folded things memories pure as white flowers!
They are always about us, let life's busy wheels fly,
Bring us weal or bring woe we hug tight our dear joy.

Now a hand clasp live over, now an eye glance so kind.
That a tear is the answer and all undefined;
A host of emotions crowd up thro' the heart,
Each a ghost of some gladness that pulse throbbings start.

What can restless ambition contribute, or what
Is the solace of riches if friends must be bought;
Give me just the old kind-loving, just the old way.
Then come fair or foul weather the humming wings say
"Love is living."



Some of the Early Pioneers of Jackson County, and Where They First Settled.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Mr. President: I am indebted to Mr. E. D. Shinkle now a resident of Maquoketa, a pioneer and the son of a pioneer for a large part of the information in relation to a group of pioneers who, if not the very first settlers in the forks of the Maquoketa, were certainly among the first, for I have been unable thus far to get any record of a settlement earlier than the spring of 1836. According to Mr. Shinkle's account, Daniel Shinkle, David and Thomas Owens, Jesse Pate, Barney White, Jones Edwards and Ben Copeland, a son-in-law of Edwards, came from their homes on Fever River near Galena, Ill., in the fall of 1835, to the forks of the Maquoketa to hunt game and bees in the then unbroken forests of the country now embraced in Farmers Creek and South Fork townships. The country pleased them so much, being similar to the country from which they originally came, Ohio, that they decided to take up claims and build homes here, and accordingly marked off claims as was the custom at that period by blazing trees around their several claims, and in the early spring of 1836 came back and built cabins and commenced moving onto the claims as fast as the cabins could be got ready, all but Shinkle moving over in 1836. Shinkle left his family near Galena until 1838, dividing his time and labor between the claim and the lead mines.

Jesse Pate located on what became by survey the southwest quarter of section 36 in Farmers Creek township on lands that have been known for 70 years as the Dr. Usher farm, and which is now owned and occupied by Joseph Jackson.

Jones Edwards located on the southeast quarter and Daniel Shinkle on the northeast quarter of the same section. Barney White located on and built a cabin on what became section 1 South Fork township now owned by Asa Struble, and Ben Copeland located on what is now part of section 31 Perry township which is now occupied by the family of the late Isaac McPeak. David Owens, grandfather of E. D. Shinkle, located on southwest quarter of section 25 Farmers Creek township which was later known as the Martin Flynn farm and still later became part of the George Cooper farm. Mr. Shinkle says that he has heard his father say that at the time they made their claims in the forks, the nearest cabin was at the foot of the long hill south of Bellevue.

The first grain raised by these settlers had to be taken to Galena to be ground and that the first mill erected west of the Mississippi was built at

Cat Fish and they patronized that until the mill on Mill Creek near Maquoketa, known as the McCloy mill, was built. Daniel Shinkle rove out shakes or clap boards to side up and shingle the McCloy mill as there was no lumber to be had at that time, and David Owens was one of the first millers at that mill. There was no elevator in then and the wheat when ground was run into the meal chest and then carried up a ladder to the bolter by the miller in a half bushel.

These first settlers experienced pretty hard times in the first years of their settlement here. One year their seed corn was poor and their corn crop a failure on that account.

On the day that Daniel Shinkle left the new settlement to go and move his family to his claim, he and six other persons had only for their dinner two small wild pigeons and four or five small potatoes. Mr. Shinkle crossed the river at Smith's Ferry above Bellevue on a small row boat railed around the sides with fence rails, and it took an entire day to get the family and stock, etc. over the river. While crossing with the cattle, a heifer jumped over the railing and it seemed for a time would be drowned, but a rope was thrown over her head and she was towed across. When the family arrived at the claim they found a log cabin made of round logs built like a pen and covered with shakes split out of trees, without any floor and the nettles and other weeds were knee high in the cabin. Mr. Shinkle says the prospect was so discouraging that his mother broke down and cried. He also says that his grandfather, David Owens, helped to build the first mill built on Farmers Creek, which was built by Hazen and Morden, and was the first miller at that mill. This mill is best known as the Greener mill.

Mr. Shinkle attended a famous Fourth of July celebration in Andrew during the county seat contest between Andrew and Bellevue, wherein the citizens of Andrew gave a free picnic dinner to the public which doubtless proved a good factor in the contest and contributed no little to the victory scored by Andrew. He was also present and witnessed the execution of Joseph Jackson for the murder of Perkins. Jackson was hanged in Andrew in July, 1842. Shinkle saw him brought down from Butterworth's tavern and placed on a box or platform on a wagon which was driven under a tree. The rope was fastened to a limb and the other end adjusted about Jackson's neck and the wagon pulled out from under him leaving him suspended in the air, the twist in the rope swinging him round and round. Jackson had been told that if his neck was not broken that the doctors would resuscitate him after he had been hanged and as the penalty would have been paid he would be free to go where he chose. Consequently he laid the weight of his body on the rope as soon as it was tied and was allowed to strangle, the sheriff not taking any chances by limiting the time.

Mr. Shinkle says the first school he attended was taught by a Miss Nancy Range, in one end of a cabin occupied by the family of Dr. Charles Usher, Miss Range being a sister of Mrs. Sherwood whose family at that time lived on what is now known as the Ellis farm in South Fork township. A daughter of Sherwoods married a Doctor Martin who at one time was well known in Maquoketa.

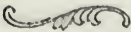
Mr. Shinkle remembers well the great excitement caused by a well that he was digging, caveing in on and killing Peter Jerman on land now owned and occupied by A. J. York in South Fork township. Few men have been permitted to note such a wonderful transformation in a country in which they spent their lives as Mr. Shinkle has. He has seen a dense unbroken forest entirely removed and in its stead beautiful towns, villages, rich farms and prosperous, happy homes.

The Shinkle and Owens families were pioneers of Illinois as well as of Iowa. Daniel Shinkle was born in Brown county, Ohio, in 1805, and when 16 years old came with his parents west to where the city of Springfield, Ill. now stands. David Owens at that time owned about 500 acres of land along the Sangamon River, and when Daniel Shinkle married Nancy Owens, her father gave her 80 acres of land on which they made a home and on which E. D. Shinkle was born and which the town of Decatur was afterwards built.

At the close of the Blackhawk War, the Owens and Shinkle families sold out their interests at Decatur and removed to the lead mines near Galena, where they remained until coming to Jackson county, Iowa, in 1835 and 1836. David Owens spent his last days with the Shinkle family and was buried in the old Parsonage burying ground on section 36 Farmers Creek township.

While I am convinced that there were no earlier settlers than the parties named above, I am aware that quite a large number of settlers came to this part of the county in 1836. Steve and Ben Esgate took up claims at that time where the Esgate schoolhouse now stands about two miles west of the Shinkle settlement, and quite a colony came to Fulton in 1836.

While I can remember very well and can still locate all the sites of the first cabins for miles around my home, I find it very difficult to learn but little of the people who built them, for the reason that the first settlers have long since passed away and their descendants have moved away. Anson H. Wilson, I believe, is the last of the old pioneers who came here in the thirties as a grown up man, but there are a few descendants of pioneers like Mr. Shinkle, Mr. Isaiah Cooley, and Rev. J. W. Said, who have a vivid recollection of real pioneer times. A large per cent of the settlers of 1836 came from the lead mines near Galena and not a few of them had participated in the Blackhawk War. Among the latter class with whom I was personally acquainted was Nathan and Jesse Said, Mr. Buchner, their brother-in-law, and old Mr. Fernish, all of whom settled in the forks of the Maquoketa.



Early Pioneers of Buckhorn and Vicinity.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Time obliterates, memory fades, and in another decade no man will live who from personal knowledge can point to the spot where the pioneers of Jackson county, Iowa, built their first cabins and hung their cranes. We find that as a matter of convenience our pioneers built as near timber, springs or streams as possible, and we can trace the sites of eight of those old, first houses along the banks of Pumpkin Run, or Burleson Creek, between the north line of section 20 South Fork township and the county line of Jackson and Clinton counties, a distance not exceeding three miles. They were nearly all built while Iowa was a territory.

The first commencing near the north line of section 20, was built by Henry Mallard who claimed and settled there in 1838. It was built of logs, one story and a loft—a short story at that, and not a very lofty loft. The door was on wooden hinges and a half window in the south side and also a half window in the north. At the west end was a fire place laid up with flat, small stones, with chimney of same material on out end of house. One reached the loft by mounting something that resembled "Jacob's Ladder," and when once up and tucked in under a blanket or a buffalo robe and sound asleep, you were just as near heaven as Jacob in his vision. This old house chinked with sticks and clay and shingled with shakes, was built on the point of a rise of land close to the north line of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29, South Fork township, and about twenty rods east of the creek bank. Henry Mallard lived in this log house over forty years when he built a new frame house just east of the old log house, and there he died after over half a century's residence on land he settled on before the country had been surveyed.

Before even this State had become Iowa territory, being yet Wisconsin territory until July the 3d of the same year, he claimed his land and settled on it. In his earlier days he has told us he was a sailor and was somewhat crippled in one foot by an anchor falling upon it. He was a middling large, portly man, very dignified and brusque, and lived upon the square. Never in all the days we knew him (nearly forty years), did we hear a word breathed against the honor of "Uncle Henry," as nearly everybody called him, even by those who were older than he. A few of the earliest settlers sometimes called him Captain, as in fact, he was entitled to be called, having held a captain's commission in Co. 3, as then designated, 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade and 3rd Division, Territorial Militia. John H. Rose of Bellevue was Colonel of the regiment. Capt. Mallard received his commission in

1839. It can be found on the Military records, and was signed by Robert Lucas, the first territorial governor of Iowa. That militia was organized because it was thought necessary to guard against possible Indian raids, and other border trouble.

We have no doubt he made a good officer, for the natural make-up of the man was such as would lead him to exact and expect discipline without being questioned. Then his faith in his ability to direct, and power to assume the responsibility of the move he thought best to make, and the decisive way he would dispose of opposition to his authority and opinions on matters over which he had control, and his natural military bearing, was of the kind of which good military officers are made. And it was unconsciously his, for he was not arrogant, overbearing or snobbish. He was a kindly man, though blunt and positive.

His wife was a woman of great intelligence and a sincere Christian worker. She also had opinions of her own, and though there never was any heartfelt discord between the couple, the positive nature of each sometimes led one to question the other's opinion. If his wife, whom everyone loved to call, Aunt Eliza, would have her opinion questioned by Uncle Henry, she was apt to say very earnestly, "Henry, I say Henry, I am right." Then Uncle Henry being weary of the discussion and a little disconcerted at the opposition to his opinion and having a way of expressing himself more forceful than religious when he would clinch a matter he considered beyond further discussion, he would assume an authoritative attitude and retort, "By God sir, Madam, you are mistaken."

During the winter of 1864 we lived with the old couple while yet they occupied their old log house, and thought it a great treat to sit of an evening by the old fireplace and listen to Uncle Henry tell of the pioneer days. 1864 seems now almost like pioneer days and there was much of the old that never will be new again. There were sometimes a red deer and millions of wild pigeons, and flocks of prairie chickens so numerous as to almost darken the sun, and quite a few wolves. There is scarcely a chicken or a timber wolf ever seen now, and never a pigeon. All are gone with the Indian and the buffalo. Even as late as when we were with them they scorned the new devices that were springing into use, such as the heating stove and fluid lamp. Aunt Eliza would light a tallow candle, or make what used to be called a "slut," with a saucer, a button, a rag and a little grease of some kind, get her work and kint at Uncle Henry's woolen socks. We would gather around the hearthstone, then Uncle Henry would fill his clay pipe with tobacco of his own raising and tell me of days twenty-five years before, and more, when he and others were enduring the hardships of building a home in the wilderness. Bands of Indians came and went, hunting, trapping and begging. Herds of deer dotted the prairies by day and nights were made hideous by the howling of packs of wolves, with the scream of the panther in the near by woods no uncommon occurrence, and tracks of bear were often visible along the soft banks of the creek and river. No grist mill nearer than Dubuque, forty miles through an unbroken forest. No postoffice or sawmill nearer than Bellevue, twenty-seven miles, as the crow flies. No

bridges, no roads in this country, and not a train of steam cars west of Philadelphia. Friends and relatives in the old far away home in reality farther away than they would be now in the heart of Africa. There were no mail cars, no postal cards, postage stamps or letter envelopes in existence. A letter from home came wrapped and sealed with wax, coming by rivers, lakes, stages and post riders. After many weeks it would reach Bellevue—or a little later the settlement of Springfield, (now Maquoketa) with twenty-five cents postage due on it which meant twenty-five times as much to those who came here before 1840, than it does to the poorest of men to-day who are able to work for present wages. Sometimes letters would have to lay for weeks in the office for the want of twenty-five cents to redeem them, while hearts were aching and souls longing for news from distant friends.

There was not a corn planter, reaper, mower, or threshing machine. The pioneer knew only the hoe, grain cradle, scythe, flail to beat out the grain, and the wind or a fanning mill to separate it from the chaff. Telephones and telegraphs, electric light, gas jets or kerosene lamps were unknown. The nearest approach to an automobile was a long sled wooden shod, and buggies, were ox-carts. A world in embryo was struggling to be born. We know not how we would live under those surroundings, not only a pioneer in a country's settlement, but a pioneer of our present civilization, but we honor those who did; they were Nature's unalloyed production.

To-day the multiplicity of inventions that have drawn men nearer to each other in communication, the centralizing of individual workers into multitudes depending one upon another to complete the machinery now necessary to life's maintenance; the more uniform system of education, and the demands of commercialism, have knocked off the sharp corners of the natural man, smoothed his personality, and to some extent, obliterated his individuality, made him much a creature of policy and of business men in general, diplomats, with much of individual action submerged in a common dependence upon a system that crystalizes custom, and is the autocrat of man's orbit.

As a rule the pioneers of this country owned what education they had to uniform system, and they were so much the product of their own architecture; so much the creators of their own resources: so close to the soil and moulded by the half savage altruistic influence of nature; so self-dependent upon and so much a law unto themselves; so free from the adhesive qualities of a system; so little bound by the chains of commercialism; so strengthened by the hardships of existence that each man was a clearly defined unit. He was a stranger to policy, and a friend to principles that were rock bound shores of independence of thought and action, and gave him a personality so clearly defined and so different one from another, that he seemed more like an especial creation to found a separate and distinct race of people. But the "Village Blacksmith" has gone and so have the earliest of the pioneers.

Henry Mallard seemed to be one who loved the old things best, for a reaper or mower never was seen on his place unless brought there by someone who had land on rent and he never used a double corn worker in his life. He tended his corn with a five tooth cultivator drawn many seasons by a

cream colored horse, he called "Dobbin." The animal seemed to be a great crony of his, for he would talk to that old horse by the hour and follow him down a corn row with all the pomp an officer of the day might assume, and command him as he might a troop at drill. It Dobbin didn't "hay foot, straw foot," to suit the captain, and got a little out of the ranks, it would be "Hey Dobbin, haw, there sir, what you doing on that corn? You know better than that, you old rascal."

Henry Mallard never adopted any religious creed that we ever knew of, except that of "good will toward all men and malice toward none." But Mrs. Mallard was a strict Baptist, not only on the seventh day, but seven days in the week. She attended the first Baptist meeting held in the Maquoketa valley region of Jackson and Clinton counties, Aug. 31st, 1842, at the house of Wm. Y. Earle, with Elder C. E. Brown (who was appointed missionary to the Forks of the Maquoketa) as minister. At that meeting, the first Baptist church organization in this country was perfected and Mrs. Mallard was one of the fifteen who enrolled themselves as members at that first meeting. The others were C. E. Brown and wife, Esquire Taylor and wife, Jason Pangborn and wife, Wm. Y. Earle and wife, Levi Decker and wife, C. M. Doolittle and wife, Mrs Mitchell and Walter Woodworth.

On account of an accident early in married life, there was no issue to perpetuate this branch of the Mallard family. An adopted daughter, Matilda, found fond foster parents in Mr. and Mrs. Mallard. After Matilda married and moved to Oregon, there was, while they both lived, an extra plate on the table at every meal. We have seen Mrs. Mallard place it there many a time, and once asked her why she did it. Her answer was, "Oh, some one might come hungry and it would save me from getting up." What a lot she left unanswered.

JOSEPH MALLARD AND FAYETTE MALLARD.

Besides Henry Mallard, there came to Jackson county in the same year, 1838, two brothers of his, Joseph S., and Fayette Mallard. The Mallard's were from New York City, where Joseph and Fayette had been in the mercantile business. Failing in business there through some stress of the times, they concluded to come to the far west. Early in 1838, we find the three Mallard brothers here in Jackson county, and active in pioneer work.

Joseph Mallard got a claim in section 29 South Fork township and built a log house on it near the west line of the forty and twenty rods north of the south line of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of said section. This house was built just south of where now runs the Maquoketa and Anamosa wagon road, nearly on the site of the present building known in the near past as the Arch Atherton house. We find Joseph Mallard was on the first grand jury of the district court of Jackson county, held at Bellevue beginning June 18th, 1838. This court was presided over by Chas. Dunn, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin territory. The other jurymen of that court were James Wood, Benjamin Hudson, Thomas Parks, Samuel Draper, James Burtis, John Stuckey, John D. Bell, Wm. Smith, J. S. Kirkpatrick, David Bates, Daniel Brown, James McCabe, W. H. Vandeventer, Chas. Harris, Webster McDowell, Wm. Phillips, Obediah

Sawtell, James Kimball, Shaderac Burleson, M. Seymore, R. G. Enoc and H. G. Hinkley. Joseph Mallard was also clerk of the second commissioners court, the board of which was elected in the fall of 1838. Joseph Mallard also was commissioned by Gov. Lucas, Captain of Company 6, 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 3rd Division Infantry of the Territorial Militia of 1839.

This country in those days was evidently quite a military region for Maquoketa prided itself on being more or less military, also George Mitchell, Jim Fairbrother and a few more raw recruits marched up Academy hill and Dave Anderson and one of Uncle John E. Goodenow's girls marched up to the Hymenial Altar—which is a darn sight steeper hill, for there the real battle begins to see whether the victory shall rest with pantaloons or petticoat. We don't know where in 1839, could be found men enough in marching distance of Buckhorn for two companies. Joseph and Henry Mallard being captains, one of Co. 3 and the other of Co. 6, same regiment; and we don't know why Buckhorn wanted so many captains. But we suppose as every other man in Kentucky was a colonel, that it was considered unpretentious for nearly every body around Buckhorn to be captain. During the Civil War—if a war can be civil—we used to be captain too. We gave mother no peace until she sewed some white rags on our blue demings jumper and overalls, when with a good broad sword made out of a lath, we led a band of bold spirits up and down wishing we could meet Jeff Davis and the whole southern Confederacy.

Through the research of Harvey Reid in the Col. Cox history, we learn that Joseph Mallard was married (we believe by the Rev. Salter) to Cordelia Cox, daughter of Col. Thomas Cox, at Richland, Iowa, May 1st, 1845, and that eight children were born to this union. Mary, who married Col. Isaac R. Dunkleberger, a retired military commander of Los Angeles, Cal. Augusta who married Benjamin C. Truman, Josephine who remained single Henry named after Captain Henry Mallard heretofore mentioned, Walter and Clarence Stillman Mallard besides two who died in infancy whose names we do not know.

Personally we know nothing of the personality of Joseph Mallard as he after eleven years residence in Jackson county emigrated in 1849 to southern California at or near Los Angeles with the Cox family and others. That was four years before I was born and I ought to be excused, having a poor memory anyway, for not remembering the personality of the man. It is said though, by those who did know him, that he like his brother Fayette, was a man of education, refinement and culture, and the fact of his being so quickly chosen to fill important public positions, bears out that version of the matter.

Since going to California, the Joseph Mallard family all became wealthy and prominent. We do not know in what year Joseph Mallard or either of his brothers died, but it was well along in old age.

Fayette Mallard, as we have before said, came here in 1838 from New York City. He claimed land in section 29 joining that of his brother Joseph, and built his first house of logs—as all the earliest settlers did. His house was built near the site of the present buildings of Walter Miller on the hill south of the east line of the Waterford cemetery, and in the north-

west quarter of the northeast quarter of section 29 South Fork township. It was there on that hill near Fayette Mallard's house, that history tells us the first American flag raised on Jackson county soil was unfurled to the breeze, July 4th, 1840, by Ans. Wilson, who bought the cloth and Thomas Wright, Jr. who painted on the stars and stripes. The cemetery, which to-day is so densely populated by our pioneers and their descendants, was a part of the Fayette Mallard claim. His sister was the first person buried therein, and his wife was, if not the second, the third or fourth person buried there. The cemetery is the northwest six acres of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 29, and was purchased for a public cemetery at a meeting held for that purpose on or about 1851. At that time about two acres was purchased by each one putting in one dollar. Thirty dollars we think, was raised which Mr. Mallard thought was too much, as he did not want any more than the actual land value at that time.

Land isn't selling around there for \$15.00 to-day.

There was a little incident connected with that meeting which perhaps we had better relate. Some transient stranger from the east attended the meeting out of curiosity, and after the rest had put in their dollar he walked up and put in one also. It created quite a bit of surprise among the settlers, who no doubt found a dollar mighty hard to get in those days, to see a total stranger chipping in equal with the rest. Their surprise was plainly discernable to the stranger who said, "Gentlemen, you need not be surprised. We are all going to need a grave yard and I have no doubt some one has bought one for me somewhere."

About 1851, or '52, Mr. Mallard sold out his farming land in section 29, and bought a small parcel in the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 20, across the road from S. Burleson's (of whom we expect to speak in another article), and built thereon quite a pretentious frame building for those days, and opened a hostelry for the traveling public. A year or so later, 1853 we think, he built a two-story frame for a store building near the east end of the tavern stand that was known as the "Waterford House." It was some time between 1851 and 1853, that Mr. Mallard began to take his beer, by marrying the widow Beer. She had two girls by the name of Lucy and Grace, and by the grace of lace they were both peaches.

Fayette Mallard kept the Waterford postoffice for many years and was known far and near as Esquire Mallard, being justice of the peace and notary public, a long while. He was a gentleman of the old school, polite, dignified and courteous to all and well liked by his fellow citizens. His family, if we remember right, consisted of two boys and six girls. Wm. and John, Henrietta who married Kinsey Karland, Anna, wife of Wm. Burleson, Elizabeth, who was Perry Moulton's wife, and Janie, who married Al Needham, all of whom were by his first wife. By his second wife there were a pair of twin girls, nick-named "Bose" and "Dod."

In 1863 Fayette left Buckhorn, or rather Waterford, and with Perry Moulton, Wm. Moulton, Wm. Denniston, Walter Woodworth and others with their families, went overland to California. The Mallards, Woodworths, and Perry Moulton and family remained there. Wm. Moulton and Denniston, after several years, returned by the way of the Isthmus and New York City.

The Buckhorn Country's Territorial Pioneers and Where They Built Their First Houses. The Wilcox Families.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Some time about 1842, John Wilcox bought a claim consisting of 160 acres, the northwest quarter of section 29, and also a twelve acre tract of Shade Burleson in the southwest quarter of section 20, and built a log house thereon. This house, which was the first house built by Wilcox in Jackson county, Iowa, was erected thirty rods east of north of where the highway crosses the creek and eleven rods east of creek and just north of where now stands what is known as the old Robert Haines house, all in southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 20 South Fork township. Later Wilcox built a large frame house and barn on his land in section 29. A part of the lumber for these buildings was sawed at a water mill on the Maquoketa river, and a part hauled from Lyons by team. They were built some time about 1855 and are apparently as good as ever after fifty years and are owned by J. E. Shirk.

Wilcox came to Iowa in 1840 and first settled in South Grove just over the line in Clinton county. He came from Canada—he and his wife—by team, leaving there February 16th, and arriving here March 28th being thirty-five days on the road. He was a native of Montgomery county, New York, where he spent the first 18 years of his life, dating from April 26th, 1808, when he was born. Mrs. Wilcox also was a native of York State, having been born at Plattsburg. Her maiden name was Maria Caswell.

Mr. Wilcox was not a man to take any very active part in public affairs, though he had been town trustee, school director and for a while postmaster, and for many years deacon of the Baptist church here. He and his wife were life long and steadfast disciples of that faith. During revivals Mrs. Wilcox seemed to be a willing slave for from two to six preachers, as the Wilcox home was always headquarters for the cloth of the Baptist denomination. Aunt Maria would trot trot looking after every little detail for their comfort and some of them not half so old as she, (or half so religious either and looked as though they had pastured on clover during the summer and been corn fed in the fall), seemed very willing to let her. Hudson, one of the Wilcox boys, said he always liked to have the preachers come, for Ma always had so many good preserves then.

John Wilcox was below the average man in height, and slow but methodical, industrious and being nearly always at work accomplished much.

His honesty and his word never was questioned and his paper for any reasonable amount was giltedge. (He never was known to put out any unreasonable amount.) He was a temperance man of the strictest kind, never using either liquor or tobacco in any form and never was guilty of what Roosevelt would call "Race Suicide," having born to him eight children—five boys and three girls. Hudson, Warren, Columbus, Ferdinand and Leonard, his last boy died in infancy. The girls were Sarah, who married Wm. Moulton, Mary, wife of Geo. Frank, and Lenora, who married Horace Delano. The Wilcox geneological tree had many branches, all more or less fruitful, and was transplanted into this country before the American Revolution, and was rooted deep in patriotism. Politically John Wilcox was a republican and strong abolitionist, as was all of his brothers.

If blood tells, they couldn't have been otherwise than imbued with a love of human liberty for it is claimed that among their ancestors there was revolutionary stock, and we learn from the historical researches of Harvey Reid, (a painstaking local historian), that the father of John Wilcox, Ebenezer Wilcox was in the Canadian revolt under Wm. Lezon Mackensie, 1837 and 1838, against the British government. After Mackensie's defeat near Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1837, Ebenezer Wilcox was taken prisoner and kept in prison for ten months when he was pardoned, after which he came to the States with his family and headed for the Black Hawk purchase in Iowa, and in 1839 (a year previous to the coming of his son John of this sketch) settled on land in section 23 Monmouth township, Jackson county, and built a log house on a rise of land close to the south bank of Bear Creek at a point in the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of said section and township, and spent his remaining days there in as beautiful a natural location as Iowa can furnish. His house overlooked the clear rippling waters of Bear Creek that came down from the southwest and led away to the northeast with its banks timber fringed with scattering stately old oaks and elms and its bottom land a shady natural pasture that in early days was a satisfying retreat for the red deer and elk.

He, Ebenezer Wilcox was born in Glenn, Montgomery county, New York, March 13th, 1786, and died June 7th, 1855, where he settled in Iowa sixteen years before. He, like his son John, was of the Baptist faith and the father of quite a large family several of whom were nearly life long citizens of Jackson county, Iowa. Those of his children who lived to be old and died here were John, of which much has already been said, and William who was nearly a life long resident of Mill Rock, owning a farm near there and for many years proprietor of a general store there and postmaster and justice of the peace. Also Abner, who many years owned and lived on the farm joining his father's on the south, until he sold out to his son, Noble, and moved to Baldwin where he died and where now lives his widow whose maiden name was Lydia Chandler, daughter of Gen. Samuel Chandler, who was one of three—Col. James Morreau and Benjamin Waite being the others—who led an invasion of Canada by a force organized in America in 1833 and was made prisoner and sentenced to be hung, but had his sentence commuted to banishment on Van Diemon's land but escaped after four years by the help of a brother mason who was the master of a Yankee vessel, and

in 1843 came with his family to Jackson county, Iowa., There were nine children in Ebenezer Wilcox's family. It will be noticed the Wilcox's were all here in territorial days.

It is not our intent to write so fully of the Wilcox family to eulogize them members of one particular house as it is to illustrate the type of men who first peopled this country. Nearly all of them were men of force and iron wills or, they would not have been here hewing houses out of a wilderness that was only known to most men of the east as a spot on the map nearly a thousand miles toward the setting sun and beyond bridgeless streams dense forests almost bottomless sloughs and unbroken almost trackless prairies, still the home of wild beasts and no stranger to roving bands of Indians. It must be born in mind those who came here to settle before Iowa become a state came before the age of steam and steel and nearly all of the modern inventions that has made settlement comparatively a picnic, had scarcely begun. Once in a while a steamboat that traversed the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was the only link between the frontier and the older civilization of the east and the south. Lo, now, after sixty years of statehood here centers an agricultural empire that is Godfather to the east, nurse to the south and granary for the whole world.

When John Wilcox came here in 1840, he came poor as nearly all the early settlers came, and endured his share of the hardships incidental to pioneering in those days. Although the country had already began to take on life and there was some grain and other produce to be had necessity did not compel him to live at first by the chase as was the case of those who came as early as 1836 and 1837. In the first several years of his settlement he hauled dressed hogs to Galena about sixty miles and has sold them as low as one dollar the cwt., and taken his pay in trade. He, for some time, went to Cascade to mill, twenty-five miles distant. For many years he, like all the early settlers, hauled grain to points on the Mississippi and hauled pine lumber and many necessities home. A round trip consumed three days, weather and all things favorable.

For over thirty years after Iowa first began to be settled there was no law in Jackson county to restrain stock, except hogs and sheep, from running at large and all tilled land had to be fenced. There was no wire fence then and during the first few years of settlement no board fences, the only kind of fence the earliest settlers knew of was fences made from rails split from logs and laid up worm fashion with a stone under each corner and staked and ridered. As it took a log ten feet long by about two feet through to furnish rails and stakes for one rod of fence one can gain a faint idea of the amount of timber and work it took to fence even forty acres of land. As the settlers first house and fences all had to be the hand wrought product of the forest, we can understand why our pioneers could not exist far from timber. And as all well water for stock and house use had to be lifted by rope and bucket we can see why near springs and streams were favorite places of settlement.

When we take into consideration all the inconveniences and the lack of nearly all the useful and labor saving inventions of later days, we begin to know what manner of men the pioneers of this country must have been.

Though John Wilcox, like most of our early settlers, came here with scarcely a dollar and never was a speculator in any sense of the word, but what he had he wrought out by hard labor, had as early as 1855 his farm well fenced and nearly all under cultivation and a house and barn erected that would do credit as ordinary farm buildings to any age or stage of civilization. About the same time several others of our early settlers including Burleson, Pence, Finton and Haven's had substantial frame buildings erected, all of which yet stand fit monuments to the architects of other days who took the lumber rough from the saw and hand planed all necessary to be dressed, and made by hand all mouldings, rabbet and panel work. Some of the joist in the S. Burleson house was worked out with a whip saw.

When we compare the finish on some of those early houses built in the early fifties (like the old Eddy house in Maquoketa for instance) with many of later build severely plain—even unto meanness—it gives one a profound respect for those who wrought by hand so well in other days. As we have the record of three generations of Wilcoxs' before the John Wilcox of this narrative to show how much of the spirit of Roosevelt they possessed, and for the benefit of any who in the future cares to know, we will record it here.

John Wilcox, Sr. was born in Connecticut, April 15th, 1732, and married Anna Stephens who was born Jan. 6th, 1734. They begot Ebenezer Wilcox born June 5th, 1760; John Jr. born Jan. 12, 1762; James born Feb. 18, 1764; Wm. born Feb. 18, 1766; Anna born March 17, 1768; David, born Jan. 18, 1770; Levi born Dec. 17th, 1772; Amy born Feb. 28th, 1774; and Dinah born March 14th, 1776.

John Wilcox, Jr. born Jan. 12th, 1762, married Lois Anger born Feb. 17th, 1758, and their issue was Ebenezer, born March 13, 1786. Elizabeth born March 19, 1788; David born Dec. 23, 1790; Anna born Oct. 19, 1794; Prudence born Aug. 1, 1796; Lois born April 5, 1798; and Mary born Jan. 21, 1800.

Ebenezer, son of John Wilcox, Jr., was born March 13, 1786, and married Jael Hanchet, who was born Sept. 30, 1790. Their offbears were John Wilcox III, born April 26, 1808; Anna E. born Aug. 24, 1809; David H. born Feb. 2, 1811; Maria born June 10, 1813; Nelson born July 8, 1815; Harmon S. born Dec. 16, 1817; Abner T. born July 16th, 1820; William born Oct. 7, 1823; and Ebenezer Jr. born Nov. 15, 1829. As there was a child born into these three Wilcox generations on an average of one in about two years, and there were eight in the family of John Wilcox III of the fourth generation, it will be readily seen that the Wilcox's were race propagators and the Wilcox geneological tree was quite a thicket.



A Brief History of the Life and Military Services of Captain Andrew William Drips.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

In preparing a sketch of the life of Captain Drips, a pioneer of Iowa and a hero of two wars, we find material for much more space than we would be justified in claiming in our little booklet that our limited means permits us to publish. We are indebted to Mrs. M. A. Knight, wife of A. W. Drips, for an account of the antecedents and early history of the Captain and are particularly indebted to Harvey Reid and his wonderful military scrap book from which we have been permitted to copy from letters written by members of Captain Drips company, showing their estimate of their gallant captain. The letters referred to were written to be read at a public meeting in Maquoketa, March 7th, 1887, wherein the exercises were commemorative of the 25th anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, where Drips was killed. The principal feature of the exercises was the presentation of the swords of Captains Drips and Kelsey to the Grand Army Post in Maquoketa.

Andrew William Drips was born in Laughlinstown, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, March 4th, 1826. His father was William Drips, a Pennsylvanian of Irish descent. His mother was Martha Clark, a Pennsylvanian of Scotch descent. They resided in Westmoreland county until 1850, when they came west and settled in Garnaville township, Clayton county, Iowa. The father died at National, in an adjoining township, on the 18th of March, 1881, in the 92nd year of his age. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812 in which he did a gallant and meritorious service. The mother, Martha, died April 12th, 1874, in the 82nd year of her age. She was intelligent and learned, a lady of culture and refinement, a great reader, readily grasping the most difficult problems, hence a partner with that force and character which served her advantageously in shaping the lives and character of those committed to her care. Both were active and earnest Christians, the mother devoutly so in the administration of all the duties of life.

The children of William and Martha Drips were five sons and six daughters, all of whom lived to manhood and womanhood, save one, James, who died in early youth. Robert C. died in Garnaville, Iowa, in 1856, at the age of 34 years. The surviving sons, Thomas, Andrew, Joseph and John, (the latter an adopted son), were in the Union army. Corporal John F. was a member of Co. A 9th Iowa, and died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., in the fall of 1862; Thomas was captain of Co. E, 27th Iowa, and died at Clayton, Iowa, from disease contracted in the service soon after the close of

the war; Joseph H. survives, residing at Malone, Iowa, though nearly blind from his severe service as a member of the 6th Iowa Cavalry.

Andrew, the subject of this sketch, was educated and trained under the guidance of his mother in the common schools in Westmoreland county, Pa. At the age of sixteen he became apprenticed to O. A. Traugh, publisher of the Hollidaysburg (Blair Co., Pa.,) Standard, to learn the art of printing, and with whom he remained until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico, when he joined Capt. Dana's company, but on the arrival at Pittsburg, on account of ill health was rejected. Nothing daunting, however, he joined Capt. John W. Greary's Company B, 2nd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, from Cambria county, in which he was accepted and mustered into the service. He served with honor and distinction to the close of the war. Was wounded in the thigh, receiving a flesh wound, in the charge upon the castle in the battle of Chapultepec, Sept. 12th, 1847, and laid in the hospital about six months.

With the close of hostilities he returned to Hollidaysburg, Pa., having been mustered out of the service at Pittsburg in the fall of 1848, and again entered the printing office where his apprenticeship began. Here he remained until the winter of 1851, when he obtained a situation with the State Printer at Harrisburg. He had learned phonography during his apprenticeship, and during the session of the Pennsylvania legislature he reported the proceedings of the lower house for the daily press, taking it down in shorthand and copying during the evening. In this art he was an expert and the year of his stay in Harrisburg furnished him ample opportunity to improve upon his knowledge in the use of phonographic characters and signs.

He was easy in military tactics and long before the Mexican war organized and commanded the Hollidaysburg Cadets, a company of young men about his own age. We believe that E. W. H. Jacobs, now residing at McGregor, and brother of the captain's wife, was one of the cadets. From 1849 to 1852 Capt. Drips commanded the Hollidaysburg Guards, a company that enjoyed a high distinction in those days of general training.

March 21st, 1850, Mr. Drips was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Ann Jacobs, at Hollidaysburg, Penn. Her parents were Alexander Jacobs and Dorcus Van Devander. The father died Oct. 21st, 1852, the mother preceeding him to the grave March 12th, 1841. The father was of English descent, a pensioner of the war of 1812. The mother was of Holland descent, a lady of rare attainments, a mind rich in knowledge, a soul imbued with devotions to every Christian principle.

Andrew and Margaret came west in April, 1852, and settled in Garnaville township, where Mr. Drips was employed as a copyist in the county recorder's office, the county seat of Clayton county being then at Garnaville. Jan. 28th, 1853, N. S. Granger established the Clayton County Herald, and Mr. Drips was employed as its publisher, in which capacity he served until Aug. 18th, 1854, when he succeeded to the proprietorship of the paper, and continued to publish the Herald until in 1856 when the county seat was removed to Guttenberg, and he packed his bit of printing and followed. Here he remained for two years in the publication of the Herald, when bet-

ter opportunities presented themselves, and he sold out to McBride & Co., and took up his residence at Maquoketa, in Jackson county, where he obtained an interest in the Maquoketa Excelsior. With this paper he remained until the date of his enlistment into the service of the United States. in answer to the call for 300,000. He was also postmaster at Maquoketa, and upon his entering the military service of the government, he was succeeded by his wife who conducted the office until October, 1864.

Naturally, one of his temperament—with an intense admiration for the principles on which the government was founded, and who, from early boyhood, had been schooled to the enjoyment of a perfect freedom, and the advancement of the human race, entertaining the most pronounced opinions upon the slavery question, then agitating the country, and the primary cause of the rebellion's inaugurated by the seceding states south of the Mason and Dixon line—would be about the first to respond to his country's call. He was true to the instincts of true patriotism, and upon the call of the President immediately took steps for the organization of a company in which he was quite successful, but having failed to secure enlistments into the company to the full maximum number it was not until August 20th, 1861, that his company was accepted. In the choice of officers he was elected captain, and when on a later day he reported at the rendezvous at Dubuque, his company was assigned as A Company of the 9th Iowa Volunteers. The following is the roster:

OFFICERS.

Captain.....A. W. Drips.
First Lieutenant.....Florello M. Kelsey.
Second Lieutenant.....Alpheus Alexander.

PRIVATES.

Phillip A. Miller	A. B. Kendig, Chaplain
Thomas J. Cornell	George Trout
Joseph Ingraham	George M. Bump
John S. McGaffer	Elmer Stephens musician
Dennis O. Kelly	Benj. F. Darling, Jr.
G. O. Tinker, musician	H. H. P. Millhausen
R. Smith Delano	John S. Billups
Frederick Cogswell	Jesse Updegraff
L. L. Martin	Franklin D. Taylor
Chas. H. Lyman	Daniel Tubbs
Otis Crawford	Oscar Kraft
Stephen R. Martin	George C. Pearce
Jacob Country	Sydney H. Fuller
Wm. Brock	Ira Fisher
Sam'l McComb	Henry F. Spear
W. H. Livingston	Ormus D. Bancroft
Fred J. DeGrush	Asher Riley
John W. McMeans	John W. Alexander
George W. Little	Hiram Coleman
Alex. Van Orsdel	Whitman Robinson
Willit R. Wait	William H. Hopkins

Samuel D. Townsend
 Edwin Darling
 Francis N. Rhoades
 Wm. H. H. Guist
 Edward A. Tolman
 Oliver Beckwith
 J. W. Esty
 Wm. S. Seward
 F. Reyner, musician
 Peter Miller, Jr.
 Henry H. Shepard
 Silas Harcourt
 J. H. Guenther
 Henry C. Sanborn
 Thomas Gray
 James McNally
 Aaron Seeber
 David B. Patterson
 John Wicking
 Joshua Grindrod
 Leveret W. Usher
 Henry A. Grote
 W. S. Van Orsdel
 Samuel Beckwith
 Thomas Grout
 Wm. M. Thompson
 James B. Holloway
 John B. Spelman
 John Adams

H. A. Ramsey
 Lucius Bennett
 Joseph A. Davis
 John Markle
 Menzo Sweet
 W. H. O. Manow
 S. F. Gordon, musician
 Jonathan D. Hodge
 Addison W. Barnes
 Floyd W. Foster
 James B. Eby
 Geo. A. Whiting
 Henry L. Klinger
 Samuel S. Scott
 James S. Hamilton
 Henry Brown
 Josiah Brown
 Levi L. Pearce
 John F. Drips
 Warren Spaulding
 Andrew H. Brown
 Henry C. Cleveland
 John H. Green
 Edwin G. Cutler
 Alfred M. Norton
 Francis P. Norton
 Sylvester D. Brown
 Ira Downey
 Charles C. Young

List of men rejected by the mustering officer Sept. 2nd, 1861, at Du-
 buque:

Dennis C. Kelly
 Daniel Tubbs
 Sydney Fuller
 Stephen Gordon
 Silas Harcourt

Francis Parnell
 J. W. Estey
 F. N. Rhodes
 Aaron Leebur
 Henry C. Cleaveland

Additional enlistments in Company A were as follows:

N. C. White
 Marcus Reyner
 Austin Alexander
 Andrew McMeans

Phineas Tompkins
 William Trout
 Samuel Dickmson
 Robert Thompson

John H. Crane

William Trout pays the following tribute to his old commander, in a let-
 ter written in 1887 to be read at a meeting held in Maquoketa on the 25th
 anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge.

It was at Pea Ridge our loved Captain Drips gave up his life. It was

a sad time and as I think it all over it makes me feel sad. But such was the fate of many a brave man. Of Captain Drips I would say farther, he was always with us, never shirking a duty, ever kind and tender, and above all just in dealing with all. I remember when we were camped at Pacific, Missouri, his treatment of disloyal Missourians. He had a piercing eye which could look a rebel through and through. I have heard him talk to them in such a way they would crouch at his feet and beg for mercy. He always gave them one chance for their lives, but when brought before him the second time would send them to—well, I do not know where, I did not go with them. I might speak of several such instances but forbear; the past is in the past, and many of the rebels South are under the sod, their souls in heaven I hope (with the exception of a dozen or so.)

Had Capt. Drips lived he would have been Colonel of the Regiment, as he had so endeared himself to the hearts of us all, that no honor was too great to be conferred upon him. Of Lieut. Kelsey I can speak in the highest terms of praise. He was always daring, brave and a good disciplinarian, not as cautious and as calculating as was Capt. Drips perhaps, but always ready, always to the front in time of danger. He was a man of refined, cleanly habits, and at first thought by some to be putting on style, being neat and careful in his appearance. He compelled those under him to observe the same rules, which caused no little inconvenience, but as we learned to know him we respected him more; he set a good example and was liked by all.

The following is taken from a letter written by George Trout of Wamego, Kansas, in 1887:

My recollections of Capt. Drips was that he was a strict disciplinarian, always in earnest, but kind to those who did their duty. Personally I never had any trouble with either of them. Capt. Kelsey I think was more of a military man. While he demanded strict discipline, he was quite jovial and on that account was perhaps more popular with the boys, but both were good men and had the respect not only of Co. A, but the officers and men of the whole regiment knew them, and regarded both of them as above the average commissioned officer.

The march from Rolla, Missouri, to Pea Ridge, was a tedious one. It was in the spring time when rain and mud were plentiful. There is no mud on earth so sticky as Missouri mud. The streams were so swollen that in some cases we had to make bridges of army wagons for the infantry, which was done by loading the wagons with rock and placing them near enough so that the soldiers could pass from one to the other. In many cases the horses had to swim and the artillery went clear out of sight. It was soon after one of these scenes that one of our company deserted, I think the only one during the war—Josiah Brown. I hardly blame the fellow for the boys were always picking on him, and I think that was more the cause of his deserting than the hardships of soldiering. He, at least, has my forgiveness. Quite a number of our fellows deserved to be bucked and gagged for their meanness to others. They would get some rig or joke up on some one and keep it up until the fellow would be tempted to do something desperate.

About the first of March, 1862, we came near the vicinity of Pea Ridge.

Arkansas, and on account of the many and good natural positions, I suppose the enemy chose this place for their battle ground. Their troops were all made up from this portion of the country, and they must have known all about the ground. They drew us on and considerable beyond the final battle ground, then by a quick and stealthy movement got in our rear, cutting us off from any retreat in that direction. In fact, they had us cornered for a fight and fight we had to. On the 7th of March everything was in readiness and we went for each other. As far as I know we were the attacking party in every instance and rather got the worst of it. Our brigade took a position a little east of the old Elkhorn tavern. I shall never forget what a feeling came over me when the firing began. I remember we had some trouble getting into position, when we finally got into line of battle we were right in front of a masked battery. The ground was covered with small gravel. The rebels depressed their guns, and the grape and cannister would strike the ground before reaching us, and sweep up gravel which as often struck our boys as the shot. It was there where Bancroft was killed. I think a grape shot killed him. Quite a number of our fellows got hurt while in that position. The groaning of the wounded frightened me more than the excitement of battle.

Our position being such that the rebels had to cross fire on us, and immediately in front of their battery, we were ordered to move a short distance to the left, which brought us immediately in front of their line of battle. The whole regiment began firing and the battle raged all along the line. We were almost within stone throw of each other, and we stood there loading firing as fast as we could. I think it was while in this position that Capt. Drips received his death wound. I remember seeing him sword in one hand and pistol in the other urging the men to stand firm and do their duty. After I had fired about 15 rounds I received a buckshot through the right hand, they fired ball and buck. The large ball struck my cartridge box on the end, flattening somewhat three minnie balls in the lower tier. I was just in the act of taking out a cartridge, and of course it paralyzed my hand so I could not load any more. I began to look around to see if I could get back with out getting struck. I started and had gone only a few steps when I met a fellow of our regiment with a ball in his foot. Of course it was a painful wound and he begged me to help him off. I took his musket and with my own about my neck, slung them on my shoulder by the straps, then asked him to put his arms about my neck and with my wounded hand supported him the best I could, and we started for the rear. I have often wondered how we escaped, the air seemed full of whistling bullets. When we got near the Elkhorn, the rebels were just appropriating for their own use a portion of our best batteries. I think it was Hayden's. They got three of the guns and turned them on us. We came very near being killed by some of our cannon in the hands of the enemy. We finally got out of range and back to timber, where the surgeons were taking care of the wounded. And what an awful time it was. Amputations were taking place, probing for balls, and temporary binding up of all kinds of wounds to stop the blood. Men came or were brought in ambulances shot in all parts of the body, frequently a portion of them would be dead when they arrived having

died on the way. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. I nearly forgot that I was wounded myself. My hand began to swell and I really did not know how bad I was hurt. I made several attempts to have a surgeon examine it but they seemed so busy that it was some time before I got one to look at it. He took a probe, run it clear through the wound, and with an oath informed me that I was not injured much, but made more fuss than some of the fellows that had an arm or leg off. I took care of my wound after that without the counsel of an army surgeon.

It was beginning to get dusk and I wandered about to see where I could put in the night at best advantage. I noticed an old house near by and thought perhaps I could crawl in there. The first thing that attracted my attention was an officer lying on the porch and a surgeon stooping over him probing a wound received a little to the side of the sword buckle, and immediately below the belt. To my horror and surprise I discovered it was my captain. I stood transfixed a few moments and the agony and suffering were too much for me and I turned away. That was the last I ever saw of Capt. Drips, I do not even know what became of the body. I was present when the dead of our Company were buried. There was a long trench made near where I was wounded and where I suppose Capt. Drips fell, but I do not remember of seeing him among the number.

The next morning I took the captain's pony and rode to the front to see the fight. I got a good position in the main road and in line of the artillery. Sigel was getting in position to shell the rebels. The infantry took position immediately behind the artillery. The guns were elevated high enough so the infantry could move in front and across an open field. On an opposite side were posted the rebels. The terrific effect of our shot and shell partially demoralized them. Then came the time for the infantry men to move, away across the field our infantry went with a shout that could be heard above the thundering of some sixty cannon, belching forth at the same time. The rebels could not stand the storm and away they went which ended the battle of Pea Ridge.

I was informed that quite a number of our company were wounded and began at once to hunt them up. My chum and messmate, Charlie Young, was the first I discovered. He had been shot through both legs and was in the act of crawling away, when some brave rebel emptied a load of buckshot into his pistol pocket, a part of the contents he carries to this day. He had been with the rebels all night lying with dead and wounded all night on the floor of the Elkhorn tavern. He was very glad to see me and I was very glad to see him. I tried to have him ride my horse but on account of his wounds he could not. I soon found others of the company and it did seem as if every one was hurt somewhere. It was indeed a sorry sight.

There are some of Company A in your midst who could give you a mere interesting account of the whole affair. This communication is already too long and in a few words will say when and where I last saw Capt. Kelsey. Of course you all know Capt. Kelsey received a very bad wound in the same battle and went home. He came to us at Vicksburg and led our company in that terrible charge on the 22nd of May. I remember him with uplifted sword as he called us to follow him. It took but a few minutes to get to

the breastworks. Only a few of us got onto the works. They poured a most murderous volley into us just as we reached the slope of the works, killing one hundred and eleven of our regiment, then numbering not more than three hundred and fifty men in line, a great many more were wounded. That was the last I saw of Capt. Kelsey and I was told afterwards that he received a ball in the same old wound that had not healed up, and I remember he was limping at the time. He died blessing the rebels and did not seem to fear death.

The following is clipped from an article read by Sergeant F. J. De Grush at a public meeting held in Maquoketa, March 7th, 1887, at which the swords of Captains Drips and Kelsey were presented to the Grand Army Post of Maquoketa, which was named for Captain A. W. Drips:

Capt. A. W. Drips was the life of his regiment. His experience in the Mexican War, his patriotism, his desire to do his whole duty, and his bravery made him a leader in the councils of staff and line. I remember two instances which eulogize the wearer of that sword equal to hours of praise or pages of paper. At Lebanon, Mo., while in camp for the night and some danger existing of a sudden attack, Capt. Drips called on Col. Vandever and though up all night the night before and tired from the hard day's march his salutation was "Colonel, anything I can do?" Twenty miles west of Wilson's Creek, Mo., while chasing old Pap Prince was the first time Company A was ever drawn up in line of battle. Capt. Drips remarks to us that morning came from the bottom of his noble heart: "Boys, the General commanding has assigned to this company a post of honor. We are the advance of the whole army and much depends on us. If we waver and run there is great danger of its demoralizing the whole command. Be cautious, be cool, but shrink no duty and hold our position at any and all cost."

The last time I saw that sword was on the 22nd of May at Vicksburg during that terrible charge, where the 9th had 112 killed and wounded. Capt. Kelsey was acting as major and his position was with the colors, in the center of the regiment. He fell about the same time as color bearer, Otis Crawford, who it will be remembered by the boys, tore the flag from its staff and secreted it in his bosom, thinking the rebels would not find it on his dead body. Adjutant Granger told me where the Captain lay and taking a stretcher and three men we went over the field and found him. That belt was around the same leg that was wounded at Pea Ridge, the fatal ball having gone through the old wound at right angles, and the condition of the bone showed me that Capt. Kelsey's time was short. The cowardly Rebs. fired at us as we were coming down the hill with the stretcher and shot one of the boys who was assisting me. At the foot of the hill when out of danger, I bade the good man good-bye and turned my attention to others of the wounded. Next sunrise brought the news from the hospital that our gallant captain was mustered out.

The McMeans family will never forget Vicksburg. Andrew was shot and instantly killed and ten minutes after Wilbur was wounded, and we thought mortally. When the sad news came home funeral services were held at Andrew, and while the afflicted parents were returning from church a bolt of lightning killed the father. While preparing for this occasion I have been shown an extract of one of John F. Drips letters to the captain's wife, written at Polk plantation near Helena, Ark., in which he says: "We still read the company paper weekly. We have commenced in it a history of Company A, including a biography of Captain Drips. It is the calculation, if enough of us live to carry it out, to have the history published in fine book form, and out of the remains of the sale remove the remains of the Captain and boys at Pea Ridge, to Iowa and erect a monument. Whether we will live to carry it out or not is more than we can tell. I will enclose some verses Sergeant DeGrush wrote for the Greyhound, a couple of weeks since. Noble hearted John! Death has called home most of the contributors of that Greyhound, and you among the rest lie in the Hospital graveyard at Memphis, Tenn. If the audience will pardon me I will read the verses sent to Mrs. Drips, as some of the boys present tonight may like to hear them.

On Rocky cliffs, in rebel land,
Where naught but forests grow,
There came a fierce and warlike band
With cautious tread and slow.

With savage eye and darkened brow
Proclaiming well their hate;
They aimed the deadly cannons prow,
Nor thought to find its mate.

But see! There comes a chosen few
In Union's proud array,
Whose trust in God full well they knew,
Would help them win the day.

The carnage opens and the hail
Falls thick and fast around;
And o'er their heads the bomb shells sail,
Or bursting shake the ground.

Among the foremost in the fight
Was he who led our clan;
Who called us on to show our might,
Nor flinch a single man.

The first he to raise his voice
Against the Southern mob;
Who seemed to show it as their choice
To murder and to rob.

But ah! A deadly musket ball
Must pierce his manly breast,
And with a kind farewell to all
He sought the soldier's rest.

Tell wife I bless her as I die,
Was last our Captain said;
And soon his noble form did lie
Inanimate and dead.

And now when martial notes do start
Our blood to finger tips,
We don't forget 'twas sad to part
With the hero Captain Drips.



Col. J. W. Jenkins, a Soldier and Pioneer.

(Written by Harvey Reid for the Jackson County Veteran Association.)

When the great calls for help to the armies came in the summer of 1865, Jackson county as a part of the loyal North, was thrown into a great ferment of patriotic ardor and excitement and her young men thronged to the recruiting stations in droves. The first companies that filled, one in the southeast corner of the county and the other in the west, became A and I of the Twenty-fourth. Then the Clinton county 26th drew into its ranks almost an entire company (B) and several detached squads from Jackson county. But another company in Maquoketa, one in Andrew and one in Bellevue were also soon ready and were all assigned to the 31st as F, I and K of that regiment. Three companies from one county in a regiment seemed in justice to demand that one, at least, of its field officers should be from that county. Gov. Kirkwood promptly recognized that demand and was not long in choosing a man whose quality and attainments conspicuously pointed him out as fit for high command. He commissioned Hon. Jeremiah W. Jenkins, a prominent lawyer of Maquoketa, recently state senator from Jackson county, Lieutenant Colonel of the 31st Iowa Infantry, under date of Sept. 16, 1862.

Colonel Jenkins was born in Warren county, New York, in 1825, was graduated in a state normal school and had then studied law and been admitted to the bar in his native state. About 1850 or 1851, he followed to Iowa two uncles, Alex and Jed H. Jenkins, who had become farmers near Maquoketa. Soon after the admission of Iowa as a state—about 1847-48—a project was approved by the new legislature to establish three state normal schools, one at Mt. Pleasant, one at Oskaloosa, and one at Andrew, Jackson county. It was required that each locality provide the necessary building without expense to the state. A small one story concrete building was erected at Andrew (it was afterwards used as a blacksmith shop but has been demolished) and the school ran for several years, but the promised state aid proved insufficient support and it was abandoned.

To the charge of this school young Jerry Jenkins was called soon after his arrival in the county. I have not been able to ascertain exact dates, but he was teaching there in 1853, and that was not his first year. As early as 1855, however, we find him established in law practice in Maquoketa, and he soon won the reputation of being the leading practitioner there. He had also become an active politician, affiliating with the Whig party. In 1852 he received, at the hands of the state convention of his party, the nomination for secretary of state and the voting that year was so close be-

tween the parties that for some days he was reported as elected. The successful democratic candidate was George W. McCrary, afterwards member of Congress, (1869 to 1877) from Keokuk and Secretary of War under President Hayes. He received 16,922 votes and Jenkins 15,032.

The first organization of the republican party in Jackson county was when a convention met February 16th, 1856, at the old Third ward school house in Maquoketa to nominate delegates to a state convention, and J. W. Jenkins was one of those who officiated. Later in the year he was nominated for state senator and at the state election in August he was successful by a majority of seven votes. although the democrats carried the county at the presidential election in November by 169 majority. The republicans had some aid from the American or "Know Nothing" party.

When Gov. Kirkwood therefore cast about to find a man in Jackson county to honor with a field commission he found to his hand a man whom he knew to have just closed a successful term as state legislator; who was conspicuous for his ardent patriotism and loyalty to the war measures of the administration; and, who, although not a trained soldier, had imbibed much knowledge of military art and routine from the fact that his older brother, Leonidas Jenkins, had been an officer in a New York regiment during the Mexican war and was son-in-law to the distinguished regular, Major General Edwin V. Summer. That the governor's confidence was not misplaced cannot better be told than by quoting from the recent tribute to the Colonel's memory by Capt. Milo P. Smith of Cedar Rapids, an officer in his regiment:

"Col. Jenkins commanded the regiment the most of the time as Col. Smith was on detached service a good deal. Upon the latter's resignation, he was in the early fall of 1864, promoted to the colonelcy. In the assault on the works of Vicksburg on the 22nd of May, 1863, Col. Jenkins was badly wounded in the leg, and when he was able to travel compelled to go home for a while on leave of absence. He returned to take command in the fall of 1863, and marched from Memphis to Chattanooga on the 22nd of November and on the 24th he led his men gallantly through the battle of Lookout Mountain, and on the next day headed the charges on Mission Ridge. When the Atlanta campaign opened the next spring, Jenkins assumed his place with the column, which was projected by General Sherman through Snake Creek Gap, on Resacca under the command of Gen. McPherson. In the first engagement at Resacca the colonel was badly wounded again while accompanying the regiment in a charge on the enemy's works. He was this time struck on the shoulder by a piece of shell. From this wound he never fully recovered. I saw him a few years ago in Kansas City and noticed the droop of the shoulder and he told me it pained him at times yet. Again he was compelled to go to the rear, but courageous as ever he returned to the front as soon as he was able, which was about the time of the fall of Atlanta. He commanded the regiment thence on to the close of the war, and had the pleasure of leading it, not only in the famous march to the sea, but in the grand parade or review at Washington. He made a splendid officer and was a good soldier. He was brave and steady under fire. He had red hair and always wore eye glasses. He had an 'artillery look' as the boys used to say,

when in battle that meant fight. No remaining member of the old 31st will learn of the death of Col. Jenkins without recalling his good qualities as a man, his splendid courage as a soldier, and his gallant leadership of the regiment."

Almost immediately after his muster out, Col. Jenkins removed to Kansas City, where he engaged with success in the practice of his profession, served for a time as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and where he died June 24th, 1903, from the effects of injuries received in an assault by a street robber a few months previous. We claim the Colonel as affiliated with Jackson county veteran organizations, not only from his service with our own companies in the field but also because in 1886 he appeared as one of the speakers at the reunion of the Eastern Iowa Association at Maquoketa; in 1890, he accepted the invitation of A. W. Drips Post at Maquoketa to deliver the address on Memorial day; and again in 1900 he performed like service at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in that city.

VALUABLE RELICS.

J. W. Ellis received from Littleton, Mass., a box containing 26 relics for his historical collection taken from as many historical places. The donor, Mrs. Ella Hildreth, is a cousin of Mrs. Ellis and with her mother and sister visited the Ellis family in the summer of 1904. The grandfather of both Mrs. Hildreth and Mrs. Ellis, Samuel Waldo was first cousin to Waldo Emerson. The following interesting letter explains the various relics contributed.

Littleton, Mass.

Mr. Ellis,

Dear Cousin: I am sending to you the pieces of Historic wood that I wrote you about, I feel that they are hardly worth sending, although nearly all of them came from buildings or places of historic interest. I suppose you have added many new relics to your collection since we were there. I have wished that I had taken notes and a description of some of the things in your collection. I think with notes one can recall what one has seen so much more readily. I saw so many things of interest while out in the west it has been confusing to try and tell what I saw there, but hope to come again and see you all as well as the relics.

We received the book you sent which we all greatly enjoyed reading. You spoke about publishing another book on the same subject if you do hope you will kindly remember to send us one. The early settlers must have passed through many hardships in settling the West, but do not think the country was so hard to bring under cultivation as New England. Go through our New England towns and see the miles of stone walls which the early settlers laid, first digging the stones from the ground, and then laying them into walls to dispose of them, besides this part of the country was nearly all covered with forests, which had to be removed before the land could be cultivated. When I think of the hardships and discouragements that the men and women had in those early days to meet and conquer, I do not wonder that the race became strong in character and frugal in their mode of living. But that old New England type is fast passing away. In the

past 20 or 30 years, we have had such an influx of foreigners and intermarrying as they have, it is hard, especially in the manufacturing cities and larger towns to find a person of genuine Puritan blood. Probably if the west had been discovered and settled first our dear rock bound old New England would have remained barren or nearly so, to this time. Of course for some time to come, at least, this part of the country will remain the manufacturing center but we must look to the west for our food supply.

Sincerely yours,

ETTA L. HILDRETH.

No 1. Piece of wood from Faneul Hall, Boston, Mass; built 1742; burned 1761; rebuilt same year and made fire proof in 1898. It was built by Peter Faneul and presented to the town of Boston for a town hall and called the "Cradle of Liberty," as the first movements which led to the war of the Revolution were inaugurated here.

No. 2. Piece of wood from Jesse Putman house, Danvers, Mass., built 1730. He was a Col. in war of 1812 and a cousin of Isreal Putman.

No. 3. Piece of wood from Isreal Putman house Danvers, Mass., built 1748. The original part built 1648. He fought in the French and Indian war. Took part in the attack on Ticonderoga under Abercrombie. Also took part in the capture of Havana. In 1762 he fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and in 1777 was appointed to the defense of the Hudson River Highlands. In 1778 he made his famous escape from Tryon's dragons by riding down a steep pair of stairs, where the British dared not follow.

No. 4. From piece of the new Maine U. S. warship built to take the place of the Maine sunk in Havana harbor.

No. 5. From flagstaff Acton monument built to commemorate the memory of the soldiers' of the Revolution, Acton, Mass.

No. 3. From Wright Tavern, Concord, Mass, built 1747. Major Pitcairn stayed at this inn on the morning of the battle of Concord. He stirred his brandy with his bloody fingers saying, "He would thus stir the damned Yankee's blood before night."

No. 7. From church at Temple, New Hampshire, where in 1775 Minister Webster preached. He was informed at the door of his church by a messenger, that he (the messenger) and his company were marching on to Ticonderoga. A Loyalist replied that, "He heard a voice not to respond." Minister Webster said "That voice was from hell, but I hear a voice from Heaven, saying, Boys take those guns and follow me to the front." The next morning Minister Webster with thirty-one men at his command was on his way to Ticonderoga. He died in a short time after this and was buried at Temple, N. H.

No. 8. From home of Asa Pollard first man killed at Bunker Hill. He was killed the night before the battle while at work in the trenches. Col. Prescott said, "He was the first man killed and the only one to be buried that night.

No. 9. From the old South church, Boston, Mass., built 1730. In 1775 it was used as a riding school by the British. In 1877 the sum of \$430,000 was raised to preserve the church to posterity. It contains many rare relics.

No. 10. From U. S. Cruiser, Chicago, where the ancients and honou-ables of London were received and entertained in 1903.

No. 11. From Dorothy Quincy house, Quincy, Mass., built in 1635. In 1716 the house was raised and enlarged from that time until the present it has remained the same. In the parlor of this house is the wall paper that was brought from Paris for the wedding of Dorothy to John Hancock. Before the wedding day arrived the Revolution broke out, and John Hancock had to flee to keep his head on his shoulders. His Dorothy followed him, first to Lexington and Concord and finally to Fairfield, Conn., where they were married. The house has entertained Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, Judge Sewell, Sir Henry Vane, Benjamin Franklin and Sir Charles Henry Frankland.

No. 12. From Elm on Lexington common where the first blood was shed in the Revolution.

No. 14. From Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass., built 1680, and run by some member of the Howe family as an inn for 150 years. The real name of the inn in the long ago days was the "Red Horse Tavern." and it stands in the old town of Ludbury, 30 miles from Boston. It is one of the oldest inns now standing in our country. It is on the old post road between Boston and the Connecticut river, and in the old stage coach days travelers who left Boston in the morning dined at noon at the "Red Horse." Longfellow relates, that his first visit to the inn, he has immortalized in verse, was made under these circumstances. On that 19th day of April, 1775, when the minutemen were marching from Worcester with Timothy Bigelow at their head, stopped here for a brief rest before going on their way.

No. 15. From piece of Ash tree in front of "Old Manse," Concord, Mass., the home of the Emerson family for many years. From the chamber window of this house, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson watched the fight at Concord bridge. On the land belonging to this estate, the three British soldiers that were killed at the bridge were buried. Hawthorne lived here and wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

No. 21. From piece of the Walter Kittredge house, author of "Tenting on the old Camp Ground."

No. 22. Nail from old shiphouse Charleston Navy Yard, where the Merrimac and other famous ships were built.

No. 23. From the old office on Bunker Hill, torn down by the B. H. historical society, and a new one built costing \$30,000.

No. 24. From Fort Sewell, Marblehead, Mass., built by the British in 1742.

No. 25. Faulkner house at South Acton. The place was occupied at the time of the Revolution by Col. Francis Faulkner, and he was aroused by Paul Revere, who shouted, "Col. Faulkner, rouse your minutemen. the British are marching on Lexington and Concord." Col. Faulkner fired his gun three times to arouse the neighborhood.

No. 26. From a piece of wood from the home of Capt. Barrett, Concord, Mass., who ordered the attack on the English troops at the bridge.



COL. J. W. JENKINS,

From war time photograph in his lieutenant
colonel's uniform.

OLDEST IOWA PIONEER PASSES AWAY.

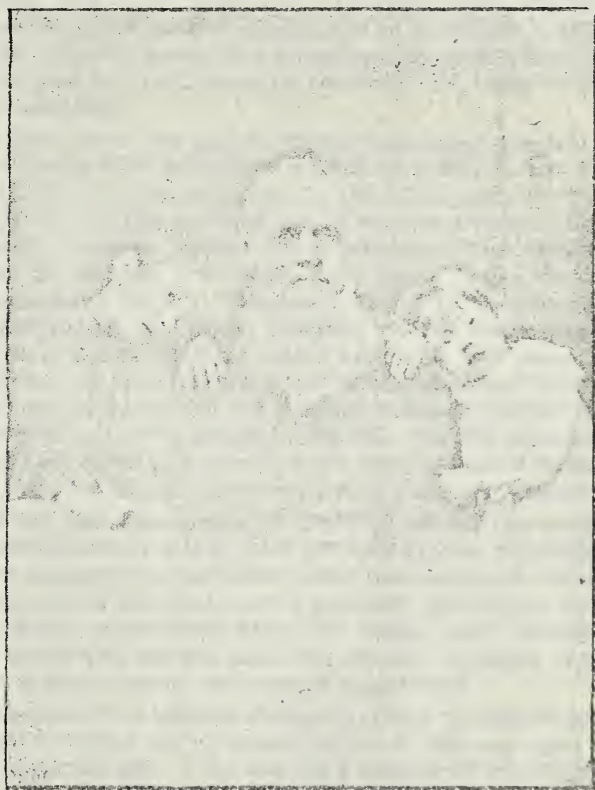
Joseph McElroy, Who First Came to Iowa in 1837. Dies at Ripe Old Age.

Through the courtesy of Editor Lambert of the Sabula Gazette, we are enabled to produce the following life history, with cut, of Joseph McElroy one of Iowa's oldest settlers, and to be made a part of the annals of the Jackson County Historical Society:

The death of Joseph McElroy at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Schramling, in this city, Monday morning, marks the passing of Iowa's oldest pioneer, for such Mr. McElroy undoubtedly was having come to Sabula in 1837, the year that our little city was laid out in town lots. The other sturdy pioneers who braved the wilds of virgin Iowa at that early date or within, we dare say, five years of that time have all passed to the better world.

Joseph McElroy was born on a farm two miles from the city of Erie, Pa., on September 2, 1815, and at the time of his death was 90 years, 5 months and 17 days old. He was a son of Hugh and Margaret (Duncan) McElroy, natives of Cumberland county, Pa., and his father served as a soldier in the war of 1812. He participated in several active engagements and was wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, a ball passing through his liver. Notwithstanding this fact he recovered and lived to the advanced age of seventy-three years. To him and his excellent wife were born thirteen children, of whom the subject of our sketch was the last to pass away, and he was the eldest of the family.

The earlier years of Joseph McElroy's life were spent in his native country, but in 1837 he decided to investigate the then far west and set out for the Territory of Iowa. He reached Sabula during that year and finding the country to his liking went back to Pennsylvania for his folks and returned to this county in 1838 and entered 200 acres of land in Iowa township, west of the town of Sabula. In an exchange afterward with Mr. Grant he came into possession of the quarter section of land which he owned to the time of his death. When gold was discovered in California, Mr. McElroy and a number of other Sabula men organized a party and in 1849 made the hazardous overland trip to that state and engaged in mining until 1852, when they returned to their homes. The return trip was made by way of the Pacific ocean, crossing the isthmus of Panama and the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi river to St. Louis.



JOSEPH McELROY AND GRAND CHILDREN,
ELEANORE AND MARGARET SCHRAMLING.

(The above picture was taken about ten years ago.)

On Sept. 22, 1853, he took unto himself a wife and helpmate, Mrs. Mary A. Winsor, a daughter of G. Gilroy, then a resident of Jackson county. The fruit of this union were four children. They are George, of Malvern; Margaret, who died in infancy; Mrs. J. F. Schramling, of this city, and Joseph, of Norris, Montana. Three step-children who were reared to manhood and womanhood by the deceased, also survive him—Mrs. G. A. Buzza, of Marion; Mrs. G. A. Hatheway, of Magnet, Neb., and Wm. Winsor. The esteemed wife and mother passed away on November 1, 1872, and soon afterward Mr. McElroy moved to a home he purchased in town, where he lived until the past few years when he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Schramling.

At the time of the rush to Pike's Peak, about the year 1849, Mr. McElroy and Clarke Cook (deceased) started for Colorado, but after getting as far as the Platte river returned. Of the Sabula party of 'Forty-niners,' Mr. McElroy was the last survivor and he was also the last original member of the Sabula Pioneers' Association to pass away. This association was formed on Nov. 22, 1872, by J. G. Sugg, E. A. Wood, James Murphy, J. S. Dominy, George Canfield, Robt. C. Westbrook, Royal L. Westbrook, Jos. McElroy, John Scarborough and Oliver Emerson. All of these gentlemen with the exception of Joseph McElroy passed away over ten years ago. The latter was always a familiar figure at the annual picnics of this association until the last one held when he was confined to his bed in his last sickness, the general breaking down caused by old age. On this occasion several of the older settlers called and spent a short time visiting with him and the parting of these old friends of the early days was a very pathetic one.

For the past three years Mr. McElroy has felt the weight of years and his health gradually failed until last February he was obliged to take to his bed and although his condition varied from better to worse it could be seen by those around him that he was gradually nearing the close of a well spent life. Sunday he conversed with the family and appeared brighter than usual, but at 6:25 the end came and his last moments were marked with peace and contentment and thus he passed away.

Eulogies to the life and character of this "grand old man" are needless; he was here before any of us and his life is like an open book, one with pages white and clear. He was not a member of any church, but in religious views was a Universalist, believing in the free and universal salvation of all. He was honest in all his dealings and treated all of his fellow men as he would be done by. His company was greatly enjoyed by both old and young and he could tell many stories of pioneer life in this town when it was known as Carrolport, then Charleston and later Sabula.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. T. H. Sheckler of Marble Rock, former pastor of the church here. A large number of friends gathered to pay their last respects, among them being Henry Seeman, of Spragueville, and Geo. Belfert, of Almont, old pioneer friends of the deceased. The remains were laid to rest in Evergreen cemetery.

Who was First White Child?

L. H. Steen, of this city, has the distinction of being the first white child born in Jackson county, having first seen the light of day in this village the 27th day of February, 1838. Mr. Steen believes that he may also have been the first white child born in Iowa, at any rate the matter would be worthy of investigation and the facts would prove of historical value. Now brother editors if there are any early, real early, natives in your parts kindly publish the dates that an important item in the early history of Iowa may be furnished.—Sabula Gazette.

Came to Iowa in 1835.

We were evidently at error in stating in the obituary of Jos. McElroy that he was the earliest pioneer of the state at the time he passed away, for Ramey Kindred informs us that he first came into what is now the state of Iowa on October 10th, 1835. Mr. Kindred's father was born in Tennessee and his mother was a native of Kentucky. Shortly before Mr. Kindred's birth his parents started north and upon reaching Indiana settled there for a short time. Here Ramey Kindred was born and when he was but a babe the parents proceeded westward, crossing the Mississippi river at Burlington on October 10th, 1835. Iowa was then known as Black Hawk territory. The Kindred family afterward went to Galena, then to Bellevue and came to Sabula in 1840 and since that year Mr. Kindred has been a resident of this city for the greater part of the time.—Sabula Gazette.



CELEBRATED SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. Arnold Reiling and Wife Married Over Half a Century. Two of Jackson County's Earliest Pioneers.

The following article of Mr. and Mrs. A. Reiling of Bellevue, with cuts, is furnished to the Sentinel through the courtesy of Publisher Brandt of the Bellevue Herald, and to be made a part of the annals of the Jackson County Historical Society:

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reiling, of this city, celebrated the 60th anniversary of their marriage at their home last Saturday, Feb. 10. Silver weddings are rarity, golden weddings still more so and it is but seldom that we read of a couple rounding out three score years of married life, and this fact makes the anniversary celebrated by our esteemed fellow townsman and his worthy wife of more than passing interest. Owing to various circumstances over which the parties most concerned had no control it was impossible for all the children who are not residents of this city to be present, but all who were not here sent their congratulations in the form of telegrams which reached here on the day of the celebration. Herman Reiling of Denver was here, and with the children who live here and the grand children made up a very pleasant party. Those present were Mrs. Christina Weber and daughter, May, Benjamin Reiling, wife and children, Arnold Weber and wife, and Phil Weber and wife. Among the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Reiling was a beautiful Morris chair presented by the grandchildren. This chair has been placed in Mr. Reiling's favorite corner in the library and will serve to keep in his mind the love and respect which the younger generation have for him.

Mr. Reiling was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, Nov. 2, 1823 and at the age of 15 came to this country with his parents, landing at New Orleans in the fall of 1838 and moving to Galena in March of the next year and from there the family moved to a farm about four miles north of the present site of this city. Mr. Reiling's father passed away in 1859. In this same year Mr. Reiling moved into Bellevue and engaged in the mercantile business and followed this for some years, after which he took the contract for building seven miles of track for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad between Dubuque and Clinton, and for six years after that owned and operated the steamer, Reiling, in the river freight business and

finally became interested in the milling business in this city and for a time the company of which he was a member controlled all the flour milling in this section of the state. Mr. Reiling still owns the mill property, but it is not operated on such an extensive scale as in years past.

Mr. Reiling has served a number of terms as a member of the city council and was for two years mayor of Bellevue, and has the honor of being the first county commissioner elected from the township of Tete des Morts. He has always been an ardent supporter of the principles of the Democratic party and has no small part in the political affairs of the county. The marriage of Mr. Reiling to Miss Mary Havemeyer was solemnized at Galena on the 10th day of February, 1846, and to this union nine children were born, Mrs. Christina Weber, of Bellevue; Herman Reiling of Denver; Mrs. Regina Reilly of Wichita, Kansas, Benjamin Reiling, of Bellevue and Anna and Amelia who are both living at home. Three have passed to the Great Beyond.

Mr. Reiling has made a success of life; there is no more to say; in all that he has done he has had the support and help of a faithful wife who has helped him fight his battles, comforted him when the world seemed to go wrong and rejoiced with him in his successes. It is the wish of the Herald and a host of friends that this worthy couple may live to enjoy many anniversaries of the same character as the one just passed.



MR. ARNOLD REILING



MRS. ARNOLD REILING.

Sketch of Anson H. Wilson, the Oldest Pioneer Now Living in this Locality, Who Came Here as a Full Grown Man in the Thirties.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

Anson H. Wilson was born May 27th, 1816, near Niagara Falls on the Canadian side on a farm rented and occupied by his father for one season. The next spring after his birth the family moved back to the old homestead in Crowland township, Lincoln county, now Ontario, where young Anson grew up to manhood working on the farm in the summer and attending school in winter. In 1835 he traveled quite extensively in Michigan, being very favorably impressed with that country, returning home where he remained until June, 1838, when General Chandler came to him one day and asked him to drive him to Point Ebino. Mr. Wilson consented to do so and on the way the General told him that they (meaning himself and men) would attack St. John's on Friday of that week.

There was a company of Lancers stationed at St. John's whose tyranny, abuse and brutality had caused a revolt among the people who determined to fall upon them and crush them, and while Mr. Wilson heartily sympathized with the people in their desire for revenge on the brutal military, he had had all the military experience he wanted and made up his mind to go back to Michigan, and told his father that he would start next day. His father fully approved of his plans, but Mahlon Brookfield and Ira Stimson, who were present, said if he would wait another day they would go with him. This he assented to, and the three young men set out with a two horse team and wagon, crossed the St. Lawrence at Black Rock Ferry, went to Buffalo and from there to Michigan overland through the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, striking the Maumee river at Perrysburg and crossing over to Maumee city and from there to Toledo, at which place they parted company, Brookfield and Stimson securing employment there, and Mr. Wilson went to Kalamazoo county, where he remained until the next February when he was joined at Niles by his brothers Jesse, Wm., Mark and Joe Current, and the five young men made arrangement for a trip to the great west in search of a suitable location where they had their ideals. They wanted to find good farming land with good water and convenient to good timber and building stone.

Starting on the 6th day of April, 1839, they traveled on foot taking with them a horse on which they carried their baggage. They explored pretty thoroughly Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, a large portion of the country

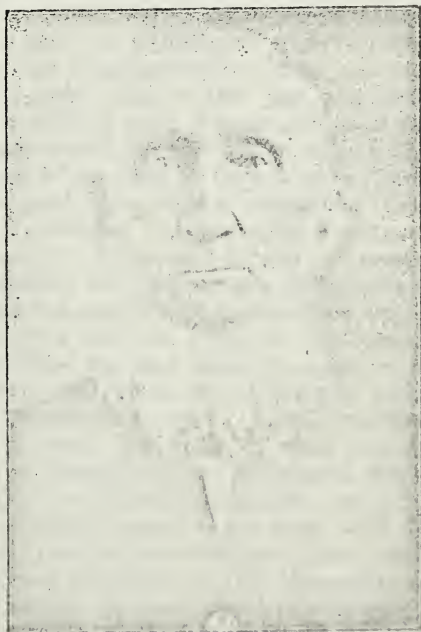
through which they passed being trackless prairie or tangled forest, swimming or wading the rivers, and experiencing almost incredible hardships and dangers. Arriving at Savanna on the east bank of the Mississippi they determined to cross over into the territory of Iowa. The ferry boat was out of repair but the ferry man told them that if they could get their horse in to his skiff he would set them across. The horse went into the boat all right and it fell to Ause to sit in the bow of the boat and hold the horse to keep him quiet, while the boat was being propelled across the stream, as any movement of the horse would be liable to capsize the boat. They landed safely and the ferryman went back after the remainder of the party and the baggage, and when all was safely over they started for the interior. Arriving at Deep Creek they found the stream quite deep and no bridge and their horse objected to enter the water. However they secured a stout pole and with their united strength forced the animal into the stream with Jesse Wilson on his back. Both horse and rider sank out of sight, but soon came up and made for the other bank, and the other men who had crossed on a log put a rope around the neck of the horse and pulled him out of the water and struck out in a westerly direction bringing up at the present site of Maquoketa, which at that time, was marked only by the log cabin of John E. Goodenow. After a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles, occupying sixty days of continuous travel, here the party found exactly what they were looking for, beautiful prairie land adjacent to a heavy body of timber with an abundance of pure water and fine quarries of building and lime stone.

Mr. Wilson first found employment with Mr. Goodenow but soon found a tract of land nearby that had not been claimed and on this he settled and built for himself a substantial and comfortable home in which he has resided up to the present time. Mr. Wilson always practiced rigid economy in business matters and was opposed to display and extravagance in any form. This trait in his character was strongly exemplified in his old age. In the spring of 1842 he was hauling rails from his timber land to his farm and on one occasion when passing through what was known as Montgomery's grove, he pulled up a small cherry sprout by the roots and laid it on his load and when he reached home handed it to his wife and asked her to plant it and they would raise their own cherries and have cherry bounce. The good woman planted the tiny tree which grew wonderfully thrifty, and in time bore large quantities of cherries, although the hand that planted the tree never was permitted to pick any of its fruit. In 1895 the sprout had grown to be quite a large tree and Mr. Wilson had it cut down and its body taken to the saw mill and sawed into boards, some of which were sixteen inches wide and took them home and put them in a dry place until thoroughly seasoned and in 1897, took them to a planing mill and had them dressed after which he took them to Reuben Kauffman's shop and had them converted into a beautiful casket which he brought home when completed. He then purchased of Sutherland & Tubbs sufficient Red Cedar lumber at the rate of \$85.00 per thousand to make an outside case. When the case was made and the casket lined and all completed he had a burial casket fit for a king, and the entire expense for material and work was only \$11.35. This

casket is now carefully stored away to be used when Mr. Wilson is summoned.

During his military experience which was very irksome he did a great deal of thinking and formed certain resolutions which governed his conduct throughout life. He resolved to obey the Lord's commands by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, working six days in each week and resting on the seventh, to treat all men as he would like to be treated and keep out of debt. It is his boast late in life that he has never had tobacco in any form in his mouth, never paid a cent of interest on his own account, and never was dunned for a bill or debt of his own making. In his home life he is noted for benevolence and hospitality and admired for his sterling honesty and integrity and his well known disposition to attend strictly to his own affairs and avoid interfering with the affairs of his neighbors.

On Dec. 3rd, 1904, he sent for his old friend, J. W. Ellis, and made him acquainted with his wishes in regard to his funeral obsequies. He appointed his pall bearers whose consent he had obtained to act in that capacity, and insisted that his body be taken to the cemetery in a wagon and that his pall bearers ride in a wagon, thereby exemplifying that simplicity of character and avoidance of display and extravagance for which he has always been noted.



ANSON H. WILSON.
Age, 90 Years.

Reminiscences of Anson H. Wilson.

The first sheriff of the county was W. A. Warren, who was also assessor and tax collector. In those days money was a scarce article, and furs of most any kind was legal tender. The collector would take furs for taxes and make change in furs. For instance if a man had an otter skin it was often worth more than the taxes amounted to and he would change back in coon skins or skins of some animal less valuable than otter skins. Not only taxes was paid in pelts, but they were the medium of exchange in nearly all deals except with Uncle Sam. Coon skins would not pay postage.

The first post office in this locality was at Bridgeport, and of course the people of the Maquoketa settlement had to cross the river to get their mail, which was sometimes a hard proposition. The ford was never good by any means, and a slight rise in the river made fording impossible. The mail was carried in those days from Davenport to Dubuque on horseback. The carrier would ford the river at Bridgeport when fordable, and John B. Doan, the postmaster, had a rope stretched across the river to which he attached a pulley and a small rope or line was attached to this pulley. When the river was too high to wade or swim, the mail carrier would fasten the mail sack to the pulley and the postmaster would pull it over and get some one from that side of the river to take it on to Dubuque.

The people of Maquoketa soon tired of swimming the river for mail and set to work to secure a postoffice. At that time Frink and Walker had contracts for carrying nearly all of the mail for the government. J. E. Goode now was elected postmaster, and received his appointment in due time, but he had no place to keep the mail which at that time was not extensive. He went to Dubuque and got a boot box which he transformed into post office fixtures, and said post office was kept under the table or under the bed to be out of the way. When mail come, Mr. Goode now seldom had time to look it over and each one helped himself. A place was fixed in one corner of the box where the 25 cents, the price of each letter, was deposited. Doan, the postmaster at Bridgeport, was not pleased with the prospects for a post office at Springfield, as it was then called, and tried to injure the coming town. The Springfield people to get even with him concluded to build a ferry at another place on the river and leave Bridgeport out, and they did make a ferry near the forks of the Maquoketa, and operated it free, and made a road across the sand prairie to Andrew. A boat was made large enough to carry a team and wagon, and as it was free, of course each man done his own ferrying. Ropes were fixed so it could be pulled back and forth, and the work and expense of making the ferry and road was all by voluntary contributions. An Irishman, who helped cut out the road

to Andrew, remarked that he always considered himself half way when he got to Andrew, even if he was going to Ireland.

A couple of neighbors fell out about something in a business way, and could not come to an agreement, and as the amount in dispute was not sufficient to hire a lawyer, it was agreed to leave the matter in dispute with Squire Clark, and abide by his decision. The squire decided that one of the parties should pay the other a certain amount of corn, and the case was referred to for years afterwards as Clark's corn case.

The first convention held in the county to nominate officers was held by the side of the road between Andrew and Cottonville. There was not material enough out of which to make up two tickets, and it was decided that as each was named he should announce his politics. W. A. Warren was nominated for sheriff and said he was a Whig. Uncle Tommy Wright was named for recorder, and declared himself to be a Jeffersonian Democrat. Some were Jackson Democrats, and of course all who were nominated were elected for the reason that there was no opposition at the election.

The first 4th of July I spent in Maquoketa was in 1839, and I was the only human being in the place on that day. Lorenzo Spalding was married on that day to a lady living near the four corners, now Emeline, and Mr. Goodenow, Mr. Nims and wife, and Lyman Bates left early in the morning for the wedding and I was left to look after the cabin. As the party had to go to Canton to cross the river they started early and came home late. I did not see a human being that day.

The next 4th of July, 1840, we had gained some in population, and we concluded to at least remember the day. We got Amasa Nims team and gathered up a load of settlers, taking provision along for our dinner, and started south over the beautiful prairie country which at that time was a veritable flower garden. We stopped at a spring about noon, ate our dinner and picked flowers, and enjoyed the day very much.

The next 4th of July, 1841, was a day long to be remembered by the settlers in the Maquoketa valley. Uncle Tommy Wright and I had talked about how we could get up a celebration, and finally concluded that if we could get Scott Kirkpatrick to make the oration we could manage the rest of it. We saw Kirkpatrick and he readily consented and thought it would be a good thing for the country to get the people together and have them get acquainted with each other. After deciding to celebrate, the next thing of importance was a flag. I went to Dubuque and got some white cotton cloth and some blue cotton cloth and some red paint, to make the strips with and Uncle Tommy Wright and I cut it out and Aunt Rachael Wright sewed it together and we had a pretty respectful flag. That was the first flag ever raised in the Maquoketa valley. We now had our orator and flag, and we sent out word through the country that we were going to celebrate, and called a meeting at Fred Mallard's to formulate plans and make arrangements. At that meeting Joe Brown volunteered to read the Declaration of Independence, William Y. Earle agreed to play the fife, Jason Pangborn to beat the snare drum and Ben Hanson the bass drum. Lorenzo Adolphus Ferdinand Corbin was elected marshal of the day, and Jonas Clark was selected as chairman and toast master. We set a day that we

would meet and put up a bowery, but when we got the frame up we found that no arrangements had been made for lumber for seats and tables, so we got teams and went to Canton and got planks for seats and tables, and unloaded it at the bowery. We had also built a place for the storage of the provisions. On the 3rd of July we met again and covered the bowery with brush and got a liberty pole and made seats and tables. We got a very nice hickory pole, drew it to the place where we were to raise it, dug a pit to set it in, but did not raise it that day. On the morning of the 4th we met again to raise our liberty pole, had our flag ready, but when we tried to raise the pole, we found that some one had bored it through with an auger near the middle and ruined it. We were determined to raise a liberty pole and Henry Mallard started after his oxen and some of us took our axes and went to the woods for another pole. We found a white oak that would answer our purpose and by the time we had it trimmed up, Mallard was there with his oxen and we hitched the cattle to the pole, and then some of us got after them cattle and we made them make pretty good time to the bowery, and soon had our pole up and flag flying, and I never saw a fairer day. The people came from far and near, the crowd being much larger than we expected. When the hour arrived, the marshal formed a grand procession, headed by the life and drums, and after a brief march, brought up at the bowery and was called to order by Jonas Clark, who introduced Joe Brown, who read the Declaration of Independence in a highly creditable manner; Scott Kirkpatrick was introduced as the orator of the day and talked for two hours, taking for his subject, the Declaration of Independence, and a finer address was never made in the Maquoketa Valley. After the speaking was over the ladies brought out the baskets, and loaded the tables with the best the country afforded, and we enjoyed the day as only pioneers can enjoy an occasion of that kind. After the banquet, the toast master, Clark, called for toasts, one for each of the original 13 states or colonies and after each toast Clark would call for so many cheers, either from the drum corps or audience. Nearly every one present had an opportunity to give a toast and a good many responded. Finally Squire Harris suggested that some one should give a toast to the man that bored the liberty pole and he, Harris, was elected to give the toast, he raised his glass and said, if he is as black outside as he is within, and his hair is as black and as curly as mine, he will pass for a native of Africa. That wound up the first 4th of July celebration. Many of us met for the first time that day and some of us formed acquaintances that ripened into friendship, which lasted through life.

Our next 4th of July celebration was held where the High School building now stands and the officers were the same as on the previous year.

The next was held on Ira Stimpson's land where Willam Bodkin now lives and our officers were the same, except that Ira Stimpson was our marshal. The program was about the same as the preceding celebrations.

In 1844, Shade Burleson built a barn and got a roof on and floor laid in time for us to celebrate there. Zal Livermore had been to Bellevue and had heard that there was a fine flag there that could be got cheap and the people chipped in and raised money and bought it. That flag was used at Burlesons and I don't know what become of the flag that Uncle Tommy

Wright and I made. At this celebration Zal. Livermore was marshal and a man from Dubuque assisted our orator and made a fine speech.

Another notable celebration was held at A. H. Wilson's. He had built a large barn, in which was a matched floor where nine sets could dance at one time. There were 2,000 people attended this celebration and 129 numbers issued to dancers. Dancing kept up all night and large tables were placed in the basement loaded with edibles which all had access to.

Anson H. Wilson tells an interesting incident, illustrating some of the difficulties experienced in the early days. It is about his first letter. He heard there was a letter at the Bridgeport post office for him, and he set out on foot for Bridgeport. It was late in the fall and he found a thin crust of ice along the bank of the river and the water looked cold indeed to the young man, but he was bound to have that letter and taking off his clothes and making them into as small a bundle as possible, he fastened them to his head and plunged into the water and swam and waded to the other shore, dressed himself and went to the post office and demanded his letter. But there was further trouble in store for him, for there was a charge of 25 cents for additional postage on the letter and 25 cents he did not have. The letter was from Canada and it cost 25 cents to send a letter to any part of the United States and an additional 25 cents to Canada. For instance, if he wrote to his folks in Canada, it cost him 25 cents to mail it and his folks had to pay 25 cents to get it out of the office; if his friends in Canada wrote to him it cost them 25 cents to start it and him 25 cents to get it from the office, in other words it cost \$1.00 to write home and get an answer. Mr. Wilson could not raise the money nor could he trade his coon skin cap as he offered to, and had to go back without his letter. He went to his friend Goodenow, nor could he help him, for reason that he had no money. Mr. Wilson then went to Shade Burleson, worked two days, took his pay in corn, sold the corn to the miller and got money to pay postage on his letter.

Mr. Wilson says while staying with J. E. Goodenow, the first year I came here, I was taken very sick with fever. A Mr. Dunham, commonly known as Hog Dunham, with whom I had become acquainted, heard of my sickness and came to see me. After looking me over for some time, he said, "Ance, you are going to die sure as hell, would you like to die comfortably?" I said yes, if I have to die I would like to die comfortably. He got some cold water, gave me all I could drink and poured cold water all over me, and he and Mark Current began rubbing me and rubbed me until I fairly shone, and in three days after the cold water treatment, they had me so I could ride horseback. I have always felt that Dunham saved my life.

While batching on his claim in the early days, Mr. Wilson says he got awful hungry for meat and with one of his neighbors concluded to go and see Hog Dunham, who then lived near Canton and try and induce him to kill a hog. They started out with a team of horses, Ance had the ague and had to shake every forenoon and the neighbor shook every afternoon. About the usual time Ance began shaking and shook so hard the other man had to take the lines and drive, when Ance had about had his shake out, the other man began shaking and the lines were turned over to Ance. When they came to Mineral Creek, the banks were high and the water and mud

pretty deep; they forced the horses down the bank and the wagon came down on top of them. Ance fell across a horse and the box on top of him and the other man was floundering in the water. They got the wagon righted and led the horses to where they could get up the banks, but were in a sad plight, shaking with ague and saturated with cold water, they made their way to Dunham's without further mishaps and were heartily welcomed. Mr. Dunham readily agreed to kill a hog for them. The hogs were running the woods. Next morning Mr. Dunham got his old horse, Salem, and was getting ready to go after the hogs, when Ance offered to go with him, but Mr. Dunham told him no, if he went they would see no hogs, but he stationed them in a clump of bushes with a gun and told them to keep perfectly quiet, and he would bring the hogs past where they were concealed, and point out the one he wanted them to shoot, and he rode off calling his hogs, after an hour's waiting they heard Dunham coming and he was followed by swarms of hogs, as they passed the concealed men Dunham pointed out the hog to kill and it was shot in the eye and never squealed. A rope was fastened to it and it was pulled out of sight without alarming the herd. Ance says that while the hogs were as wild as any wild hogs, they would follow Dunham anywhere. The hog was dressed and hung up in a cool place, and then Dunham asked Ance to go with him after some bees that he had previously captured. Ance objected on the ground that bees had a particular spite at him and that he never could go near bees without getting stung. Dunham promised to secure the bees so they would not hurt him and they went out on horse back, their route being through heavy timber and over hills and hollows, to the place where the bees had been hived. There were two swarms in gums or hives made from hollow trees. Dunham had taken quilts with him to secure the bees with. He spread a quilt on the ground, placed a gum or hive on it and pulled the quilt up over the top fastening it so the bees could not get out. After securing the bees, one hive was handed up to Ance, the other Dunham took up in front of him on Salem, and they started for home. The night was extremely dark and it was a hard problem to make their way through the forest. Ance said he noticed Dunham keep slapping Salem, first on one ear and then on the other, he asked him what he done that for. Well, said he, Salem knows the way home better than I do and I am slapping him to make him go home. They reached home in safety with the bees and had a bountiful supply of fresh meat, which was a great treat to Ance. Next morning, Dunham split the hog from nose to tail and gave Ance and his neighbor half of it to take home and of course they lived high while it lasted. Dunham was a widower and had four children. He got acquainted and made arrangements to marry a widow in Fulton, Ill., who had four children. On his way to Fulton to get married he stopped with Mr. Wilson and stayed over night; as stated previously Dunham had a bad habit about scratching, but he had a worse habit still, that of talking in his sleep. Ance said to him next morning, "Dunham, you had better stay at Lyons tonight and cross over tomorrow and get married, and then you will be sure of your wife, but if she ever hears you talk in your sleep as you did last night before you are married, you will lose her." Dunham took the advice and secured the widow. A lady some-

time after asked him how many children he had, he said, I have four and my wife has four and we have one that belongs to both of us. The lady was somewhat puzzled, but an explanation set things right.

The first grist mill in Maquoketa Valley was built in Maquoketa and operated by horse power. The mill was afterwards set up on Mill creek and was sold to a man by the name of Doolittle, and Levi Decker was the miller. In 1839 or 1840, Ben Hansen took a half bushel of corn to the mill to have ground, but the capacity of the mill was very limited and Hansen could not get his grist the same day. The next Sunday, he went back and Abb Montgomery, a neighbor, went with him. The mill was found to be locked and Hansen was for returning home without the meal, but Montgomery insisted there was no use in doing that. The log mill was built upon stone corners and piers four or five feet from the ground and only a small portion of flooring was laid. Montgomery crawled under and got the meal. When Decker came to the mill he missed the meal and on making inquiries he learned that Hansen and Montgomery had taken it out. He swore out a warrant from Squire Clark and gave it to Lyman Bates for the arrest of Montgomery. Bates made the arrest, but there was no jail and it was an important question what to do with the prisoner, but Montgomery promised to be on hand at the time set for the trial and was allowed to go home. Decker had retained as council, Platt Smith, the only lawyer in the locality. When the day arrived for the hearing of the case the prisoner came and surrendered himself to the constable, but in the meantime the friends of Hansen and Montgomery had held a conference and decided on a line of action. A little man by the name of Smith was staying with Montgomery, who would seem to have been one of the leaders of the conference. he said I am the smallest man on our side, Platt Smith is the largest man on the other side, when the candle is blown out I will take care of Platt Smith and each of you pick your man. When they came to Squire Clark's place the Squire was posted to get under the bed when the trouble commenced. Platt Smith opened the case and described in his own inimitable manner the terrible crime which had been committed in breaking and entering the mill. As Montgomery had no lawyer, Shade Burleson undertook to defend him, he explained the condition of the mill and showed it was not necessary to break in the mill as they could reach in and get the sack without entering the door. All the time during Burleson's talk, Smith kept interrupting him saying this was not law or that was not law. Little Smith, who had tied his handkerchief around his waist and rolled up his sleeves to his elbows, stepped up to the lawyer and informed him that if he interrupted Burleson again he, Smith, would break his jaw. The atmosphere was getting warmer in the Squire's office all the time until finally the candle was blown out. the Squire went under the bed and the plaintiff's party was routed and the case of the United States vs. Montgomery was never brought up again. This was the second law suit held in Maquoketa Valley.

A. H. Wilson says the first settlers of the Maquoketa Valley experienced great difficulty in getting plows that would scour in the black loam of the Maquoketa Valley. In 1840, he and Mr. Jasen Pangborn went to Dubuque and found a man making plows that they thought would work all right in

the valley. They bought one for a model and came home and went to manufacturing plows, Wilson doing the wood work and Pangborn the ironing. The plows worked to perfection and Mr. Wilson says there was never greater cause for rejoicing than when they turned out the first plow that would scour in the rich bottom of the Maquoketa.

(Written by J. W. Ellis, August 16th, 1904.)

Anson H. Wilson, the oldest pioneer of the Maquoketa Valley, who came here of his own accord, was in town today, looking hale and hearty for a man of 89 years. Mr. Wilson remarked: 'It is 65 years ago tonight since I slept in the wildest bed I ever saw. It was in the then new capitol of Iowa Territory, at Iowa City. I had the honor of holding an end gate to a wagon for Governor Lucas to write his proclamation on, announcing terms of sale of lots in the new capital. There was no table convenient so I took the end gate of a wagon and resting one end on the wagon I held the other while the Governor wrote with a red lead pencil. Colonel Thomas Cox and J. G. McDonald, of Jackson County, were surveying the new town site at the time. I started for Iowa City on foot, on the 11th of August, 1839, reaching my destination on the 16th. The first day I got to the Wapise, after dark, at a point opposite the present site of Massilon. There was a cabin on the opposite side of the river, but the river was up and I was afraid to try to swim over in the dark, so I put up for the night on the body of a fallen tree, and next morning swam over, got my breakfast and a lunch to take along. My next stop was at a cabin at Onion Grove. The family had been there only two weeks and had not completed their cabin. It was without floor or window, but I was heartily welcomed to such fare as they had. My next stop was at a cabin at Oak Grove, eighteen miles from Onion Grove, where a man by the name of Dallas lived. He had got quite a start and had cows, milk, butter and potatoes, and here I got my first drink of buttermilk in the Territory of Iowa. I went from there to Washington Ferry on Cedar river, found the skow on the other side and the ferryman shaking with the ague, so I could get no help to cross from him. While I waited, a man came along with a team that wanted to get across. We concluded to make his wagon answer the purpose of a boat. We tied the box to the running gears and swam the team across, then I went on to within five miles of Iowa City, and stopped with two boys who had been there but a short time and had a very small cabin only partly built. I spent the night with them, partaking of such fare as they had and next morning completed my journey, arriving at my destination about 10 a. m.

The father of John P. Irish had made arrangements to take care of the people who came and he fed them well for so new a country. A bed had been provided by sewing together a good many cotton ticks and a bolster stuffed with prairie hay. The full length of the bed answered for a pillow. The quilts were fastened together and reached the full length or width of the bed. Nails were driven into the wall to hang clothes on, and each one hung his clothes on at the place where he crawled into bed. 60 slept in this wonderful bed, others slept in wagon and some stayed up and played cards all night.

I did not meet a person on the route to the new capital, and the man I crossed Cedar river with, was the only human being I saw enroute except those at the five-mile cabin above referred to. There was not a bridge, and the only ferries on the route were an old scow on the Cedar and an old basswood log used for a ferry at the Wapsie. Walking was bad and twenty-four hours of the time while going I had but one meal, and that was sweetened water and corn meal. The settlers on the route were very hospitable and gave me something to take along, but I could not well carry mush and sweetened water.

Mr. Wilson has lived on the same farm since 1839, is tall and straight as an Indian and has been an active business man all his life. Coming to this country in 1839 a full grown man with more than average skill and ability and with a wonderful memory. He knows more of the early days of Iowa than any other man living. He receives marked attention when he comes to town dressed in the style of 60 years ago and wearing coat and vest buttons that he bought in 1842. Uncle Ans. will be greatly missed when he is gone.

Capt. W. L. Clark Earliest Pioneer.

Mr. James Ellis, Curator of the Jackson County Historical Society.
Dear Sir:

I see by an account in the Sabula Gazette of the death recently of Joseph McElroy, who came there in 1837. The Gazette claimed Mr. McElroy was at the time of his death the earliest pioneer of the State. The Gazette corrects itself by stating that Ramey Kindred informed the Gazette he came to Iowa as a babe, Oct. 10. 1835, evidently the Gazette should correct itself again, the woods are full of those who came here in 1837. Charles Burleson of Nashville, F. V. Burleson of Buckhorn, and their brother Wm., lately moved to California, came here the spring of 1837. Captain W. L. Clark of Buffalo, Iowa, came there when a young man with his father in 1833 and still resides on the claim his father took near where Buffalo is, over seventy-two years ago. Capt. W. L. Clark as a young boy came with his father's family to Rock Island in 1828, when there was no other whites there except soldiers and George Davenport the Indian trader, afterwards called Col. Davenport and killed at his home on the island July 7th 1845. For proof of this I refer you to Capt. Clark of Buffalo, who yet lives, or did six months ago and I am sure he yet does as I am a daily reader of the Davenport Democrat and surely would have noticed the death of so prominent a pioneer. For further proof the Democrat has on file mention of him in its souvenir edition of Oct. 22, 1905, also in an issue of the Democrat of 1904 (have forgotten the date) an address of W. L. Clark, delivered before some club at Andalusia near Rock Island in which is an extended account of the Clark family and early history of that country. The Democrat also has a cut of Capt. W. L. Clark. Got any earlier hunt 'em' up.

Yours truly,

FARMER BUCKHORN.

The Country's Territorial Pioneers. Shadarac Burleson and Some of the Incidents in His Life.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Forty years ago no man in Jackson County, we venture to say, was better or more widely known than S. Burleson, who came here in an early day and for many years entertained the traveling public and took an active part in public affairs. He was born in Vermont, Sept. 19, 1805, and when about eighteen years old went to Waterford, N. Y., where for several years he ran a packet on the Erie canal. He married Miss Eunice Houghton, of Waterford, N. Y., in 1824. In 1836, he came west with the lead mines of Galena as his prospective destination. After wintering in Galena, he concluded to come to the Maquoketa Valley country with his family and settle. He arrived April 6th, 1837, at what is now section 20, South Fork Township, Jackson County, Iowa, then an unsurveyed, unnamed part of Dubuque county, Territory of Wisconsin. There he staked a claim and built a log cabin about ten rods west of where the Maquoketa and Anamosa road crosses the creek, known on the map as Pumpkin Run and on the north side of the present road and about where the east end of the present house owned by John Allison is situated in southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of said section 20, of South Fork Township.

Mr. Burleson was a remarkable man in many respects. Of more than the ordinary intelligence, shrewd, logical, forceful and resourceful, with a strong will and a clearly marked personality. Though the township was surveyed by Col. Thomas Cox and John G. McDonald soon after Mr. Burleson came here, the land was not offered for sale by the government until 1845, therefore it was eight years after Mr. Burleson settled here before the government had any knowledge in law of any settlers' rights or any settlers had any scratch of a pen from the government to protect himself in any land property rights, though by this time this part of Jackson County had nearly as large a rural population as at present, 1906.

Much of the land was already improved and many claims had changed hands before the land was offered for sale at auction by the general government. The man who over bid the settler had a legal right to the premises, but in this case there was a higher law than civil law and is the divine law of the rights of man. Self preservation is the first law of nature and to preserve their rights of possession the settlers became a law unto themselves for the protection of each other in the peaceable possession of their claims, with the understanding that when the land came into market the settlers bid of \$1.25 per acre (the minimum price) should hold his claim and woe be

to the man who was fool hardy enough to bid over him. It will be seen it was the settlers only show to get justice for himself when pitted against the speculator, who was willing to invest money in the settlers improvements, leaving him without recourse, being largely in fact, a trespasser on government land. Moral law is the law on which civil law should be built. We find Mr. Burleson was a leader in the enforcement of that law of human rights, that was no more, no less than the golden rule made manifest by force. It can hardly be comprehended, that no man in Iowa had any legal right to the land he occupied, improved and often bartered his squatter's claim until only one year before Iowa became a state. But such is history. 1845 found Iowa with a population of about 650,000 with all the machinery of a territorial government in force, towns and country rapidly filling up and all resting on what? So far as this part of Iowa was concerned, at least resting upon the settlers claim law that afforded the poor man the same justice as the rich and protection in his hand so long as he occupied and made use of it. It might be well if it was still in force. There would be no idle land waiting for some other man's energy to double some speculator's principal.

As early as 1838 we find S. Burleson identified with the government affairs of Jackson County, then Dubuque County. He was one of the grand jury of the first district court of this county held after the country became Iowa territory, said court being held at Bellevue, beginning June 18th, 1838. The first election in what was then known as the sixth precinct, was held at Mr. Burleson's house, he being one of the judges, Jonas Clark and Wm. Phillips being the other two.

As was the case with most of the pioneers, Mr. Burleson came here poor and for the first year, at least, was compelled to live almost entirely by the chase, as there could not possibly have been any grain of any kind in many miles of here when he first came. The three Pence brothers came in the spring before Burleson (1836) and broke forty acres, but raised no crops that year, as they went back to Henderson County, Ill., after their families and did not come back until the spring Burleson came, 1837. Several families came in a few miles west of here in 1836, but too late in the season to have raised anything. No one was in the whole south prairie country until you got well toward Davenport. No one was east of here in 1837 for many miles, except three or four families north of the Maquoketa river in the timber. Therefore it will be seen there was not much need of a grist mill in this part of Jackson county in 1837.

After 1837 settlers began to come into the country rapidly and stake claims and build their log houses and by 1840 considerable crops began to be raised so that Burleson and others could have a grist ground by going to Dubuque or Galena and could exchange pork—if they had any, for from one to two dollars per cwt., and take their pay in trade. At one time before the days of hogs in this country, Burleson bought a barrel of pork at Galena and brought it home on his sled thinking his family would have a great treat only to find upon opening it that the meat was spoiled and could not be eaten. It was about that time Mr. Burleson had one of his wild spells of profanity and without waiting for another day he rolled that barrel of

pork onto his sled and headed his oxen for Galena over fifty miles away to trade pork. There is no question whatever, but the man who sold the pork knew when Mr. Burleson got back to Galena.

During the years following his settlement, Mr. Burleson took an active part in the country's development. The first school house in South Fork township was built on his land and by his help, and so was the present stone school house. He held the offices of school director, road supervisor and justice of the peace. He was one of the party of government surveyors, who surveyed Black Hawk county. About 1855 he built a large frame basement barn, about 40x60, and the large frame house still occupied by his son Frank, and opened what for so many years was known as "Buckhorn Tavern." In those days there was no railroad in this part of the country and none in the far west and this being the main road traveled by those bound for Pike's Peak and California and to settle the west, made the overland travel a steady, unbroken stream for years, and made the name of Shade Burleson and the Buckhorn Tavern familiar in many states, for Burleson was a man who made an impression on every man who had anything to do with him. He was unmistakably the head of Buckhorn so far as his business and family were concerned and was recognized as such so long as he lived. His advice and council carried weight with his grown up family and all of those around him. Even many of those outside of his household—some of them his enemies—used to go to Shade Burleson for council and advice and it was freely given and wholly sound, for his business qualities were unsurpassed by any in this neighborhood. He was a first-class farmer and always abreast of the times and was about the first man to make use of modern improvements in farm machinery and breeds of hogs and cattle.

His tavern stand was a great help to him financially, but its door never shut in the face of a man without money. He was fed and slept and sent on his way. No neighbor ever came to Burleson, to my knowledge, to borrow anything or ask a favor and was refused. He was a good conversationalist and a great story teller and yet, Mr. Burleson, apparently, had more enemies than any other man in this part of the country. He was a law unto himself, as it were, and followed his own council and expected every man to return unto Burleson that which was Burleson's, and any infringement on what he believed was his rights met with a decided opposition from him. To make clear the nature of Mr. Burleson in this respect, we will state that he had a neighbor who persisted in letting his hogs run in Shade Burleson's corn, Mr. Burleson remonstrated, but the neighbor was too careless to heed the remonstrance, so Mr. Burleson took his rifle and shot several of them without making any ado about it. To further illustrate his decisive nature, (which was the source of much of the enmity toward him) when he built his tavern stand, he employed one Wagoner with several workmen, who, we suppose, like a good many workmen, put in a good deal of time killing time. A man by the name of Mills came along and wanted a few days carpenter work. Burleson put him to work and soon saw that he did about as much as all the rest and Burleson then and there discharged all except Mills and let him finish the job. He simply thought they were not giving him what he was entitled to and though he might not have cared a continent-

al for the actual money loss, he would not tolerate the supposed imposition, no matter how much the work was delayed.

When Mr. Burleson was in the prime of life and the "Buckhorn Tavern" was in the hey day of its glory, the bar room, or rather what might be more appropriately called the assembly room (as Mr. Burleson never kept a bar), was quite a resort for those who came to spend an idle hour and take part in spinning the yarns that were a part of the settlers' social stock in trade of those days. As a rule, when the dinner hour came, Mr. Burleson would extend an invitation to all to come to the dining room for dinner. The man who came to loaf received as hearty an invitation to come to his table as the traveler guest who expected to pay his bill. This trait of S. Burleson's character did not always find a willing response in the cooks, who once or twice tried to rebell against his generosity, but he told them he paid for what went onto the table and he expected it cooked for whoever he saw fit to have sit at his table and any one who was at his place when meals were ready was welcome to eat.

My recollection of Mr. Burleson is that he never leaned toward any religious creed, in fact was somewhat of an agnostic, believing that the great mystery was as open to one man as another and that no man had any knowledge of the future life and that the Bible was not the direct spoken word of the Almighty to man, but the written genealogy of the human race and recorded moral laws that were promulgated by the wisest men of the world's earliest known history. Notwithsndng that, we have no knowledge of his ever laying a straw in the way of those who were working to extend the cause of religion and several times liberally responded to the soliciting of donations for church building and work, though he would more readily have given for educational purposes, believing educatoin was more of a civilizing force than religion.

When a boy, we did not have any too good opinion of Mr. Burleson, largely on account of the influence of the expressed opinion of others, who on account of some real or imaginary faults of his, took particular pains to speak ill of him out of his hearing. But after coming to man's estate and judging men by the visible evidence of what they accomplished and weighing them by the scale of justice with the good in one balance and the ill in the other, we come to have a better opinion of Shade Burleson than we have of the average man.

On account of his prominence as a pioneer settler and landlord and his strong will and peculiarly clear cut personality, we have often wanted to write of him as we understood him by the evidence of over thirty years acquaintance as a near neighbor. We have already given in part our reason for not liking him any too well as a boy, the remaining reason is a story by itself. But as paper is cheap and my pencil is long to illustrate Mr. Burleson's ability to judge himself we will tell that story. At that time there were perhaps a score of boys from eight to fourteen years of age in the Buckhorn region and no swimming hole short of the river over a mile from the school house. Up stream from Mr. Burleson's land there were high banks to the creek and the boys concluded by damming the creek a short order duck could be had at any hour of the day. After a good deal of hard work, carrying

stones and cutting rods, a good strong dam was constructed that when full would afford water neck deep to a man for a short way above the dam and enough slack water to make mighty good swimming for goslings such as we. For twenty rods up stream in those days Mr. Burleson and others depended upon the stream's flow for stock water. When the water failed to come down for a day or such a matter, Mr. Burleson began to think of looking up the source of the drought. He and several who happened to be staying around the tavern, among whom we believe were Bill Deniston and John Crane, took spades and started for that dam. The water had risen to within several inches of the top and the water looked so inviting, as it was a warm day, that the younger men could not resist taking a plunge before they drained the pond. Mr. Burleson was fond of sport himself and a great athlete and after watching the others a minute or so threw off his clothes and sought the cooling waters, after which the dam was destroyed and the thirsty stock below reveled in the waters that came down—not at "Ladore", but from the boys' hoped for swimming hole.

To the writer of this, who was watching from afar it looked to the boy as a rank injustice and a flagrant violation of the rights of boys and the thought was leaven to his rising indignation and after the party of men had returned to the bar room of the hotel, the boy "bearded the lion in his den and Douglas in his hall" and standing in the middle of the room and with a force that would have done credit to Patrick Henry and in language that would do credit to no one, addressed Mr. Burleson on the rights and feelings of boys and explained to him though the boys knew the creek was getting a little dry below, that in a few hours more there would be water to spare, and he considered it an unwarranted invasion of boyhood land for a lot of grown up men to usurp the longed for pleasures of the boys by taking a swim themselves and then blasting the fond hopes of the juveniles by destroying the dam. In the boy's mind, there was uppermost the thought of a great injustice done him and his pals and in his voice only scorn and condemnation for those whom he was judging. He addressed all his language to Mr. Burleson, as though he considered he was the only one of the party of whom he expected fairer treatment. Though the boy's language, smarting under the supposed wrong was scathing, mean and insulting, Mr. Burleson said not a word, but sat stroking his beard as was customary with him when in thought and seemed to be taking no note of what the boy was saying—but he was. He was weighing the matter in his mind according to the way he knew the boy felt about it and leaving the thirsty stock out of consideration. The boy thought he was only ignoring him and after abusing him roundly walked out of the room. Perhaps Mr. Burleson would not have taken one-tenth of the abuse from any man and he knew well enough he could have sweet revenge on the boy by telling his father of the language used to the man; knew there would soon be a tannery started that would take every hair off the boy's hide. Well he did not tell him and we have thought, since we came to man's estate, that he more than half admired a boy who would stand before him and judge him according to the boy's idea of the justice in the case and condemn him in such scathing language.

There is no doubt with us now but what the boy would have had a strong friend in "Nucle Shade" if he had used sense enough to have left the trail then instead of leading many of an invasion against Mr. Burleson's best apples and perpetrating various little tricks to annoy him just to "make good" and thereby increasing his disgust for the ways of boys in general and this one in particular. After the passing of the years and one was man grown and the other man grown gray. they were walking side by side, chatting about the day's affairs of life, Mr. Burleson with his hands behind his back and little stooped forward as was often his wont, all at once he left the subject and remarked, "well you seem to have made a pretty fair sort of a man, but you was the damndest, meanest boy I ever saw."

In the days of other years when the Buckhorn tavern was in its glory and dancing was a very popular form of amusement nearly everywhere, all the length and half the width of the upper story of the main part of Burleson's tavern stand was a ball room and several times during each season there would be a wide awake ball at Buckhorn. Burleson always took extra pains on these occasions to cater to the comfort and joy of his guests. There were plenty of hostlers and stable room with mangers filled with hay; on the tables a "horn of plenty" and in the ball room the best string band the country afforded and a hurrying of feet, and in the bar room cards and checkers and many a well spun story. The popularity of Burleson's balls used to bring many from as far away as DeWitt and Andrew and sometimes from Bellevue and there are plenty from Maine to California and Dakota to Texas, who are now grown old, who have tripped the light fantastic at the old Buckhorn tavern, while S. Burleson was the landlord and we do not believe there are any who have any "kick" at the way they were treated by the Burlesons.

Burleson always was a warm friend of Nathaniel Butterworth, who kept the Butterworth House at Andrew, which might be wondered at if Burleson hadn't have been Burleson and Butterworth hadn't have been Butterworth. For through the heat of the rebellion, Burleson was the strongest kind of an abolition republican and Butterworth was just the opposite, so much so that once when some one went into the store of an abolition fire beater at Andrew and asked "what is butter worth" he got the reply "he is a d---ed old copperhead." When there was a ball at Butterworth's some of Burleson's young folks were sure to go to Butterworth's ball. As we are not writing Andrew history we will return to Buckhorn and follow still further the characteristic of and the events in the life of Buckhorn's widest known citizen, best liked by his friends and most disliked by his enemies.

What gave the name of Buckhorn to this little cluster of houses was the sign of Burleson's tavern, which was a cedar post about twelve feet high literally covered with the antlers of the deer Burleson had killed in previous days, when much of his living depended upon his fire, and what made Buckhorn famous and far known in other days was the Buckhorn tavern and Shade Burleson himself, who was ever ready to grant a favor to those who asked and stand up for his own rights and those whom he believed in

under any and all circumstances, and just as relentlessly follow those whom he believed was trying to wrong him.

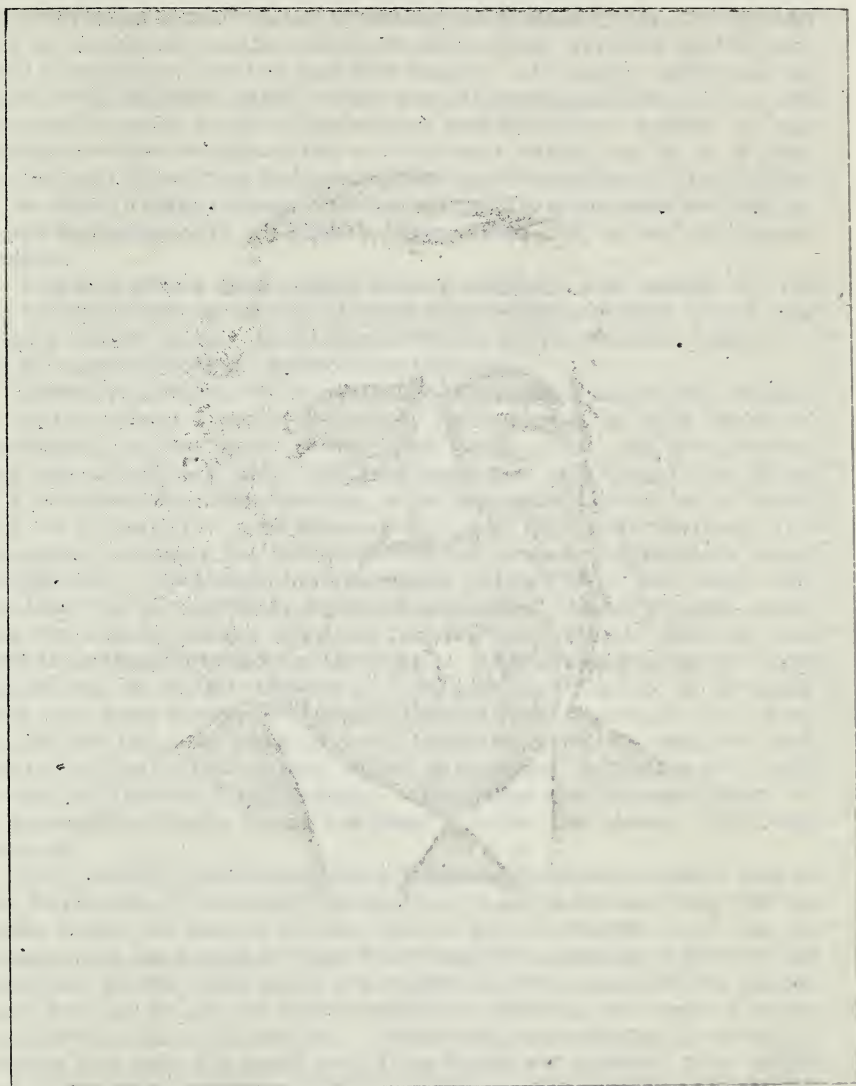
Sometime in the fall of 1865 or there abouts, when his large barn was full to overflowing with hay, grain and farming machinery, it was set afire, about seven o'clock or half past in the evening where a clapboard was loose on the side hid from sight of the house and burned to the ground. (A barn built by him on the same foundation was also burned by accident since S. Burleson died and his son Frank came into possession.) A man by the name of Rowley Waight, who in after years became an uncle of the writer by marriage, was known to have an ill will against S. Burleson and who took no pains to conceal it, was arrested as the most likely person to have committed the crime. There was claimed to have been some other circumstantial evidence against him, among the rest the fact that he was gone from home an hour or so at the time the barn was fired and could not account for his absence only by the statement of himself and family that he was at the creek after a barrel of water, having to haul their water from about half a mile from the house. On account of lack of sufficient evidence to convict and the help of Leffingwell, one of the best, if not the very best criminal lawyer, in the state, who later became judge of the courts of Clinton County, Waight was cleared, but it broke him up financially and compelled him to sell one of the best farms in this section, the one now occupied by August Luett. It was a stubborn legal contest, as it might be expected to have been with the interest of such a man as Shadrach Burleson supported by such a lawyer as Darling on the one side and a client's case defended by such a man as Judge Leffingwell on the other side. At the same time, it was being tried and retried in the neighborhood where the crime was committed and Burleson and Waight each came in for their share of condemnation or exoneration with the bulk of the sympathy in favor of Waight. In this narrative we are neither judge nor jury, only stenographer recording known history and opinion of early settlers for and against S. Burleson. It was the belief of many of this neighborhood that a certain woman, who aspired to the affections of one of the Burleson family and was then there, and whose passion was unrequited, burned the barn out of revenge. But as belief is not proof and Waight was acquitted, the burning is still unsolved.

As Burleson was such a leading spirit in much of the history of this country, we have often wanted to write him up, as we and others have understood him, but have been a little loath to undertake it, as some of it is bound to conflict with the opinion of others and much that has already been written on matter that implicates him indirectly. Shade Burleson was undoubtedly a man of great courage or he never would have undertaken to have settled the W. W. Brown estate; being known as it was that he, like many of Jackson County's best citizens, did not believe Brown was all or any where near what Cox and his friends painted him, and he, like such men as Anee Wilson, Wm. Current, J. E. Goodenow, Nathaniel Butterworth and in fact many of the leading men of this, as well as other parts of Jackson County, refused to go to help drive Brown out of the country. For all of that, after Brown was killed it was about all a man's life was worth to say a word in defense of Brown or against the manner of disposing of

him and the hardest thing S. Burleson ever got up against was when he became the administrator of Brown's estate. The animosity that his connection with the settling of that estate, caused rumors to be circulated by those with whom he had to deal that he was a Brown sympathizer (which he was to a certain extent) and in league with murderers, horse thieves and counterfeiters, which was not slow to be more than half believed by many in this country, who were not strictly friendly to Mr. Burleson. The replies of Wm. Warren, "a pioneer" and of an anonymous writer to "old settlers" account of the Bellevue tragedy, which have become recorded history in the Jackson history published in 1879, so clearly fixed the belief that Shade Burleson was the old settler to whom they referred that it lent strength to those earlier rumors circulated at the time Burleson was administrator of Brown's estate. The belief is still in the minds of men, as is evident by remarks one may some time hear since the Jackson County Historical Society, through James Ellis, Harvey Reid and others caused the remains of Col. Thomas Cox to be exhumed and with honor and ceremony laid to rest again in Mount Hope cemetery at Maquoketa, all of which was the proper thing to do, as Thomas Cox was a pioneer of five territories and very prominent in the early affairs of Jackson County and the territory of what is now Iowa, but if there is anything in recorded history and the tradition of men, Cox, as an angel, was not completely feathered out. We would not give to Shade Burleson all the honors that have been showered upon Thomas Cox for we do not think he was entitled to it, or Cox either, but we would like to see all people have what is their due. The historian who undertakes to give it them and write history as history is made, must contract for his social and political shroud and stand with pen in one hand and sword in the other. As heretofore intimated, we hate to touch some matters of history that will become necessary in clearing Shade Burleson from some of the stigma that has been cast upon him by the charges made against him by the Cox following. And we have no sword, though perhaps we may be able to borrow the one Calvin Teeple used at the hanging of Jackson for the murder of Perkins. In order not to let this narrative seem mystical we will have to tell about that sword before we can "pioneer" as the anonymous writer before mentioned said "go back and settle up the Brown estate."

When the territorial militia was organized in 1839 and Henry Mallard was commissioned captain by Gov. Lucas, Calvin Teeple was commissioned First Lieutenant. When Jackson was to be hung by Sheriff W. A. Warren, Mallard's company was called out as guard. Lieutenant Teeple, to impress the importance of his official position upon the world at large and Andrew especially and his troop, borrowed of an old veteran of the war of 1812-14 what was perhaps then the only sword in Iowa territory and received instructions from him as how to make a few passes and sword thrusts that would be very "fetching" in the eyes of the civilians in general, and his company in particular. Upon arrival at Andrew, Captain Mallard stepped in to irrigate his drouth and upon coming out saw Teeple with his company drawn up in line and going through his manual of arms. Captain Mallard watched him a moment and seemingly concluding it would not do to let a lieutenant dim the luster of the captain by thus carving out chunks of

glory to be woven into garlands for some future hall of fame, approached Teeple with all the dignity of a superior officer and said: "Lieutenant Teeple give me that sword," to which, without so much as a military salute or a cessation in the manual of arms, the valiant lieutenant replied "go to hell and get your own sword." This story of the sword only illustrates how little the pioneers cared for military discipline and has led us away from the subject of Cox and Brown and the Bellevue war and the connection Shade Burleson had with it in the selling of the W. W. Brown estate. To show what the feeling was (of the Warren and Cox party and their friends which still lives in their descendants) toward those who had faith in Brown as a useful citizen of Jackson County, we will mention what Nathaniel Butterworth, Jr., recently told us, he being a boy at that time and remembering the circumstances connected therewith. (As we have before stated Nathaniel Butterworth, Sr., as did such men as J. E. Goodenow, Ancy Wilson, Wm. Current, Wm. Morden, Shade Burleson, Calvin Teeple and many others refused to go with Col. Cox and others to drive Brown out of the country.) J. E. Goodenow said to them "What do I want to help drive Brown out of the country for? He is the best man for the country there is in it. Any man who needs help can get it from Brown. He will trust any man." These men might have been laboring under a delusion, but any man who knew them will not accuse them of being in sympathy with criminals, (especially such men as J. E. Goodenow). But to get back to Butterworth's story, after the tragical April 1, 1840, when Brown and several others were killed and still others, who were taken prisoners, whipped and ordered out of the country never to return on pain of death by the Warren and Cox posse, or mob as you see fit to call it. A part of his heroes (as W. A. Warren called them in his defense of the method of taking off of Brown) among whom was Col. Cox himself stopped in front of Butterworth's on their return from Bellevue and called Butterworth out and producing a jug of whiskey ordered Butterworth to drink. Not caring to arouse their ill feelings he complied, whereupon some one of the party said, not Cox, he was in the bottom of the wagon bed too drunk to say anything: "Butterworth, the finger of suspicion is pointing at you and if you do not carry yourself mighty straight, we will" indicating what they would do by a move of the hand as though circling his neck with a rope. This will show what Shade Burleson undertook when he administered on W. W. Brown's estate, being as he was one of those who were friends of Brown. It also will show something of the character and nerve of the man who would undertake it, inasmuch as it became necessary for him to commence action against several of the Cox party for money owed by them to W. W. Brown. Some say "why resurrect those things that happened so long ago, when the parties are all dead and the events nearly forgotten." There can be no resurrection of the events for they are still a live issue and while much of the recorded history is very much inclined to make heroes of Brown's slayers, it causes a stigma upon those past and present, who have been, or are now, skeptical and in writing up the biography of our old neighbor Shade Burleson, we cannot avoid touching upon the subject of the Bellevue war. We have before stated that in writing this narrative we were neither judge or jury, only stenographer, but we



SHADRACH BURLESON.

must also to some extent be Burleson's attorney in a way, to defend him as the "Old Settler" from the attacks made upon him by W. A. Warren and the "anonymous writer" in the 1879 history of Jackson county. In our defense we will mostly use the account of the Bellevue war and events connected therewith as found in said 1879 history. All, nearly, with the exception of old Settlers' letter, (which you will find tucked away in an obscure place in print, nearly to fine to read, and the letter written by the anonymous writer) was either the word for word writing of W. A. Warren or taken from his writing by the compilers—and is so stated by the publishers. In order to make our case clear we will have to quote from said history and will commence with old settler's letter of Sept. 6th, to the Maquoketa Excelsior.

"I saw in one of your papers that a company was getting up the early history of Jackson county, if there is anything to be said about the Bellevue tragedy or war that happened in the early days of the county, I wish it to come before the people in its true light.

"I came to this country in April, 1837, the same summer, one Thomas Cox, had a contract to survey the county and as he was a great friend of Monongahela whiskey, he procured a barrel for his outfit. His boss surveyor was a man named McDonald. Cox kept camp and entertained the callers while the others done the surveying, so he became acquainted with nearly every one in the country and when we organized into Iowa territory Cox represented this county in the legislature, but never lost sight of his friend, Monongahela. The people, however, began to think they had better not trust him with so responsible a position any longer. Cox saw unless something was done he must go down and that William Brown of Bellevue was bound to be the coming man of the county. This Brown was an off hand business man, he bought property on credit and turned it so as to make money with every change. He bought a hotel of Peter Dutell and ran it himself. He also had a dry goods store, all bought on credit no man or beast went away from his door hungry, money or no money, he trusted every body and was just the man for the country. The honest and industrious part of the community thought Brown was doing more for the country than any man in it.

"Cox, however, became politically jealous of Brown and raised a mob to drive Brown out of the country or kill him. To excite the mob, Cox told his friends, Brown was getting rich too fast to get it honestly and that he thought there was a gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters at Brown's and he proposed driving them out of the country, so with the aid of the Monongahela whiskey, he got his friends together at Bellevue and ordered Brown to surrender or leave the country. Brown told the committee he would not surrender to a mob, but would meet them before any tribunal they might name at any place or time and abide the decision. The mob was very drunk, yet they passed the whiskey around and then swore they would have blood. As every man in the crowd owed Brown more or less for clothing and living and being crazed with liquor and pleased with getting rid of paying their debts they proceeded at once in putting into effect their murderous intent. I do not remember the number, but think from seven to nine were killed,

several more wounded, five or six whipped and ordered to leave the country. Wm. Fox was one of the number whipped. Soon after I met Fox and he swore he never would do another day's work while he lived, but would rob, murder or steal for a living. They had ruined his character and the sooner he was dead the better it would be for him. Brown's friends in Bellevue and throughout the country, were the industrious part of the community, while Cox's friends were those who minded everybody's business but their own.

We thought in those days the sheriff was not quite as strict in performing his duties as he should have been and endeavored to please everyone he met, women not excepted—although he was a pretty clever fellow."

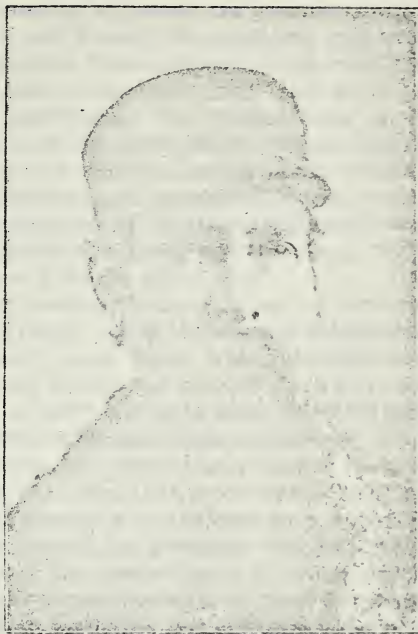
OLD SETTLER.

The sheriff and others have said that Old Settler was quite a hard to try to please the woman too—and chased after them a great deal, but as we never heard of one complaining of him, we take it as evidence that he never chased the poor dears very far. Old Settler's charge is pretty strong against the men led by Cox and Warren and too sweeping, seemingly, to be accepted in toto but is no more so than W. A. Warren's reply to it in which he charges that Old Settler was a member of Brown's gang and a sympathizer with murderers, horse thieves and counterfeiters, and intimates he was one of the party who murdered Col. Geo. Davenport at his home on Rock Island the night of July 4th, 1845. True, Warren does not give out anything to positively fix the identity of Old Settler (as one would expect him to do if he could prove what he charges), but the letter following Warren's, in the Jackson County History of 1879, and written by one who signs "Pioneer", does fix it on S. Burleson by alluding to Old Settler as Brown's administrator, although Warren and Pioneer make pretty serious charges against Old Settler, they both fail to point out where the proof can be found as to their charges of Old Settler's criminal record. Is there any proof for any of Old Settler's charges against Col. Cox or his co-operators? or any justification for the faith so many of the pioneers had in Brown as a man and useful citizen? Those pioneers, we mean, among them such men as J. E. Goodenow and Ane Wilson, the latter who yet lives at 90 years of age this coming May, the 5th, 1906, and, who, according to Wm. Current's, (his nephew) statement to me, remarked no longer ago than a year that according to his ability to judge men, W. W. Brown as a man stood head and shoulders above Thomas Cox. Is there any proof that Cox was an intemperate man and politically jealous of W. W. Brown, as Old Settler charges him with having been, if there is we can find it on page 361 of the 1879 history of Jackson County, in the article titled "A Sheriff Foiled," and mentions a caucus held about six months and a half after Jackson County was organized. The article in part refers to a span of horses stolen and claimed by a man named Jenkins, who described them to Sheriff Warren's satisfaction and gained possession. We quote from the account of the caucus, which was furnished by Warren himself: "About ten days after the departure of Jenkins a caucus was held for the nomination of a democratic candidate for the legislature and Col. Thomas Cox, who was the democratic war-horse of Jackson County, was apparently the only man talked of. The balloting was regarded as a mere

formality, when to the amazement of Cox and his supporters Brown was declared nominated by a vote of two to one. Cox was a very high tempered man and fond of whiskey, which frequently had the better of him. He arose then to denounce Brown and his clan. Just after the meeting two strangers appeared inquiring for the sheriff, the elder of whom was recognized as the Hon. E. Brigham of Wisconsin, he was in search of a span of horses stolen from him which he believed to be the ones advertised from Bellevue. He gave the same marks Jenkins had given besides others. Cox and Brigham had served together in the legislature and when the former heard the truth in regard to his friend's loss he declared open war on Brown, previous to this time he had been one of his strongest allies and looked upon him as a persecuted man. But he no longer hesitated openly to declare him a base villain, nor did he ever relent his enmity toward him. And we find Cox one of the leaders at the time the thieves were exterminated. "Strange Cox should be one of Brown's strongest allies believing him to be a persecuted man and not find out the true character of him and his clan, until just after those ballots were counted and he was beaten two to one. Strange also Brigham should turn up just at the right moment with the ear marks of those horses to connect Brown with the theft. Such things have been done before now to help fix a political fence.

By quoting further it seems he didn't get the riders all on. "A decided majority was on the side of Brown, who did not then attempt to conceal his true character and the prospects were not pleasant for those who opposed him. Brigham and his friend left between sunset and sunrise and Cox was saved from injury by going to his home, having announced himself an independent candidate for the legislature to which he was subsequently elected." (Brown is said to have been dead before that election occurred.) Does this prove that Cox was an intemperate man and politically jealous of Brown?

History does not state what was the true character of Brown, he no longer attempted to conceal, but it might have been his opposition to Cox and his fence builders. Is there any excuse to offer for the faith of Old Settler and others in Brown being representative man of the country and at least of average good citizenship? If there is we will look for the proof of it in Captain Warren's own account of early affairs as written by him for the 1879 history of Jackson County, as that is all we have at hand now. Besides we had rather quote words of praise from a known enemy of Brown's—it is more apt to be reliable. At intervals all through W. A. Warren's write up of the Bellevue affair he pictures Brown as a villain of the blackest dye, which might or might not have been true for all we know. We are neither for nor against, but we are looking for the evidence. In one passage of Warren's writings in which he condemns Brown, we also find the following: "Brown was a man of fine personal appearance and had the semblance of culture about him. He was possessed of an engaging manner, was hospitable, a good talker and well calculated as a leader of men. Mrs. Brown too, was a handsome and accomplished lady and won many friends by her womanly and kind ways. Brown himself was a charitable man, benevolent to those in want, ever pleasant and kind to children and really possessed of a humane and generous heart." Mr. Warren does not say Brown borrowed the



JOHN O. SEELEY

well known to the readers of all of the Maquoketa newspapers under the pen name of "Farmer Buckhorn," resides in the Buckhorn settlement in South Fork township and thus derives his non de plume. A short sketch of this popular writer's life and ancestors appears in number one of the annals of Jackson County, Iowa, published by the Jackson County Historical Society

lamb clothes for state occasions, but they were among his real possessions and I would like to ask for the benefit of the jury if Old Settler wasn't excusable in seeing Brown with his "lamb skin" on and if there is any case on record, except in romance, where a man with all those fine characteristics and "really possessed of a humane and generous heart" was known to be a black hearted villain and a leader of murderers, counterfeiters, thieves and thugs? Warren must have been mistaken about those fine qualities. Many a man has been believed to have been such and some of them have been shot. Even Marie Antoinette, the hapless wife of Louis the 16th, of France, was beheaded by the terrorists of 1793 and according to an account given James Ellis by near relatives, whose people lived at Bellevue in 1840, Brown's wife the handsome and accomplished lady, who won many friends by her kind ways, was taken to the river after Brown was killed by some of the sheriff's posse, placed on a plank and threatened with being set adrift if she did not tell where Brown's money was.

But, that is only tradition and would not be admitted only as corroborative evidence by any court. Now is there any evidence to prove that "Old Settler's" charge that all of those who participated in the tragedy of April 1st, 1840, against Brown and his clan owed Brown for clothes and living? Perhaps not, as "all" is a large majority, but there is evidence, and plenty of it, that some of them at least, were on W. W. Brown's book and that Shadrach Burleson, as administrator, had to commence suit to collect and had a rocky time of it. For that proof we will have to go to the territorial docket of Jackson County and will have to call names, which is not a pleasant duty for us, but we are pleading "Old Settler's" case and owe as much to the feelings of the descendants of "Old Settler," who are my neighbors, as we do to the descendants of those whose names we find on the court records, in which instances, we will have to be personal.

Brown employed a great many wood choppers, ran a hotel, general store, a meat market and did a large credit business, consequently, at the time of his death, had a great many accounts on his book, as well as many promissory notes, of which many were against men who were with Warren's posse, under Cox's leadership, when Brown was killed.

While we are getting up courage to tackle the disagreeable task of unearthing the records, we will place thoughts on paper that have often come to us while reading Warren's account of the Bellevue war. Why was it necessary for he, Cox, and others to scour the country to raise a posse to affect a legal arrest of Brown, and his men charged with conspiring to disturb the peace and welfare of the country, when there were two companies of territorial militia in Jackson County and organized for the express purpose of protecting the territorial peace and help enforce its laws: one of them commanded by Joseph S. Mallard, a prospective son-in-law of Col. Cox, and the other by Henry Mallard, brother of Joseph, with Calvin Teeple as his first lieutenant? As we find Henry Mallard's company supporting Sheriff Warren at the hanging of Jackson for the murder of Perkins, there is no doubt it would have been available for a legal arrest of Brown and his gang, and that Lieutenant Teeple with his sword would have completely subdued them without a drop of blood being shed. Now to the evidence of those

debts. Burleson, undertaking to collect, found himself up against a problem. If he commenced suit against one of Brown's debtors, the debtor would demand a jury and in nearly every case, as the old court dockets of that period show, the jury were mostly composed of men who were in Warren's posse, and the result, in nearly all cases, was a verdict for defendant. On page 180, April term, 1840, S. Burleson, as Brown's administrator, got a judgment against James C. Mitchell, John Peterson and John Stuckey for \$106.70. (James C. Mitchell was not with the posse, although he wanted to be allowed to go with it. He was in jail indicted for manslaughter.) On page 182, same term, the case of S. Burleson, administrator, against Elisha Barrett and John Jonas was appealed and afterwards defendants got a verdict against plaintiff. On page 182, James C. Mitchell confessed judgment in favor of administrator. In December, 1840, Joseph Charlyville brought suit against Burleson, administrator, for \$67.50. Burleson brought a counter claim for \$79.00. A jury was empaneled and brought in a verdict for Charlyville for \$38.00. On another occasion, Burleson, as administrator, brought suit against Lyman Wells for debts due the estate of Brown. In 1842, Burleson, as administrator, brought suit against James White and W. A. Warren and these parties came into court and confessed judgment. On page 94, Burleson brought suit against Charlie Harris, the man who issued the warrant for Brown's arrest, for debts due estate of Brown, but, as in nearly all cases, a jury composed of men who fought against Brown brought in a verdict for defendant.

We have here named a portion of those the territorial docket proves were on Brown's books as debtors at the time Brown was killed. It does not prove the accounts were in all cases genuine, as in several instances the jury rendered a verdict in favor of defendant; nor does it prove "Old Settler's" statement as to all being Brown's debtors was true, but, it does prove some of them were, as Burleson got a judgment against Mitchell, Peterson and Stuckey, and that Mitchell confessed judgment, as did W. A. Warren and James White. In the fall before Brown was killed, he sued John Cox, a member of Warren's posse, and got a judgment for \$48.00.

As afore said, this does not prove "Old Settler's" statement in regard to all those who participated in Brown's removal, were Brown's debtors, and it does not prove they were not, as there would be no record of those who came forward and settled with the administrator without legal action at law. When "Old Settler" stated all the mob were pleased at the opportunity to wipe out their debts by mobbing Brown, he evidently went a long way too far, for no one can well believe eighty men could be found, all of whom were anxious to pay their debts in that way, and it is doubtful as to "Old Settler's" intention to convey that idea as to all of them. His charge to their being a drunken mob is contradicted by Sheriff Warren's statement that no liquor was drank that day or the next: If that is true, Col. Cox must have been dry by the third day. The charge of mob, however, takes on a semblance of truth inasmuch as the plea of Cox, at least, was not for help to place Brown and others under legal arrest to answer to the law for certain crimes specified in a warrant, but (according to statements of old settlers of this vicinity) to drive Brown and his friends out of the country.

We can't find as he was successful in raising a man in these parts, among whom were the Wilcoxs, Mallards, Pences, Burlesons, Vosburgs, Teeple, Scott, Beers, Perkins, Redden, Thomas Wood and others, who were always since, known as law abiding citizens; nor could they, so far as we could ever learn, raise one in the Maquoketa region, among whom were Goodenow, Lyman Bates, the Wrights, Currents, Wilson and others, who were life long residents of this country and foremost and exemplary citizens. According to W. A. Warren's own pen he could only prevail on one or two to go from Sabula. With the exception of those from Sabula, there is nothing to show us a single man south of the Maquoketa river who could be prevailed upon to help exterminate Brown and his so-called band of desperadoes, and that too in face of the fact that Warren claimed in his write-up the western part of the county suffered severely from the depredations of Brown's men.

From what we can learn from written history and from old residents, the posse got no recruits in the western and southern parts of the county, except a very few of Cox's relatives and neighbors in the country between Fulton, Bridgeport and Andrew, was made up from around Bellevue, and according to Warren's write-up, a party from the Illinois side of the river, who came over to help support the law of Iowa (if we can take that view) and also a captain and a crew on a steamboat plying the neutral waters of the Mississippi, who tied up and came ashore to take part in the melée, but did not get there in time to have a hand in the fight, which must have been a sad disappointment to river men of those days, when, as a source of amusement, a fight beat a circus ten to one.

By the light of history as furnished us by the write-up of W. A. Warren of the Bellevue war, there is no doubt but what he and many others of the posse were endeavoring to act in a humane and legal way. We find after Brown was killed and his so-called bandits were taken prisoners, and the cry went up from the mob element for the blood of every single one of the prisoners and ropes had been placed around the neck of some of them. David G. Bates, H. K. Magoon, Parks, Alex Reed and others addressed the mob and pleaded with them to consider the cause of mercy, but to no avail, and it was found necessary to hedge for time, hoping something would turn up to stay the cry for blood. Warren asked them to listen to what Col. Cox might have to say. We find, according to Warren's writings, Cox, though not pleading for the law or mercy, asked in the cause of human decency, not to let their desire for vengeance cause them to neglect the care of the dead and wounded, and the women, who around their fallen friends were wringing their hands and wailing in their sorrow, that to abide the morrow and then what might be the verdict of the majority he and the rest would abide by.

That night a meeting, consisting of the most influential citizens gathered at the residence of James L. Kirkpatrick to agree upon what disposition should be made of the prisoners. Gathered there were Col. Cox, Alex Reed, T. H. Parks, Ansen Harrington, J. K. Moss, H. K. Magoon, Col. Collins, Lew Hilyard, David G. Bates, John T. Sublett and others. W. A. Warren's writings says "the meeting was organized by calling J. L. Kirkpatrick to the chair, when I addressed the meeting asking and urging that

it should be sustained in maintaining the authority of the law, in bringing these men to answer to the charge set forth in the warrant. In this I was ably sustained by David G. Bates, Alexander Reed, T. H. Parks and H. K. Magoon."

Upon further reading of Warren's account of the affair we find Anson Harrington, one of the committee who filed the information for a warrant for the arrest of W. W. Brown, Aaron Long, Wm. Fox and twenty others, and placed it in Sheriff W. A. Warren's hands for service, and also Col. Thomas Cox, who had represented Iowa Territory as legislator and speaker of the house, and who if any one should be found on the sheriff's side pleading for legal proceedings, the more so as he was said to have been deputized by the sheriff to help organize the posse to effect a legal arrest of Brown and his men, were opposed to letting the law take its course and using their influence (which Warren said was great) to bring about a wholesale hanging. Without further fuss or feathers, declaring nothing short would satisfy the people, we so find them using their influence toward that end so long as there was an opportunity left. Warren further said, "to oppose such men as Cox and Harrington was uphill business for they not only held the esteem of the people, but were capable of impressing their views on those whom they wished to influence in this or any other matter. To hedge was now our policy, to obtain, if possible, a lighter sentence than death. D. G. Bates comprehending the situation and seeing the utter impossibility to carry out the proposition to hold them subject to law, offered the following resolution: "That we shall meet at 10 o'clock a. m. tomorrow, and the prisoners shall be sentenced as a majority of the citizens shall then designate, and we pledge ourselves one to another, whatever that sentence shall be, we will see faithfully carried out." Mr. Bates sustained his resolution by an able speech, saying they were not all guilty alike, they ought to be punished according to their crimes. The resolution was accepted and adopted unanimously and the committee retired at 4 a. m. for a few hours rest." We learn further from Warren, at ten o'clock the prisoners were brought in haggard of countenance and looking as though they anticipated the worst. Col. Cox, who occupied the chair, addressed them, stating they had been given a chance to peacefully surrender and had not accepted it, and on that account several of the best citizens had been sacrificed, and he was authorized to inform them the citizens would then proceed to relieve the sheriff of his duties, and whatever the verdict of the majority was would be strictly carried out.

According to Cox's statement, the sheriff had been set aside and the prisoners taken in charge by his posse. That posse became as near being a mob as "Old Settler" claimed they were, whether it was a mob before the fight or not. "Old Settler's" claim that they were drunk at the time of the attack isn't proven, Warren's statement that there was no liquor drank that day, offsets "Old Settler's" claim. Warren's writings says Col. Cox had closed all the saloons and provided boilers of hot coffee for the men. I have heard other old settlers say there was plenty of whiskey in Mosses' store in coffee pots, but as those old settlers all died without leaving a writ-

ten testimony, so far as I know, hearsay cannot be considered, so the preponderance of the evidence is with the boilers of hot coffee."

To return to the prisoners and their fate, we find Chichester had been granted a chance to speak in behalf of his fellow prisoners and by his eloquence had made some impression upon many of the citizens, whereupon Mr. Crawford, one of the advocates of mercy, seized the opportunity to lend strength to the humane cause and plead in the interest of the law. He well knew from the character of the men present what he might have to say would have no weight, but would ask that no greater punishment would be inflicted than the law provided for in such cases. At this junction we find Anson Harrington energetically pressing his demand for their lives, as Warren said he made an able argument in favor of hanging every one of them." But for all the argument and influence of Harrington, Cox and others, there was a majority of three ballots cast in favor of whipping and banishment from the country, instead of hanging, which was done, and the prisoners, after being whipped, put into canoes and ordered to paddle out of the country and never return upon pain of death.

In order to make clear what the charges were against each particular one of those prisoners Cox, Harrington and others worked so hard to hang, and came within three of doing it, we will see what W. A. Warren said about the proceedings in his reply to "Old Settler."

"Now what are the facts as to the charge of 'mob?'" I have heretofore stated the courts of justice in Jackson County were powerless. It mattered not what the charge was, an alibi could be proven, and the criminal went scot free. Baffled and beaten in every instance to bring these outlaws to justice, a committee was appointed to see prosecuting Attorney Crawford and Judge Wilson, then one of the associating judges of the territory, and ask for orders. I was one of the committee. After laying our grieves, aces before the judges, Judge Wilson protested against anything like mob violence, and said the arm of the law would protect the people. He then advised an information to be filed, charging Brown and his associates with conspiracy to commit depredations, as alleged by the committee. Such course would prevent them from testifying in each others behalf. This was accepted by the committee and on or about March 25th, 1840, James Crawford, then prosecuting attorney, drew an information, charging Brown and twenty-two others as above stated, which information was sworn to by Anson Harrington, and the warrant issued by Chas. Harris and Geo. Watkins, justices of the peace of Jackson County, and placed in the hands of the sheriff of Jackson County for service."

This warrant didn't charge any of these men with committing any depredations, only conspiring to commit depredation, so they couldn't testify one for another. It was a sort of a guardian angel to prevent them from being tempted to perjure themselves in case some charge should be preferred against some of their friends. It is evident from the statement of Judge Wilson that the wholesale arrest was only to place Brown's friends in a position so they could not testify in each others behalf. There is nothing in the warrant, or in all of Warren's writings, to show each and all of these men, or even a majority, had been guilty of any particular crime, only being

friends of those who had. It was claimed they would prove an alibi in case some of their friends should be tried for crime as it was said it had been done in several instances.

Brown was a sort of a lawyer, and according to history, well up in the art of defending his clients, and as it is the case with all our criminal lawyers, resorted to alibis, where possible to win his case. No one charges our lawyers with being criminals on that account, though it is no doubt true that if some of them were hung instead of their clients, the ends of justice would be better served. So far as I know Brown and all his men might have been guilty of all the crimes in the criminal calendar, and we are not defending them, only as the case seems to warrant. It will relieve "Old Settler" and other from the stigma placed upon them for their faith in Brown and their condemnation of the means taken to be rid of him. According to Warren's write-up, Brown questioned the legality of the wholesale arrest and in the light of Warren's evidence almost any one would doubt the legality of the warrant, that according to written history, was only intended to deprive Brown and all his friends of the power of defense in case future indictments should be preferred against any of them.

We have it from pioneers' lips that are now stilled, and it can be proven by W. A. Warren's writings, that yet live, that Brown expressed himself that he and his confederates would willingly surrender to the sheriff if they believed they would suffer no violence at the hands of Cox and his men, but they did not believe it. They likely thought, as many did, Cox's violent opposition to Brown and all who support him at a foresaid caucus, and his expressed determination to drive Brown out of the country, was his motive for action, and had banded together the good, bad and indifferent to protect Brown and themselves, as most people would, and surely a parcel of frontier men more or less free from the fettering influence of civilization. Cox himself, had never been rocked in the cradle of civilization, but was born on the frontier of Kentucky Territory, spent his whole life on the frontiers of five different territories, never lived in any state, and was buried in Iowa territory while it was yet more or less wild.

According to Warren's written statement, Cox was of violent temper and addicted to intemperance, and according to a statement of the 1879 history of Jackson County, was bigoted and arrogant as his reply to the preacher who modestly inquired of him, who he was, seems to prove. His reply was, "I am Col. Thomas Cox, supposed to be the smartest man in this part of the country." We have never found anything in the history to prove he didn't actually believe it. Nevertheless, Cox was an unusual and remarkable man. Ambitious, courageous, energetic and persevering and a noted pioneer and did much service in blazing the trail for Iowa's future statehood, and his life's work adds much of interest and value to history. He seemed to have been much such a man as David Crockett—half wild, yet so built by nature he was a leading civilizer according to pioneer methods. But is there any excuse for urging the wholesale hanging of Brown's men, after they were prisoners and barred from defeating the ends of the law by testifying in their own behalf. While it is true Jackson County had no jail to confine them in, they were state prisoners and the governor had several companies

of militia at his command to guard them, in case the civil authorities could not, until they could have been brought to justice, which could have been sure enough and quick enough, judging from the temper of their accusers and the fact that the board of commissioners had power to call an extra court at any time..

We must believe (if we can) it was the sheriff's intent and desire to go according to law in arresting and dealing with Brown and his men, but was up against the influence of Cox and Harrington. But the history written up for the Jackson County History of 1879, as found in two accounts of the Bellevue war, the historian's general write-up and the other, his reply to "Old Settler" conflicts, one with the other, in several instances. We do not charge that it was intentionally done, but the writer in his attack on "Old Settler" might have forgotten just what he said before. Still, writings as history have no value as such, if they conflict on individual points, and that is what the history of 1879 does do. For instance, (to save space, we will only quote phrases and passages that illustrates the points we refer to). Warren says: "Before I proceed to deal further with this viper, who is a tool of others pushed forward to express sentiments they themselves dare not do, permit me to again give my readers a few incidents of our early history. I cannot remember all the criminal charges preferred against Brown and his outlaws, such as robbing the Collins, stealing Brigham's horses, which were found in Brown's stable and the sending of James Thompson and A. Montgomery to assassinate Mitchell—Montgomery afterwards killed Brown near Maquoketa." This Brown's father-in-law, Dr. Rodes, had entered from under Montgomery, contrary to the Old Settler's claim laws, a parcel of land held as a claim by Montgomery, who during an altercation over it in which history says Brown used hard and insulting language toward Montgomery, he raised his rifle and shot Brown.

As to the stealing of Brigham's horses and the finding of them in Brown's stable, it can't be proven by the same writer's previous account of the affair as found under the title of "A Sheriff Foiled." His account of that affair condensed to save space is this. One, Godfrey, was seen by the sheriff entering Bellevue with a span of nice horses the sheriff thinking Godfrey had stolen them placed him under arrest and took him to W. W. Brown (Brown was a magistrate at that time), who after hearing Godfrey's claim, of purchasing them in Missouri told Godfrey he was lying and remarked to the sheriff that there was no doubt the horses were stolen and advised the striking of hand bills describing the horses which was done. Brown assisted in their distribution. The horses were placed in Brown's care, who became surety for them and Godfrey's whereabouts. In about five days a man by the name of Jenkins came to Bellevue, seen the sheriff telling him he had a span of horses stolen. He described the horses, told the sheriff the bay horse had a scar on the inside of the right leg just below the flank and the sorrel mare had a slit in the left ear and if not so marked they were not his. The sheriff went with him to Brown's stable and the horses were found as Jenkins described them and were given up to him. Jenkins then asked to be shown the man, declaring he would fix him so he would not steal any more horses, the sheriff hesitated. Brown showed him Godfrey, who was piling

wood near the river bank. On seeing Brown and Jenkins approaching Godfrey became suspicious and started to run over the ice toward the island and Jenkins after him shooting at Godfrey as he went. At the third shot Godfrey screamed and fell, but sprang up and ran on and Jenkins returned. There is no account that Godfrey was ever seen again. Jenkins took the horses given up to him and departed for his home on Rock River, Ill., so Warren said, and he also said Brown's actions in this case won him many friends, who were convinced he had been persecuted and was not the villain he had been represented to be. As we have previously stated, just after the caucus had been held and Brown's majority of two to one had opened Cox's eyes to Brown's villainy and true character. Brigham, a friend of Cox, was looking for the stolen horses also and gave a minute description of these same horses, which was not "found by him in Brown's stable" by any means, but had been given up by the sheriff as we have before shown. By the sheriff's account Brigham had to leave town between sunset and sunrise and there is nothing to show any move was made to bring Jenkins to account or that Brigham ever went to Rock River to look for his horses and if Jenkins and those horses yet live they may be bosom friends and "epluribus unum."

If our historian's statement as to Brown and his men sending James Thompson and Abslom Montgomery to assassinate James C. Mitchel, who turned the tables and killed Thompson, is placed side by side with his previous account under the title, "Killing of James Thompson," the two accounts will be found to differ very much. In the general write up of the killing of Thompson, while a part of the people were attending a ball, to which, by Mitchel's influence none of Brown's tribe should be allowed to attend, Thompson and some of his confederates robbed Mitchel's house and Thompson tried to violate the person of Miss Hadley, who was alone in Mitchel's house. She broke away and fled to the ball room. After the affair become understood Mitchel borrowed a pistol and started out to search for Thompson. Thompson had returned to Brown's saloon and filling up with whiskey declared his intentions of going out to find Mitchell and kill him. Instead of Brown and his men sending him, according to Warren's other account, they tried to persuade him from going, telling him one or the other would likely be killed and perhaps both and he had better leave town, but to no purpose. Thompson was grazed with drink and started out with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, meeting Montgomery on the street Thompson told him what had happened and that Mitchell would surely be looking for him and if he (Montgomery) wanted to see fun to come on. Montgomery tried to prevail upon him to go back and keep out of sight. At this moment Mitchel was seen coming down the street and Thompson started to meet him followed by Montgomery, who called to Mitchel to look out. Mitchell and Thompson advanced toward each other and Thompson snapped his pistol at Mitchell's breast, but it failed to go off, whereupon Mitchel shot Thompson through the heart killing him instantly and then returned to the ball room. (If Montgomery had been "sent with Thompson to assassinate Mitchel," he had the opportunity after Mitchel's pistol was empty), whereupon, as the writings of War-

ren state, Montgomery hunted up the sheriff and told him what had happened and Warren says he and Montgomery were the first ones to reach the corpse. There is no place in this account of Warren's that charges Montgomery with having anything to do with killing Mitchel or being with any of Thompson's friends that night. So far as Montgomery is concerned it is well that much can be said in his favor, for according to the universal verdict, he was of little principle. He was well known in these parts where Maquoketa now is.

It is not our present intent to give detailed account of that night of horrors, when Thompson was killed and his friends besieged Mitchel and his friends in the chamber of the dance hall, as Warren has told us, (without any conflicting testimony) how cursing and swearing they threatened to burn the house with Mitchel and his friends in it and was pacified by the sheriff, when he told them he would answer for Mitchel's forthcoming in the morning and would see he was dealt with according to law. They told the sheriff if Mitchel was not forthcoming they would hold him (Warren) responsible for it and departed, leaving Mitchel in the sheriff's care. Brown afterwards came to Warren and told him he had better place a heavy guard over Mitchel as the boys were drinking a good deal and no telling what might happen, but the night passed off without any further trouble and the next morning a coroner's jury passed a verdict that Thompson came to his death by a pistol shot fired by James C. Mitchel. Brown and his men were all there and the citizens were addressed by Wm. Morden, who Warren says was respected by all and shared the friendship of Brown to that extent that what Morden said was law with Brown. Morden condemned any show of mob law and advocated letting the law deal with Mitchell. Accordingly he was ironed and placed under guard. Warren says, while Morden was addressing the people in favor of the civil law and against the evil influence of mob law he was cheered by both sides. Morden should have been there and addressed Cox, Harrington and others, after Brown was killed if he could command the attention of such "desperadoes" as Brown and his men. We are neither for nor against. For no man who the evidence condemns or against any man entitled to the benefit of the doubt, but am now writing to show where history contradicts itself. In the reply to "Old Settler" we again find the following paragraph speaking of the attack on Brown's house. "We immediately marched toward Brown's house, but before reaching it, one of my men, Henderson Palmer, was shot down by a volley fired from the windows of the upper story of Brown's house. An order to charge was given when a general engagement took place. Brown's friends outside fled as soon as they realized there was peril ahead of them and deserted their friend and chieftain in the hour of his need and danger." The other version of our historian as given under the title of "the assault on Brown's hotel" is in part as follows: "Our squad moved in double file and not a word was spoken until we came within thirty rods of the house when the word "charge" was given and in a second the whole squad was as close to the house as they could get." (We thought it was said Palmer was killed before the word charge was given.) "Brown was standing about the center of the room with his rifle raised to his shoulder, Col. Cox and myself

both with our pistols presented at his breast and said "surrender Brown and you shant be hurt." He lowered his gun, no doubt with the intention of surrendering, but it went off, the ball passing through Col. Cox's coat, the crack of Brown's rifle was no doubt a signal to the balance of Brown's men, as a general firing commenced by them up stairs." (We thought he claimed it commenced before the posse charged.) "Before Brown could speak several shots was fired into the house in the north windows, one of which passed through both of Brown's jugular veins, he fell and died without a strangle. The general fight was kept up for about fifteen minutes, those of Brown's men down stairs fought with perfect desperation." We thought he said they had forsaken their chief in his hour of need, but as there is no account in his write up of more than six escaping and that after Brown was killed and the house fired, (afterward extinguished) Brown couldn't have needed them any longer.

And yet again, we find in the historian's reply to "Old Settler," who he brands as a "viper" and charges with helping to kill Davenport, the following: "The time of serving the warrant of arrest on Brown and his twenty-seven followers," (the warrant read according to a previous statement of Warren's, Wm. Brown, Wm. Fox, Aaron Lang and twenty others) "was the first day of April, 1840. Brown had been informed of the day fixed for his arrest and had speedily assembled his men and sympathizers together at his house, where he armed and arranged them for the fight. He fortified his premises and unfolded a red flag on which was inscribed "victory or death." In another place the same writer says, "it so exasperated Brown's men they placed a red flag in front of his house on which was inscribed the ominous sign "victory or death" In one it was Brown himself who displayed the flag and in the other his men, who "placed it before his house." We do not charge our historian with intentionally tangling things up for in his dreams he might have forgotten what he had dreamed before.

The write-up of the Bellevue War and the cause that led up to it, as published in the 1879 history of Jackson County, not only contradicts itself in these and other particulars, but is not in accord with the docket of Jackson County. Our historian's writings make much adieu about the criminal proceedings of the so-called desperadoes with Brown, Fox, Long, Thompson and others as ring leaders and that it was an utter impossibility to convict them on account of their always being able to prove an alibi. We must take it according to that statement, that they had been indicted at least several times and it is strange the dockets of the courts held betwene 1838 and 1840—the time of the Bellevue war—does not show it. If it shows where W. W. Brown, the claimed chief of the clan and Wm. Fox, the claimed chief, one among the "outlaws" was indicted for any crime in Jackson County, we overlooked it in our search of the record, those who are familiar with the docket tells me on inquiry, no such can be found and that there is no civil suit for debts, and what is true of them is also true of many others who helped defend Brown against the so-called sheriff's posse. As we aforesaid it is "strange" inasmuch as J. K. Moss, one of the posse, was a justice, W. A. Warren sheriff and Hadley deputy sheriff, also members of the posse, and to aid them in their support of the law there was Col. Cox, Henderson

Palmer, James C. Mitchell, Anson Harrington and Hadley, who according to our historian were embittered against Brown and some of his men and had to aid them undetecting the crimes of the "outlaws." Lyman Wells, who Warren says had been one of Brown's gang and still professed to be, acted as a spy for the ferreting out of the "outlaws" doings.

We are not putting up any defense of Wm. Fox or any of the rest of them only so far as history seems to demand. It is claimed Fox, a little over five years after he was whipped with the rest and driven out, helped to kill Col. George Davenport, but so far as we can learn he was only arrested on suspicion and escaped from the officers and never was rearrested, though it was afterwards known he was living in the east, Indiana, we believe. We do know though, (if we can believe Warren) that after he was whipped he came back into the island and sent for the sheriff and begged him to go and bring him \$400 he had given Mrs. Brown for safe keeping when he would leave the country and never return. The sheriff done so and Mrs. Brown asked the sheriff (Warren) to also take him a suit of good clothes he had there and put up something to eat for him, all for which he was very thankful. This is one of the few cases where such a "desperado" has saved up \$400 and had the sympathy of such a good woman as Warren tells us Mrs. Brown was, who must have known something of Fox's character. We also fail to learn of anything on the criminal docket against "Old Man" Burtis, who was killed by the so-called posse, or his son, James L. Burtis, who, we believe, was whipped by Cox's men and in later years built and run the Burtis house, the best equipped and most popular hotel west of Chicago in those days, of which can be found an extended description in the fifty year souvenir addition of the Davenport Democrat. Now these are some of the things the docket of Jackson County should show if the statements in the 1879 history are true. As we said before, we might have overlooked them or been misinformed by those more familiar with the records. But it was not at all hard to see different places where such men as John Cox, Harris, (the man who issued the warrant for the wholesale arrest of Brown and his men) and James C. Mitchell and some others of that posse, or whatever you see fit to call it, had civil actions against them for debts, trespass and so forth.

James C. Mitchell was indicted for manslaughter, in killing Thompson, January 8th, 1840, (though if Warren's account of the affair is true, Mitchell ought to have been pensioned for the act) and was also indicted and convicted for keeping a gambling house, and his name appears on the dockets at every term of court for years as defendant in matters wherein he was sued for debts. We do not allude to this out of partiality for anyone or impartiality toward anyone, only to raise the question why the dockets seem to be silent as to the doings of such men as Brown, Fox, the Burtises and others were claimed to have been, while they show charges against members, who are claimed by Warren's writings to have been pillars of the law. We have not been influenced in these writings by anyone, but have been led by a desire to clear up some of the suspicion that in former years at least, clung to "Old Settler" and others, and write a little history as history seems in the light of our researches to have been made. We used to be prejudiced against Brown and those who sympathized with him, but we read

Warren's historical account. Read and reread it and at every reading had our opinion still more changed until we concluded to go on a still hunt among pioneers, written history and court dockets to either confirm or weaken our change of opinion. It has taken us some time to make up our mind to place this matter, as we see it and believe we find it, on paper. We knew it would be so radically different to the popular version that the "bees might swarm." There are many living who are descended from some of those men we may seem to condemn, although we only mean to do so as far as the evidence appears to me to warrant, and if they can show where in we error, they owe it to history and the memory of friends to make what they can prove a matter of history by contributing it to the Jackson County Historical Society for publication by the Sentinel, which has the contract to place it in pamphlet form. With all honor for Harvey Reid, our friend, who has done so much valuable work in collecting the life's history of Col. Cox and he, James Ellis, Geo. Mitchell and others who were instrumental in moving and marking the grave of Col. Cox, I will give this to the public and all who want to criticize.



Another Old Pioneer Gives Something of Interest.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The article by Farmer Buckhorn, "Recollections of S. Burleson," has again brought up for discussion, thought and inquiry, the greatest tragedy in the history of Jackson county—the Bellevue war as Colonel W. A. Warren designated it, and the Bellevue mob as others designated it. The writer gave his versions of that tragedy and the causes leading up to it in 1897. At that time there were persons living who had been eye witnesses of the tragedy of April 1st, 1840, in Bellevue. But I doubt if there is now anywhere, any one living, who participated in or witnessed the events of the dark and bloody days in the then county seat of Jackson county. From my earliest recollections I have been accustomed to hear people say that such and such people had been suspicioned of being in sympathy with Brown and his gang. When I grew older I sought all the light I could get on the unwritten as well as written history of the early days in the county in the territorial days. From the researches I have made and from the information received direct from those who lived amid the stirring scenes enacted in those early days. I feel that I have a better knowledge of the true state of affairs in the county and especially in Bellevue, than any other person now living, but a large share of space has been taken up in our annals by Mr. Seeley in his vindication of his old friend and neighbor S. Burleson and in refuting the charges implied by the historians of 1879. I will only present at this time a sketch dictated to me in 1897 by Joseph Henry an eye witness of the conflict of April 1st, 1840, and with it two letters written to Governor Lucas immediately after the Bellevue war or mob, which will indicate to the students of history quite clearly that the victors on that occasion were not universally hailed as heroes.

JOE HENRY'S STORY.

Last Saturday morning Mr. J. E. Goodenow entered our office accompanied by a very aged man whom he introduced as Joseph Henry, a man who had lived in the vicinity of Maquoketa before Maquoketa was thought of. The writer knew something of Joe Henry away back in the early days, but supposed that he had long ago joined the great majority of the Jackson County Pioneers on the other shore. The old gentleman spent the forenoon with us, and gave us a brief outline of his history so far as it was connected with this county.

He came to Bellevue in 1835, worked at the carpenter trade for a time, then got a claim on the Maquoketa river where Higginsport is: this he traded for a claim in the forks of the Maquoketa intending to build a saw mill on it, and partly built the frame for one on the branch that runs through Hurstville. In some way he lost this claim: he then took up a claim which was afterwards known as the Lyman Bates farm, now owned by M. E. Finton, and built a saw mill on Mill Creek, some 80 rods above where McCloy's mill was afterwards built; this was in 1837, the mill was completed in the fall. On the first day of January, 1838, it began to rain, and a great flood came and swept away the products of all his labor and savings and left him without a dollar.' He says: "In a few days after the flood George Clausen came down from Dubuque and bought a yoke of cattle to butcher and stayed a night with me. I got him to let me help him drive the cattle to Dubuque, and he paid me \$1.50 for it, and kept me over night. A man by the name of Haggood owed me ten dollars. I went to a Mr. Downs to enquire for him, told him my situation, what I had and where I was from. He gave me his hand and said, 'Henry, I know you, everybody that comes from that country stops with you and speaks well of you, now just make yourself at home, you are welcome to all you can eat and drink.' While I was in Dubuque an agent came up from Davenport to get voters to go to Davenport to vote for the county seat for that place. He offered to pay my fare to Davenport and back and board me. He finally made a bargain with me to give me a dollar and fifty cents a day to help him get a crowd to go with him. We got three sled loads of men from Dubuque, stopped at Bellevue and got two sled loads there. On leaving Bellevue each sled contained a big jug full of whiskey.

The weather was extremely cold and nearly all were frostbitten before we got to Davenport. This was in January. When we got to Davenport the doors were all open and everything was free. James Campton, of Dubuque, was captain of our company, and on a wager of \$20 he drank 100 glasses of whiskey, ate the peppers and drank the sauce of two bottles of pepper sauce in one day, helping to dress 6 beeves the same day, was sober at night, and won the bet. After the election we were returned. I stopped at Bellevue where I made my home with Charlie Bito, and worked at the carpenter trade, taking such pay as I could get; there was no money in the country. I was elected constable beating Jim Hanby two to one. The country at that time was overrun with horse thieves and counterfeiters. W. W. Brown was the most prominent man in the county at that time; he kept a public house in Bellevue, run a butcher shop, a general store and a wood yard, employing a great many men; he was successful in business and was good to the poor, as was his amiable wife, and he was generally considered the most useful and best citizen in the place. Travelers said that Brown set the best table from there to New Orleans. Brown was never known to pass counterfeit money to his customers, he always said if any one got bad money at his house he would make it good, there were other men in business in Bellevue who were less successful and could not compete with Brown, and were very jealous and claimed that Brown was getting rich too fast. J. K. Moss and the Sublets were the loudest in their denunciation of Brown's methods

of doing business, and he to retaliate, bought up their paper where ever he could and made them trouble; this made matters worse. Brown continued to prosper in business and his enemies openly accused him of being the leader of all the outlaws in the country.

On the 8th of January, 1840, war was almost precipitated and barely averted by the killing of James Thompson by James Mitchell. Mitchell and his brother had been having trouble over partnership business. Jim had retained a trunk full of clothing that belonged to his brother's wife and would not give it up. On the night in question, while Jim was at a ball at the new hotel, his brother got James Burtis and James Thompson to go with a team and get the trunk. Jim and Thompson had been having trouble and threatened each other; when Jim heard of the visit to his house, he got a gun and set out to find Thompson, whom he soon met in company with Ab Montgomery. Thompson was very drunk. Thompson and Mitchell approached within striking distance of each other and leveled their guns at each other; Thompson's gun failed to go off, and the bullet from Mitchell's gun passed through Thompson's heart killing him immediately. The wildest excitement was created by this incident, as the two men represented the two factions, and the breach between the factions was considerably widened and both sides went armed at all times.

In March a warrant was procured from a justice of the peace named Harris, near Fulton, for the arrest of Brown and his friends. As constable and deputy sheriff I called upon Brown and tried to arrange matters peacefully. Brown said he was willing to go before any tribunal and defend himself against the charges and was willing to give bonds for the appearance of the men named with him in the warrant, but would not advise the men to surrender to a mob. He also said if his enemies were so anxious to get rid of him, he would submit the matter to three appraisers to be selected from outside the county, he to select one, his enemies one, and the two to select a third, and he would take two-thirds the appraised value of his property.

On the fatal first day of April, 1840, the so-called citizens committee met at the store of J. K. Moss, who kept among other things, tinware, large stock of coffee pots which were filled with whiskey on this occasion, and freely circulated among the men, who soon became so drunk that they could not be held in restraint; they swore they would go up and kill Brown themselves. They were led by Col. Cox who was very drunk himself. He finally gave the word to march and they marched up to the Brown Hotel. As they came up Brown stood in the front door, his gun pointed at Cox, who also had his gun pointed at Brown. Cox ordered Brown to ground arms and Brown dropped his rifle so the muzzle pointed to the ground and it went off. Cox was pushed out of the way by the men behind and Tom Sublette and one of the men who kept the ferry at the mouth of Tete des Morts creek, whose name I have forgotten, sprang to the side window and fired through it at Brown who stood by his wife just inside the door, one of the balls striking him in the temple and the other just below the ear killing him instantly. I stood in the street about four rods from Brown's house. There were four or five men with me who took no part in the fight, among

them were two men who had landed a log raft there that morning. They had worked with me during the day to settle the trouble without a fight. Mr. Farley was also one of the party. He had come up to the mill and I told him there was going to be trouble, and had him put his pony in the stable with mine. With the report of the guns which killed Brown the firing became general. There was not more than ten men in the house with Brown when the fight commenced. There was one young man in the hotel whom Brown had befriended who had a claim near Bellevue, and he said 'if Brown had to go he would go with him.' He was an exemplary young man, and had not an enemy in the place and never drank nor gambled. When Brown was killed the house was soon filled with smoke, so that those inside could see nothing. This young man stepped out on the porch, singled out his man and fired and turned to go inside again but a ball struck him and he fell on the porch, his head hanging off. His groans and cries were pitiful to hear. I started once to go to him, but realizing the danger turned back. Mr. Farley was greatly affected by the situation of the unfortunate young man, and finally he said, 'I can't stand this any longer,' and went to the porch and bent over him to lift him up. Just as he stooped over a ball from one of the citizen's guns struck him and he fell across the body of the man he was trying to succor, and neither of them spoke or moved again.

About this time those who were in the house broke out at the rear and jumped over the fence by the privy which was riddled with bullets. Bill Fox was among this crowd, and was wounded in the side and captured. Tom Welch, a boy who had been working for Brown, was shot through the side and fell, the pursuers passed him thinking him dead. Charles Kilgore on returning saw him move. 'Well, Tom,' he said, 'you are not dead yet?' and put his pistol to his face and fired. Tom threw up his hand and turned so the ball went through his hand. Those two men were good friends that morning. When Kilgore had gone Tom struggled to a sitting position again when a Methodist exhorter from Galena, who had worked in the stone quarries there, came up to Tom. He said, 'you rascal, you are not dead yet,' and kicked him three times and passed on. Tom got to his feet and made his way to Kirkpatrick's place, which was near by. He asked Kirkpatrick to protect him from Kilgore and others who were after him again, and Warren coming up again, he and Kirkpatrick interfered in behalf of Tom and he was saved from death. We took him to Bilto's and I dressed his wounds.

After the fight was over half a dozen men were dead and as many more severely wounded. The citizens who had remained in town and had not taken part in the fight, wanted some one to go to Dubuque for doctors. I was prevailed upon to go. I rode one horse to Tete des Morts and pressed a horse there and ran the horse all the way to Dubuque. I think two doctors went down from there, and some went from Galena. I stayed over night in Dubuque and when I returned the men who had been captured at Brown's house had been whipped and driven out of the country. The Cox party who had been victorious in the fight, were arrogant and abusive to all who had not sided in with them.

I worked there a while, then went to Davenport and worked at the carpenter trade. In about eighteen months I returned to Bellevue, but there was nothing for me to do, so I left town, going down the river on the steamer Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, was on the boat, and there were two professional phrenologists aboard and they were examining heads for so much a head. Joe Smith told them he could tell them more about their dispositions and not touch their heads than they could by examining the heads, so the phrenologists examined several people, and then those same people went to where Smith lay on the deck and he told their fortunes, as they called it then, without looking at them, and they all decided in favor of Smith.

The second summer after the Bellevue war, I was in Natchez. I had been sick, and was not able to work yet, and was sitting down on the levy one day, when who should turn up but Bill Fox. He seemed very much surprised to see me, and uneasy, but as there was no chance to dodge he came up and we had a long chat. He asked me how they felt toward him in Iowa, and if I thought they would allow him to come back here. I told him I thought if he behaved himself he would not be molested. I never saw Fox again, and the next time I heard from him he was implicated in the murder of Col. Davenport. I was well acquainted with Col. Davenport, who was a good man and good to the poor.

I went back to Pennsylvania, rented a mill, got married, have lived in several different states, but my home is now in Benton, Butler county, Kansas. This is my only visit to Iowa since 1841, and will be my last. Was 83 years old last February, have been visiting old friends in the east and am on my way home.

LETTERS FROM GOV. LUCAS' FILES

Dubuque, April 4th, 1840.

Dear Sir: I am under the painful necessity of informing you that Jackson county in this territory is in a state of a complete disorganization. The sheriff, judge of probate, and the celebrated Col. Cox on the first day of this month headed a mob at Bellview and attacked a peaceable citizen of that place with a view of driving him out of town. The result was that a most disgraceful fight took place, and as report says from six to nine lives were lost and several wounded. It is currently reported at this place and very generally believed that Warren, the sheriff, went about the county procuring the names of persons pledging themselves to support the mob, several days previous to the day of the assembling of the most infamous mob that ever was assembled in this or any other country. The mob with their infamous leaders have since the killing been engaged in holding a citizens' court, as they call it, and have tried and punished several individuals. It is also understood at this place that this triumvirate composed of Cox, Warren and Moss, are about to divide the property of Brown who happened to be the special object of their vengeance, and who had considerable property.

Mitchell, the man who committed the murder last winter and who had been held in mock confinement by this infamous sheriff, is now let loose rejoicing with the good and pious mob citizens at his freedom from all the restraints of regulated society, law and good order. A court, as you must be aware of under the existing laws of this Territory, is appointed to be held on the 13th instant at Bellevue. Since I have set down to write this letter I learn from two gentlemen who have just returned from the seat of war that the mob boast that they had all of the Grand Jury for the next court to act with them except Brown and that he was killed. It will be next to impossible if not utterly useless to hold a court in a community composed of such brutish beasts, when blood and murder is the order of the day. In such a state of things you must be aware that those base and foul felons cannot be punished in their own county. I have therefore deemed it a duty of mine to acquaint you with the facts and if you have any power vested in you as the Governor of this Territory to aid and assist the laws I hope you will exercise them in bringing to justice base and foul murderers and to wipe off the disgraceful stigma that has evidently been thrown upon the people of this Territory by this most disgraceful tragedy.

Yours in haste, J. V. BERRY.

To his Excellency, Robert Lucas. (On outside of sheet.)

Captain Smith of steamboat Brazil will see this delivered and oblige.

Dubuque, I. T., April 6, 1840.

To His Excellency Robert Lucas,

Sir: I regret to state to you that a more disgraceful affair has never been recorded in the annals of history than that which I am about to relate. It occurred on the 1st ultimo at Bellevue, Jackson county, I. T. about seven miles below Galena. A mob collected calling themselves the people, headed by Warren, the sheriff, of the above named county, and Col. Cox (so-called) member of the legislature, Gen. McDonald and James K. Moss.

The mob proceeded to the house of Mr. Brown (inn keeper) and informed him through Warren, that he must leave the Territory immediately. Brown replied, that if he (Warren) had any legal demand against him, he was willing to go with him and be tried, but that a mob could not take him. However, they were not satisfied with this, and made a rush to capture him and in trying to effect their object, six persons were killed, and three wounded, one having since died!!! What the character of Mr. Brown was, I am unable to say. He was certainly hospitable, and obliging to strangers and affectionate to his family, he was also industrious, which is certainly one good quality. His wife was of a reputable family and understood the duties of a hostess well. Brown fell like a brave man, defending his wife and child from insults, and his property from the ravages of a reckless and lawless mob. Mrs. Brown was conducted to this place by a gentleman, at whose house she has, and will receive the most kind treatment.

On Saturday evening last, the citizens of this place assembled at the Presbyterian church, (tho' large it could not contain near all) to express their deep abhorrence of the murderous conduct of the mob at Bellevue, by

strong resolutions, which will be published in the papers of this territory. The people at the meeting expressed their unanimous wish, that you would promptly remove from office Warren and McDonald. Our legislators will be instructed at the extra session to expel from their body Col. Cox, and we will endeavor to have J. K. Moss removed forthwith from the office of post-master.

I have just learned that the latter gentleman (or rather the man) holds the office of Judge of Probate, if so, he should be removed from that office also. I have just had a conversation with Mr. Petriken, who feels indignant at the outrage and thinks those villains, if possible, should be arrested. and that there are two ways of having it done. First, that by removing Warren and having a new sheriff appointed, they could then be arrested. Secondly that your Excellency can command Gen. Lewis to raise the militia and arrest them. Others think Chief Justice Mason is authorized to act in this matter, but all agree that your long experience in public business gives you the advantage of us all in knowing how to dispose of those persons, who have committed the most willful and premeditated murders, and have brought a stigma and a disgrace upon our young and beautiful Territory that years cannot efface.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN KING, P. M.

[Private.]

When Brown was killed, Mitchell who assassinated Thompson last summer in Bellevue, was immediately turned out of prison and is now walking the streets. Several in our village have strong suspicions that Mitchell bribed Warren to dispose of the only two witnesses who could convict him of the murder of Thompson. Those two witnesses were Brown and Montgomery. Brown is now dead and on Saturday last, a company started from the scene of action to "either drive Montgomery from this Territory or kill him."

What the fate of Montgomery is, I have not learned but I fear the consequences. Circumstantial proof of what I have hinted at above, can I am told, be produced, but of this we will say nothing. The day of reckoning is not far distant I trust with the instigators of the mob. J. K.
Gov. L. Please excuse I write in a hurry.

Executive Department Iowa Territory.

Burlington, April 7th, 1840.

Sir: I received your letter of the 4th inst. by Captain Smith of the steamboat Brazil. I regret extremely to hear of the transactions in Jackson county detailed in your letter. It reflects a disgrace upon our Territory, and I trust that the persons who may be found guilty of so great a violation of the laws of the Territory may ultimately receive the punishment the law prescribes, but this is a subject that is entirely under the control of the Judicial branch of the government. The law gives to the judiciary the power to enforce obedience to its mandates by fines and penalties. The Executive branch has no such power. The Executive may issue his proclamation, but

he has no power to enforce it. He has neither funds, men, arms or ammunition under his control. The law vests the Civil Ministerial office with the power of the county and the judiciary is vested with power to impose fines and penalties for disobedience to their commands. However desirous I may be to check such outrageous proceedings, yet I see no way in which an executive interference could be of any benefit. The duty is devolved upon you, as district prosecutor, to bring the subject before the proper judicial tribunal for investigation, which I trust will be promptly and efficiently done.

The account of this disgraceful affair, as published in the Iowa Territorial Gazette of the 4th instant, differs materially from the one given in your letter. How far these accounts may be correct, I do not pretend to decide but one thing is certain, that is that a most disgraceful outrage has been committed upon the laws of the county by somebody, and it becomes your duty as the legitimate prosecuting officer to have the subject impartially and legitimately investigated, and to cause the guilty persons, whoever they may be, to be prosecuted and brought to justice. This should be done without prejudice or favor to any one, but with a single eye to the maintenance of the supremacy of the laws. With sincere respect, I am,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT LUCAS.

J. V. Berry, Esq.,

District Prosecutor 3rd Judicial District, Dubuque.

Note.—These letters were furnished the Jackson County Historical Society by the kindness of Dr. B. F. Shambaugh of the State Historical Society. They were discovered by Mr. John C. Parish of the Iowa State University, who is writing a life of Gov. Lucas.



The Bellevue War—A Review.

(Written by Harvey Reid for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The interesting details of events connected with what has always been known locally as the "Bellevue War," brought out by the researches of Mr. Seeley and Mr. Ellis have great value historically because as now viewed by scholars, history should be a record of facts, whether those facts accord with preconceived notions or not.

It will be observed, however, that all the marshaled array of new evidence and argument only goes to show that good people were not agreed at the time, and are not now, as to the personal guilt of W. W. Brown. It may readily be conceded that Shade Burleson and Jo Henry, who knew him fairly well, and John E. Goodenow, Anson H. Wilson, Col. John King and J. V. Berry, who knew him casually or by hearsay, may have been convinced to the last that Brown was an honorable citizen, who was not to blame for the character of those who made his public hotel a rendezvous. It may be conceded that Col. Cox, Sheriff Warren, Judge Moss, Judge Harrington and their confreres may possibly have been mistaken in their opinion that Brown was actually implicated in the criminal acts of those with whom he associated and whom he seemed in a large measure to control. Still the fact remains, testified to by both parties in the controversy, that Jackson County was infested with a gang of criminals guilty of all kinds of crimes against property, and that the cyclone of wrath which culminated in the bloody tragedy at Brown's hotel on the first of April, 1840, effectually rid the county of their presence, and created a sentiment of detestation of malefactors that has its influence to this day.

That the riddance was not accomplished by the orderly and lawful proceedings planned and counseled by Judge T. S. Wilson and District Attorney James Crawford must be admitted. The sheriff's posse became at once without the formality of organizing, as typical a Vigilance Committee, as ever were those which in California, and in northern Indiana, and in other primitive communities, protected society when the law was powerless to act. Our Jackson County vigilants dissolved as quickly as they assembled. Their one exhibition of power sufficed; no perpetuation of their authority became necessary or advisable.

I have said that the short but desperate conflict which cost more in human lives than any other battle which ever occurred on Iowa soil since white settlement except the Spirit Lake massacres, has been universally known here as the "Bellevue War." No other term so well expresses the character which it assumed. The demon which enters men's souls in the ardor of conflict must be reckoned with, and Gen. Sherman's phrase cannot be denied. Let it be remembered too that a large proportion of those who

formed Colonel Cox's posse had already seen service as enlisted soldiers in regular warfare. Cox himself had served at least sixteen years in Illinois militia rising through all ranks from private to Colonel, during which in the war of 1812, he had, as one of a company of scouts, led his command against savage foes in positions of the most extreme danger. Again in the Black Hawk war, he had accepted service of equal peril although exempt by age from military enrollment.

Among others of the posse was Col. James Collins who had commanded a regiment in the Black Hawk war which bore a leading part in the battles of Wisconsin Heights and Bad Axe. He was afterward Colonel of an Illinois regiment in the Mexican war, but the only time he was struck by a hostile bullet was in this short-lived "Bellevue War." He ended his military career as Brigadier General of California militia where he died in 1864.

Gen John G. McDonald had been a Lieutenant in General, (then Major) Henry Dodge's Battalion of U. S. Mounted Rangers in which he served a year. At the time of the Bellevue affair he had recently (January 14, 1840) been commissioned Brigadier General of the First Brigade, Third Division, Iowa Territorial Militia, but the militia possessed then the merest semblance of an organization.

James L. Kirkpatrick had been First Lieutenant in Capt. Enoch Duncan's Galena company in the Black Hawk war, and his brother Rev. Joseph Scott Kirkpatrick had been a private in Capt. James Craig's company. Wm. A. Warren, William Jonas, Vincent K. Smith, who fired one of the fatal shots that killed Brown, William Dyas, Thomas Graham, John D. Bell, James McCabe, Hastings Sangridge, Enoch Nevill, Joshua Seamands, all had served in the Black Hawk war. Indeed I believe that every Black Hawk war soldier then living in Jackson county was in Colonel Cox's command at Bellevue except the brothers, Rev. Nathan and Jesse Said, of the forks of the Maquoketa, Charles Bilto then living at Bellevue and William L. Potts, who lived however over the line in Clinton county on Deep Creek.

Another of the posse was Capt. Len M. Hillyard who held a commission as captain of Co. "D," 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, Iowa Territorial Militia. This company soon afterwards perfected the most complete organization of any Jackson County militia company, and took the name of "Brush Creek Rangers." Thad. C. Seamands, who became a neighbor of Capt. Hillyard's in 1847, tells us that the captain had the handle of his tomahawk shot through that he was carrying in his belt.

Of the personal character of W. W. Brown we have significant testimony in a book written soon after 1847 by Edward Bonney, called "The Banditti of the Prairies; A Tale of the Mississippi Valley." Bonney was a detective who ferreted out and caused the arrest of those concerned in the robbery and murder of Col. George Davenport on Rock Island, July 4th, 1845. He found that the guilty scoundrels were John and Aaron Long, William Fox, Robert Birch and John Baxter, with Granville Young and Grant and Wm. H. Redden as accessories. Of these, Fox, Aaron Long and Baxter were among the Brown gang at Bellevue. Fox was a leader of what Bonney calls the Banditti. He was known among them as Judge Fox, and Bonney tells of many affairs of robbery in which he was engaged.

Bonney finally traced Fox to his father's home in Wayne county on the eastern border of Indiana, and by displaying some genuine unsigned bills of the Miner's Bank with which he had been provided, gained the confidence of Fox, as being a dealer in counterfeit money. Bonney details several conversations which he had with Fox, among which is the following:

"Did you ever get caught before you were arrested at Bowling Green?"

"Yes, I was at Bellevue in Iowa at the time the mob shot Brown. They arrested me at the same time but could prove little or nothing against me. So they tied me up to a tree and whipped me nearly to death and then let me go. Some of them may have to pay for it one of these days. I should not have been caught at Bowling Green if the boys had followed my advice."

"Were you acquainted with Brown who was killed at Bellevue?"

"Yes, my first horse was stolen under Brown's instructions."

"I presume that was not the last one."

"No, not by fifty."

It is hardly conceivable that Bonney could have manufactured this bit of testimony, any more than it is that Warren, Harrington, Moss, Cox and their associates could have proceeded to the extremities they did without a profound belief, at least, that Brown was the chief sinner in the coterie of criminals.

The bias of Jo Henry may be partly explained by his being a rival of Jim Hanby, who seems to have been Warren's right hand man and deputy sheriff. He agrees that "the country at that time was overrun with horse thieves and counterfeiters," but could not admit that Brown was guilty of anything worse than prosperity.

The hysterical letters of Col. King and Public Prosecutor Berry were written when they had no knowledge of the affray except what was brought to Dubuque by Mrs. Brown and the friend who accompanied her. Governor Lucas in his reply tells Berry that the account published in the Territorial Gazette differs materially from the one given in his letter. Berry was inspired partly, it is evident, by personal hostility towards "the infamous sheriff" Warren. That this feeling was reciprocal may be inferred from the fact that Warren consulted District Attorney Crawford on the visit of the Bellevue committee to Dubuque, rather than Public Prosecutor Berry.

That the feelings of the Dubuque gentlemen, as well as of Governor Lucas, underwent some modification very soon afterwards seems certain. Sheriff Warren and Probate Judge Moss were not removed from office and the militia commission of Brig. Gen. McDonald was not revoked. Mr. Moss was not removed from the office of postmaster. The legislature met in extra session in July of that year. The Journal does not show that any proposal was made to expel Colonel Cox from a seat in the House, but on the contrary, does show that he received votes for speaker on three ballots. At the regular election in August he was reelected by the people of Jackson County to represent them in the Territorial House and when that body met in November his colleagues therein elected him their speaker without another candidate being named. And, in 1844, he was chosen President of the Territorial Council, the highest office, except congressional delegate, which a resident of the Territory could attain by election.

That we may further understand who were the "base and foul felons" who formed "the most infamous mob that ever was assembed in this or any other country," let us glean from history and from the memories of our county pioneers, somewhat of how they were regarded by their compeers. Gen. James Collins came into the affair by accident. His wife was a sister of Colonel Cox. They lived at White Oak Springs, Iowa (now Lafayette) county, Wisconsin Territory, and were on a visit to Mrs. Collin's mother then living with her son, John W. Cox, whose home was near the mouth of Brush Creek in Fairfield (or Jackson) township. Col. Collins' detestation of crime and his military instincts prompted him to join with his brothers-in-law, Thomas and John Cox when the call came to go to Bellevue. The military career of this gentleman has been mentioned, and his civil record was no less prominent. He had been a member of the House in the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature in 1833, when it met in Burlington, and at this time he was a member of the Wisconsin Territorial Council, in which he served six sessions and became President of that body in 1841. In 1845 he was the Whig candidate for delegate to congress, but was defeated by Hon. Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay. In 1862 and 1863 he was a member of the General Assembly of California and in 1863 was elected Treasurer of Nevada county, California. Thus the "infamous mob" contained within its ranks members of the law-making bodies of two different American commonwealths.

Hon. John Foley, a participant, had been a member of the first legislature of Wisconsin Territory, and in 1843 was elected to the Iowa Territorial House. He was also sheriff of Jackson County 1853 to 1855, and again in 1859 to 1861.

Capt. William A. Warren had been enrolling clerk for the Wisconsin Legislature which met at Burlington in 1838. He was appointed sheriff of Jackson County by Governor Lucas in 1839 and held that office under successive territorial governors for seven years. He was elected to the Constitutional Convention of 1857 by the people of Jackson County. He was commissioned by President Lincoln, as Captain and assistant quartermaster U. S. volunteers in 1862 and served in that responsible position for three years, during which time he handled millions of dollars worth of government property. The writer remembers meeting him (without knowing, however, what state he was from) when he was depot quartermaster at the post of Murfreesboro, Tenn., a position of great responsibility. He was Justice of the Peace in Bellevue almost continually for over twenty-five years.

Hon. James K. Moss was at the time, as has been mentioned, postmaster of Bellevue (appointed November 1, 1839) and Probate Judge of the county (1839-40). He then became clerk of the courts and in 1841, he was elected a member of the Territorial House of Representatives.

Gen. John G. McDonald had held a commission from President Andrew Jackson as lieutenant of U. S. Mounted Rangers. He was doorkeeper of the Iowa Territorial House for the session of 1839-40, and was commissioned Brigadier General of militia by Governor Lucas at the close of that session. By an act of the same legislature he was appointed one of the commissioners to locate the county seat of Jones county. He was county surveyor of

Jackson county 1839 to 1843 and also served as clerk of the courts (about 1842) and as county recorder 1842-45. In 1849, as deputy U. S. Surveyor, he had charge of the surveys of nine townships in Allamakee county. Gen. McDonald was twice wounded in the Bellevue fight. He was unable to go on the day previous with his neighbors, the Coxes and Nevilles, and, no horse being available, started early in the morning of the first of April on foot. He stopped at Butterworth's log cabin about eight o'clock and proceeded thence to Bellevue. He arrived when the firing had begun, and was just in time to see one of Brown's men step out and level a gun at Colonel Cox. He leaped in front of the Colonel and received the ball in his hip. Soon after he received a slight wound in the left wrist. (This information comes from N. B. Butterworth of Andrew, and from Gen. McDonald's son, R. H. McDonald, of Halstead, Kan.) The quality of his heroism will be appreciated too, when we know that his honeymoon was scarcely over, his marriage to Margaret A. Hildreth, at Burlington, having taken place on January 16th, 1840.

Anson Harrington, who swore out the information by virtue of which the warrant was issued under which Sheriff Warren acted, was elected Probate Judge at the election of 1840 to succeed James K. Moss. An amendment by Congress to the Organic Act by which Iowa Territory was organized, was passed March 3rd, 1839, which authorized the territorial legislature to provide by law for the election of judges of probate, sheriffs, justices of the peace and county surveyors which officers under the original act were appointed by the governor. The legislature of 1839-40 provided that the officers thus named should be elected by the people of each county at the general election of 1840. This limited the term of Judge Moss, and he was appointed at its expiration clerk of the courts by the district judge. (Clerks were not elected by the people for several years afterward, I think not under territorial government at all). Then Moss in 1841 was elected to the legislature and John G. McDonald succeeded him as clerk.

Lieut. James L. Kirkpatrick, the Black Hawk war soldier, was county coroner at the time, and in 1846 became one of the Board of County Commissioners. Rev. J. S. Kirkpatrick was not engaged in the attack but was an undoubted sympathizer. He was appointed special sheriff at the term of court held soon after the event and selected a new grand jury to investigate the matter. He was elected to the Territorial Council at the election of 1840, and in 1844 was elected a member of the first constitutional Convention of Iowa. Col. Samuel W. Durham, who was a fellow member of that convention says of him in a recent address before the Linn county Historical Society at Cedar Rapids:

"Rev. Scott Kirkpatrick, of Jackson county, an Illinoisian, was the largest and tallest and jolliest member and a good speaker." N. B. Butterworth says that he was about six feet four, and that he could perform the feat of lifting a barrel of lead mineral. Anson Wilson's interview published in these Annals mentions his engagement as 4th of July speaker in that summer of 1840.

Hon. William Morden was not present on the first of April, as far as we know, but he had advised and helped plan the movement. He was at that

time one of the board of three County Commissioners and in 1844, became a colleague of Scott Kirkpatrick in the first Constitutional Convention. He was also in 1856 elected a member of the sixth Iowa General Assembly. Geo. Watkins, who was a participant, succeeded Morden as one of the County Commissioners in the election of 1840, and his son James Watkins, also a participant, was sheriff of Jackson County from 1847 to 1853, and from 1855 to 1857 and from 1861 to 1865.

Dr. Enoch A. Wood, of Sabula, (then Charleston) was also one of the County Commissioners. He was not present, but in a letter written in 1879 and published in the Jackson County History, he says: "I know of my personal knowledge that they [Brown and his clan] were guilty of committing many crimes and misdemeanors and I justify the steps taken by the representative men of the county who drove them from our midst." John Howe was County Recorder at the time and John T. Sublett, County Treasurer, and both were participants—Sublett particularly active.

Mr. Berry's letter says that it was reported that every one of the grand jury summoned for the next term of court was acting with the "mob" except Brown and he was killed. This was probably very near the truth. We can find the names of David A. Bates, H. G. Magoon, Thos. J. Parks, Thos. Sublett, V. G. Smith, J. L. Kirkpatrick, John D. Bell, John Stickley, Nicholas Jefferson among those drawn upon juries about that time.

Thus it appears that within the ranks or aiding and abetting this "most infamous mob" of "brutish beasts," were legislators present and prospective of two territories and two states, three who helped frame constitutions for Iowa, the probate judge, sheriff, recorder, treasurer, clerk of courts, surveyor and coroner of the county, with two of the county commissioners advising and consenting, and nearly all of the panel of grand jurors. There were also two militia officers, one man who became probate judge, two who became sheriffs, a prospective recorder, clerk and county commissioner. Surely a body of men who did not need instruction from the hysterical Berry, nor even from the honorable Col. John King, postmaster and first chief justice of Dubuque county.

The brave men who lost their lives in their desperate effort to enforce obedience to the mandate of law, were all men of high character, respectable, honest, law-abiding citizens. Henderson Palmer and I think, John Brink, lived in Bellevue; John Maxwell, Andrew Farley and William Vaughn were farmers. The version given by Jo Henry of the part taken by Andrew Farley was a profound surprise, when published in 1897, to the people of the environment in which he had lived. The story of Capt. Warren (told from memory 35 years after the event) that Mr. Farley appeared in answer to a summons, was never questioned by his family or the pioneers of the Deep Creek neighborhood. I am inclined to believe, however, that, as Henry's version implies, he was overtaken by Warren, while on his way so mill at Bellevue, and that he was unarmed, but that he impressed Warren as being in entire sympathy with the movement. I regard it as doubtful whether the Deep Creek settlement was visited by either Cox or Warren, because from what we know of the character and sentiments of Col. Wyckoff, Samuel Carpenter, Lorin Sprague, David Swaney, Wm. L. Polts and

others of that settlement, I do not believe they would have allowed Andrew Farley to go to Bellevue alone if they had known of the call.

The desperate character of the conflict and the high grade of marksmanship displayed by the squirrel hunters on both sides, is well shown by the large number of casualties, especially on the part of the assailants. They received nearly as many bullet wounds in all as the number of Brown's forces. The statement of Henry that there were no more than ten men with Brown in the hotel is manifestly an error. There were three killed and thirteen captured, and Warren says that "Negro Brown and six others made their escape."

Capt. Warren wrote at least three accounts of the Bellevue War. The first was published in 1865 in the "Loyal West" by Henry Howe in Cincinnati. Extracts from it are given in a paper by F. Snyder then editor of the Jackson Sentinel, printed in the *Annals of Iowa* for April, 1869. Another very long account was published in the *Bellevue Leader* in 1873, and this is largely quoted, and partly condensed by the compilers of the *Jackson County History* published in 1879. Then in the same history is printed a communication from Capt. Warren written in the fall of 1879 in reply to one signed "Old Settler" of which Mr. Seeley makes mention. All of these were evidently written mainly from memory, and contain some discrepancies in details as Farmer Buckhorn points out.

We trust that this renewed discussion of that notable event in the history of Iowa Territory may bring out more light upon its obscure details. The Jackson County Historical Society will be glad to receive communications from any one knowing of facts regarding it.

Notes—On farther investigation I find enrolled as soldiers in Galena companies during the Black Hawk war, the names of Thomas Sublett, William Vance, James Beaty and John Stuckey, all of whom are named by Warren as participants in the attack on Brown's Hotel. William Vance was badly wounded, being shot in the thigh. Thos. Sublett and Vincent Smith are supposed to be the two whose bullets killed Brown, and it is a curious coincidence that they were comrades in Capt. Enoch Duncan's company of Colonel Henry Dodge's regiment in the Black Hawk war. J. L. Kirkpatrick was a lieutenant in the same company, John Foley a sergeant, and William Vance and William Jonas, privates. Another private was Loring Wheeler, afterwards an Iowa lawmaker from Dubuque and later from De Witt.

My authority for the names of those enrolled in the war is the "Record of the Services of Illinois Soldiers in the Black Hawk War," compiled by Adjutant General Isaac H. Elliott in 1882. The book was secured by the Boardman Library recently from a second hand book store in Chicago.

The Hon. Ebenezer Brigham, mentioned on page 63 and again on page 72 of Mr. Seeley's article, was a former Sangamon county friend and political associate of Colonel Cox. He had removed to the lead mines in 1827, and at the time of his visit to Bellevue was a resident of Blue Mounds, Dane county, Wisconsin Territory, and was a member of the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature. Capt. Warren was mistaken in supposing that Brigham and

Cox were in the legislature together. They were both territorial lawmakers but in different territories. The insinuation that Brigham "turned up at the right moment" to help Cox "fix up political fences" is hardly consistent with the good Farmer Buckhorn's usual fairness.

Warren, in writing from memory, must have been somewhat muddled on the date when the caucus was held in which Brown beat Cox out of the legislative nomination. It is hardly supposable that it was while the river was frozen over, since the election would not take place until August. Then Buckhorn's conjecture (Page 63) that the election occurred after Brown's death, does not accord with the statements of both Warren, and the writer signing himself "A Pioneer," (supposed to be the late William Y. Earle), in the Jackson County History, who both say that Cox ran as an independent candidate against Brown and beat him badly. It is very much to be regretted that no records exist of the votes cast in Jackson county earlier than 1857. We would much like to know who were the opposing candidates and what their votes at all of those early elections.

James C. Mitchell, the homicide, went to Council Bluffs at the time of the great California emigration in 1849 and became owner of two stores there, accumulating quite a fortune. We have the testimony of Warren's 1865 account, and again of the one written in 1879, corroborated by the letter of "A Pioneer," and by the memory of N. B. Butterworth, that Henderson Palmer was the first man killed in the fight; that he was shot down in the charge before the hotel was reached, and before Brown was shot. Warren's 1875 history reads as though the episode of Brown being called upon to surrender opened the battle, but he makes no mention of how Palmer met his death, so we must conclude that firing began from the hotel, as all of the other accounts state.



Early Post Offices in Jackson County.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Harvey Reid.)

Among matters pertaining to the welfare of their budding commonwealth, there was nothing that the members of the early territorial legislatures took greater interest in than the establishment of post offices and post routes by the General Government. So every member at some time during each session would press the adoption by the legislature of memorials to Congress asking the establishment of new post offices and new post routes. These requests would generally be consolidated into one memorial on each subject and would always pass.

In a memorial adopted by the Second Territorial Assembly for the establishment of post routes we find this clause:

"From Charleston by Goodenoe's mills, by Burliston's settlement, by Elk ford to the point on the Territorial road where the said road crosses the Wabsepinica river and thence to the county seat of Liuu county."

But evidently the memorial was not granted so far as that particular route was concerned, for we find that at the next session, that of 1840-1, another memorial was adopted asking for post routes which included:

"From Savannah, Illinois, via Charleston and Goodence's mills and Burrison's settlement, to Edinburgh, the county seat of Jones county."

Note the odd spelling of the names and that Maquoketa had not yet become Springfield even. It was known as Goodenow's Mills, and Shade Burlison had not started his Buckhorn Tavern to give a name to his settlement.

Another memorial in the Third General Assembly was for the establishment of new post offices, and one clause in that reads:

"One on the military road in Jones county, where the said road crosses the Makoketa river, to be called the Makoketa post office and that Wm. Clarke be appointed postmaster."

The location thus specified would be near the north east corner of Jones county. Curiosity to know whether a postoffice in Iowa ever did bear the name of Makoketa, prompted the writer to address an inquiry to the post office department at Washington, through our good friend Congressman Dawson, asking as to that fact, and also for a list of the first postoffices in Jackson county. A prompt reply was received from Hon. P. V. DeGraw, 4th Asst. P. M. General, who says:

"We can find no record of a post office named Makoketa in Iowa, Jones county, neither can we locate the Mill Rock office."

Following is the list of names and dates given, some of which are very surprising:

Bellevue, Jo Daviess County, Illinois, established March 17, 1836; John Bell, Postmaster. Office changed into Dubuque County, Wis., and changed into Jackson County, Iowa, Nov. 1, 1839, James K. Moss., Postmaster.

Silsbee established April 11, 1840, Obadiah Sawtell, Postmaster. Name changed to Andrew, October 26, 1841, Nathaniel Butterworth, Postmaster.

Fulton established June 19, 1851; William Marden, Postmaster.

Waterford established March 2, 1855. Fayette Mallard, Postmaster.

Higginsport established October 31, 1851; John G. Smith, Postmaster.

Sterling established June 3, 1852; C. S. Ferguson, Postmaster.

Springfield, Jackson County, established June 4, 1840, John E. Goodenow, Postmaster; J. B. Doane, July 2, 1841; J. E. Goodenow, Oct. 13, 1842; name changed to Maquoketa, March 13, 1844.

Bridgeport, established May 1, 1850, R. S. Dyas, Postmaster; W. C. Grant, Oct. 30, 1851.

It would be interesting to know where the ridiculous error was made of recording Bellevue as in Jo Daviess county, Illinois, in 1836. And did anybody know before that Andrew was not established as a new postoffice, but was removed from Sawtell's, in Richland township, and its name changed from Silsbee to Andrew? Inquiry as to Charleston brought particulars of an office of that name in some other part of the state established in 1850, instead of old Charleston, now Sabula. The first postmaster of our Charleston was Wm. H. Brown, appointed in the latter part of 1836 or early in 1837. The name was changed to Sabula in 1846.



A. H. Wilson on the Bellevue War.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Anson H. Wilson, a pioneer of Maquoketa who came here in the spring of 1839 and the only person living who came here in the thirties, as a full grown man, is still hale and hearty though past ninety and is full of reminiscences of early days in the Maquoketa valley. In a conversation with him on the 23rd day of April, 1906, the writer asked him for his opinion of W. W. Brown, the principal victim of the Bellevue mob in April, 1840. Mr. Wilson said: "I knew Brown and his wife, well, I stopped at their hotel frequently on my trips to and from Galena. I helped build several mills and frequently went to Galena for supplies. Brown was a fine looking man, tall, well built, dark complected, of genial, pleasant manners, and a perfect gentleman in every way. Mrs. Brown was a small woman of neat appearance, with a winning way, that made her very popular, and a suitable help-mate for her husband. Brown was an all round hustler, conducted the best hotel in the country, some said on the Mississippi river, had a wood yard, a general store, and was interested in a meat market. He trusted everybody and gave everybody work that needed it. He employed a great many men to cut wood in the winter season, which he sold to the steamboat companies in the summer. I never heard that Brown was accused of committing any crime himself. The worst said about him was that he had a tough set of men about his hotel. I never knew of any one getting bad money at any of Brown's places of business. Brown always said if any one got bad money at his house or store he would make it good.

"Some time in February or March, 1840, Col. Cox came through this part of the county trying to get the people to turn out and drive Brown and his gang, as he called them, out of the country, but he got no help from these parts." Mr. Wilson says he told Cox that he would have nothing to do with such an undertaking and that he thought Brown would be a fool to surrender to a mob. He said Cox threatened him that he might be the next victim after Brown. He also thinks that the mob was quite largely made up of men from the lead mines near Galena. He says that Tom Welch, the young man mentioned by Joseph Henri who worked for Brown as stable boy, who was badly wounded in the fight on the 1st of April, 1840, and who Charley Kilgore tried to finish by emptying all the barrels of his pepper box pistol into Tom while standing over him, and was saved at the intercession of Warren and Kirkpatrick and sent to friends in the forks, and afterwards lived with Mr. Wilson and gave him many particulars of the conflict.

Mr. Wilson says the talk about so much crime being committed in the county at that time was greatly exaggerated. There were no horses stolen

in this county, and if Brown and his boarders were banded together to rob, steal horses, and pass counterfeit money they must have done their work in some other locality. Mr. Wilson was a warm friend to Col. Warren, but blamed him for his action in mobbing Brown, who considered Warren a true friend to him to the last. Mr. Wilson was quite familiar with the trials and troubles his neighbor, Shade Burleson, had in trying to settle the Brown estate, especially in his efforts to collect on notes and accounts. The probate judge had been Brown's worst enemy while living, and had been a leader in the mob that killed Brown, and nearly every man that was sued demanded a jury which was always largely composed of members of the mob and in every case a verdict was given for defendant. Mr. Wilson said, "I once asked Burleson why it was that he could not get a verdict against men of whom he held their promissory note? Burleson's answer was characteristic of the man. He said, 'If you sue the devil and have the trial in hell what show have you got for a favorable verdict?' "

Mr. Wilson says that the people of this side of the county were never friendly to Col. Cox. after the killing of Brown. That he never was invited nor attended any of the fourth of July celebrations or other public functions in this locality. He describes Col. Cox as being over 6 foot high, splendidly proportioned and altogether one of the finest specimens of physical manhood he ever met. Mr. Wilson said that when the capital was established at Iowa City through Col Cox's influence, a Mr. Ball of this county got a job of cutting the stone for ornamenting the new capitol, and his work was so well appreciated that Gov. Lneas secured him a job to work on an addition that was being built to the National capitol. The same Mr. Ball cut the stones to mark the graves of Mr. Wilson's first wife and daughter in Maquoketa cemetery.



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